

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1, 1826.

APPENDIX TO THE BLACK BOOK.

THE pamphlet bearing the above title, gives an alphabetical list of the New House of Commons, and the politics, places, connexions, or character of each member. This is a kind of work to which we are generally disposed to attach little value; but we observe features in the performance before us not common to its class, that entitle it to respect and notice. It is executed in a spirit of fairness, and in some points with considerable cleverness. Errors in statement there are, and also miscarriages in judgment; but the first may easily be corrected, and the second are fewer in number than we could have anticipated, considering the nature of the design, which must needs put the justice of the writer to a severe trial. An idea of the plan of the pamphlet will be better conveyed by example than by description. The rank and file of the Honourable House are told of shortly, with a dry enumeration of their places, connexions, or political *accidents*, as the metaphysicians might call them—for instance, to take the first name:—

† Abercromby, James, *Calne*, (the place for which he sits,) brother of Lord Abercromby; a commissioner of bankrupts. Two brothers in the army, and his mother a pension: attended regularly; a plain argumentative speaker, bold and persevering in his objects.

Attached to the names of the more leading men, are sketches of their characters, struck off for the most part with spirit and shrewdness. We extract by way of specimen, a portrait of Sir Francis Burdett, by a hand manifestly radical—but certainly impartial, and we think just:—

Burdett, Sir Francis, *Westminster*, a son an officer in the 10th Dragoons.

Men in power, or in high popular favour, are often much more benefited by censure than praise; in either case, they are apt to feel self-importance enough, without it being augmented, or their usefulness diminished, by inconsiderate confidence and admiration. Besides, it is the nature of panegyric to exalt its object in the same degree it depresses those from whom it proceeds, and thus, on one hand, it tends to generate arrogance and conceit; on the other, to produce unseemly humiliation and self-abasement. Something of this kind appears latterly to have been growing up between “*Westminster's Pride*” and his constituents; he has been flattered and trusted

† This is the mark of an oppositionist.

so long, till he really seems to despise the honours thrust upon him. One cannot otherwise account for the *laches* in his parliamentary history. No one doubts his integrity or abilities; all that is complained of is a want of zeal and activity in the discharge of his representative duties. If the baronet be sick of public life, he had better retire from the stage at once, and not fill one of the highest posts the people can bestow by the mere fragrance of his name. Of late years, Westminster has not been represented at all; her principles have not been expounded, nor has she exerted the influence in the legislature she ought, from the number, intelligence, and public spirit of the electors. By what hocus-pocus management, then, is Sir Francis continued in the representation, and this too, after he has felt, or affected to feel, indifferent to a seat in Parliament? Among the numerous farces enacted during the general election, none was more disgusting than the way in which the "baronet and his man" were shoved into Parliament, without any questions being asked, any pledge received, and scarcely with a return of thanks for the honour conferred. I will venture to predict such a juggling ceremony will not be so easily repeated. The electors begin to perceive they may be diseased of their franchises as well by the intrigues of a little knot of under-ground politicians as by a peer of the realm. It behoves them to be on the alert in future: usage soon grows into prescription: and the baronet, in process of time, by their tame acquiescence, may claim the representation of Westminster as a patrimonial adjunct, instead of a trust for the benefit of his constituents.

Another indication in Sir Francis seems to disqualify him for a popular leader and representative; as he grows older, he appears to grow more aristocratic in his views of society.* The baronet was never suspected of republicanism, his prepossessions were always in favour of birth and Norman descent, and he certainly never indulged the idea that mankind should be all placed on the *pavé*, and left to start fair for the honours and advantages of society, the prizes being the reward of the best and the wisest. His political views were limited to the renovation of some Saxon scheme of liberty, in which there were lords without control, and a peasantry without rights: in short, his object was to pull down those above him, rather than raise up and assimilate to his own grade those beneath him.

The hon. baronet is much devoted to rural sports, and, I confess, I never knew one of the Nimrod tribe who entertained very enlightened or exalted notions of human liberty. We have an illustration of this position in the general character of the country magistracy. If such men affect popular principles, all they aim at is greater license, a wider chase, and free warren for themselves, not any community of privilege with their fellow men. If greater lords than themselves wish to control the enjoyment of these, they are eager to abate the obstruction; but, as to the bulk of the people, they conceive they are only born to *beat the bushes*.†

It is, doubtless, from these early impressions, the baronet conceived the aversion he expressed in the last session of Parliament, to the French law of succession, and a minute sub-division of landed property. Sir Francis has no idea of abridging the domain of the "lords of the soil," though it might create food for the famishing, or freeholds for the disfranchised.

In conclusion, one may hope that, on a future occasion, Westminster will be more adequately represented: the present members are men of little mark, and no efficiency whatever, and though they would be good enough for any other place, they are not sufficiently so for a city which has been long held up as an example to others, and a sort of conservatory of popular principles and public spirit; it is the only patch of territory the Reformers have been able to reclaim from the waste of corruption, and it is a pity it should be over-shadowed by two mere sun-flowers like Sir Francis and Mr. Hobhouse.

This is the style of the full-length pictures, and we think it decidedly good; but the briefer description, giving in a few strokes, the party's circumstances and political attitude, which we may call the *dot and line* work, is by no means of inferior efficiency. Much of it

* La Fayette declared that he could not have supposed it possible that any man could be so aristocratical as he found Sir Francis Burdett.—*Reviewer*.

† The courts of law, in their well-known zeal to give the utmost possible latitude to the liberties of the subject, in their interpretation of the 5 Anne, c. 14, which is the statute under which offences against the game-laws are usually prosecuted, have determined that a qualified person may take out with him a person not qualified, to *beat the bushes and see a hare killed*!

is piquant reading, and suggests many inferences by few words. We fear, however, that some really worthy men will take more offence at the miniatures of them, intended to be favourable, than others will do at the severer portraits. How will Lord Althorpe—a thoroughly well meaning nobleman—like to see himself exhibited in these terms?—

‡ Althorp, Viscount, *Northamptonshire*, eldest son of Earl Spencer: attended regularly, spoke rather often; voted with the opposition; a sensible *but tedious speaker*.

Another:—

‡ Bright, Henry, *Bristol*, barrister-at-law; voted for retrenchment, not for reform; a *dull speaker*.

The next name belongs to a man of a very different stamp from either of the above, and comes with a sweeping train of titles which tell with sufficient plainness the honour in which their owner should be held:—

† Brogden, James, *Lannceton*; chairman of the committee of ways and means in the House of Commons, director of the Arigna Iron and Coal Company, director of the Equitable Loan Bank, director of the Australian Agricultural Association, director of the Provincial Bank, director of the London and Birmingham Railway, director of the Waterloo Bridge Company, chairman of the United Gas Company, chairman of the Protector Fire-Office; also director or trustee of the Eastland Company, Rock Insurance Company, and the Russia Company.

Here the author of the Black Book should have stopped. He has, however, injudiciously added a character which rather weakens than strengthens the impression conveyed by this remarkable piece of blazonry. The titles, like the late Lord Londonderry's potatoes, "speak for themselves."

We have observed that errors must be expected in a production of this kind. There is one respecting the Scott family, that should be corrected, as it would give the world to suppose that Lord Eldon had strangely neglected one of his sons; while the truth is, that he has but one to provide for out of the public purse —

* Scott, Hon. W. Gaton, son of Earl Eldon, vice J. W. Russell, who voted with opposition.

† Scott, W. H. E. *Newport*, another son of Lord Eldon, whose offices in possession and reversion, are as under —

Registrar of Affidavits in Chancery (by deputy).....	£ 1260	14	10
Clerk of Letters-Patent in Chancery, (do.).....	451	5	5
Receiver of Fines in Chancery, (do.).....	581	2	10
Cursitor for London and Middlesex, (do.).....	500	0	0
Reversion of Clerk of the Crown in Chancery	1081	0	0
Reversion of Execution of Bankrupt Laws	4554	0	0
Commissioner of Bankrupts.....	350	0	0

Lord Eldon is not chargeable with the partiality which might be inferred from this statement. Had his lordship had as many sons as King Priam, he would doubtless, like an equitable parent, have quartered them all on the public, and given to each his fair share of the good things. The public pocket would have been large enough for W. Scott and W. H. E. Scott, had W. Scott been another son; but the fact is, that Lord Eldon has but one son, and, as if to multiply his being, he puts him in many places. The Irish say, that a man cannot be in two places at once, like a bird; but it is proved, that a Scott can be in seven. When a chancellor has only one son,

* The mark of a new member.

† The mark of a ministerialist.

he probably thinks it a duty to make him go a great way in *the public service*; and Lord Eldon, it must be admitted, has practised good housewifery in this particular. In order, however, not utterly to overwhelm the individual appointed to so many profitable posts, one thing was necessary, and that was, to give him nothing to do, and this point of prudence has been most carefully observed. There are two kinds of places with us; the places which the man *fills*, as the phrase goes, and the places which fill the man. Persons who have the power of election pretty uniformly choose the last, because no capacity is requisite for it, except that common to every one of God's creatures possessed of the ordinary proportion of breeches pocket—the capacity of receiving. The genius of the Eldons in this department is ample; and there is no quantity of place which they are not competent to hold, provided only that they be of the right sort, and that there are no duties to be discharged.

The other Mr. Scott named in the Black Book is the son of Lord Stowell, brother of Lord Eldon, but an incomparably superior man.

There is no country in the world in which the caprices of fashions have such sway as in England. We have our fashions in eating and drinking, our fashions in physicking, our fashions in morals, in all things, not excepting politics and politicians. The estimation of public men is very rarely indeed determined by their powers and disposition to make a good or bad use of them. Something more seems necessary, and that mysterious something particular men have not the advantage of possessing. Mr. Brougham is one of these. He has never been the fashion; or rather it has been the fashion to undervalue him both in respect of talent and utility. A French traveller styled him "*un orateur de mauvais ton*;" and with a people so vehemently set on being polite as ourselves, and so violently averse to every thing *ungenteel*, this charge, if founded, would be a very serious bar to the ascendancy of a public man; but we fear that there have been, and are, more solid stumbling-blocks in the way of Mr. Brougham; and if they are, as we think they are, correctly described in his character in the Black Book, there would appear to be some reason for the fashion against him, though we much question whether it has in any degree been influenced by so respectable a cause.

Brougham, Henry, *Winchelsea*, Barrister-at-law.

The political tendencies and acquirements of this member have been so often set forth, that it would be a waste of the reader's time to indulge in disquisition on so trite a theme. A strange fatality seems to attend every project to which Mr. Brougham directs his efforts; no one has abounded in more useful suggestions, nor evinced greater and more searching powers in the exposition of abuses; yet it cannot be said he has originated and carried through a single measure by which the community has been materially benefited. This is a very "lame and impotent conclusion" after a public life of great bustle and considerable duration.

Mr. Brougham's exposure of the abuses of charitable foundations, by which he showed the poor had been robbed of near two millions of annual revenue by Bishops, Parsons, and Gormandizing Corporations, did him infinite honour, but nothing useful has resulted from the discovery of this mine of pious plunder. The learned gentleman suffered his bill on the subject to be frittered of all its usefulness and efficiency; the job got into the hands of commissioners, who, with enormous salaries, have been perambulating the country for years, under the pretext of investigation; they have published thirteen folio volumes of reports, and have thrown part of the property into Chancery, but not a shilling appears yet to have been saved from the cormorants, and applied to the uses for which it was originally intended. All this delay and cumbrous

machinery might have been saved; a single bill for a general restitution, or a local inquiry by persons not interested, was all that was needed.

I pass over the honourable member's *Label Bill*, and his *Bill for Universal Education*; they were both so ill-concocted that they pleased no party, and came to nothing. The last project which has fallen under his paralyzing touch, is the *London University*, and even this great and salutary scheme appears either dead or struggling for life under the influence of his baneful countenance. What the learned gentleman chiefly desiderates [a vile Americanism for *wants*] is more concentration of purpose; like water spread upon a plain his great powers are lost by diffusion; it is true, such discursive irrigation may fertilize, for a season, an extensive surface, but it is too *weak* to turn a mill, or produce permanent and visible effects.

Another cause which impedes the usefulness of this really worthy man, and creates misgivings among his friends, is the uncertainty of his *moral* and *political* organization: he is not gay and profligate enough for a Tory; he is too independent for a Whig partizan, which dotting faction never forgave him calling their late Grand Lama, Ponsonby, "an old woman;" still he is often too circumspect and *personal* in his pursuits for a thorough patriot or reformer; and his late repulsive and snappish behaviour at Appleby shows that nature never intended him for a popular leader. These points are all exemplified in the honourable member's wiry and sinuous career, from his first introduction to Mr. Pitt, through his curvettings with the Westminster Reformers, to his final and hopeless fixation in the Whig Slough of Despond.

Leaving these general touches, I shall come to a subject on which Mr. Brougham is entitled to unqualified praise; I mean his efforts in favour of Popular Education. In the promotion of this noble object his endeavours have been unceasing and invaluable, and he is the more entitled to gratitude because it is a pursuit from which he can expect no personal advantage, while the benefits he may confer are incalculable. There is one point connected with the *MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS*, in the success of which he takes so deep an interest, to which I should wish to call his attention. It is a pity, I think, the conductors of them should so exclusively direct their attention to the diffusion of a knowledge of the merely *physical sciences*: without depreciating any branch of knowledge, it is not conceivable how the lot of the working classes can be bettered by an acquaintance with mechanics, acoustics, electricity, galvanism, and other branches of natural philosophy, which constitute the reiterated topics of institutional lectures. The miseries of society, in my opinion, result much more from moral and political causes than a want of physical knowledge and power. Nature has given to man fertile land, sun, and air to produce his food, and it is the waste or misappropriation of the product of these—her almost spontaneous gifts—that chiefly creates ignorance, penury, and dependence.

Political economy is a science of general application; every one, as landlord, merchant, or workman, being interested in the laws which regulate rent, profit, or wages. It also elucidates the important relation between subsistence and population. Till this great problem is universally understood, we cannot look forward to any permanent improvement in the condition of the people. Physical science may augment our productive powers, new machinery may be invented, rail-roads may be constructed, and the application of steam extended, still the lot of the people will not be improved. Wages will be no higher, provisions no cheaper, the hours of labour no shorter; the only result being that they will be *more numerous*, their dependent and necessitous condition remaining the same as before.

Why, too, not have more frequent discourses on the medical art? It is lamentable to observe how much misery results from ignorance of the human constitution—the properties of food—the regulation of air and exercise—and other means by which the health is preserved and the constitution invigorated.

The foundation of laws and morals might be explained, and the connexion between these and individual and social happiness would open a delightful field for eloquence and elucidation. History, especially of our own country, and, more particularly, that portion of it which refers to the rise of cities and towns, and the emancipation of the great body of the people from a state of worse than West-Indian bondage, would form an instructive inquiry. To these might be added, geology, organic remains, and natural history; which would, I think, form popular themes; they would liberalize and expand the mind, abstract it from gross and vulgar pursuits, and create an appetite for intellectual research and disquisition.

I have only one more suggestion to submit to Mr. Brougham: I trust, as soon as the new parliament assembles, he will move for the repeal of the 1 Geo. IV. c. 9, that act which restrains the sale of *CHEAP PUBLICATIONS*, by fixing the minimum of

price at which they may be sold, and the smallest number of square inches of paper on which a writer may circulate his ideas. This vandal law was passed during the administration of that poor, illiterate, and short-sighted mortal, the Marquis of Londonderry. It is nothing less than a tax on the knowledge of the poor, and its injustice and iniquity can only be equalled by that which taxes the bread they eat for the support of an over-grown aristocracy. Such a motion is required of Mr. Brougham for two reasons; first, to evince the sincerity of his wish to enlighten the popular mind; secondly, as an atonement for a former error, when moving on one of his political tacks, he launched into declamatory invectives on the seditious and blasphemous tendency of the "two-penny trash." It is true, all the cheap publications were not conducted with "absolute wisdom;" some of them were diabolical in their object, vulgar, violent, and un-English in the extreme; but along with these evils considerable good resulted. They generated a taste for reading, inculcated a feeling of independence, gave the people a glimpse of their importance in the social scale, and, no doubt, sowed the seeds of that intellectual activity which promoted the establishment of the mechanics' institutions, and diffused a thirst for an acquaintance with natural and mechanical truth.

Mr. Canning is, perhaps a better example of the caprices of fashion. He is the rage just now: all parties and all people delight in doing him honour. He had the luck of coming into office under peculiarly favourable circumstances; had the devil himself succeeded to Lord Londonderry, the devil would have become amazingly popular, and people would have agreed that so far from being as black as he was painted, he was in fact as fair as an angel. This is not however the case of Mr. Canning; he is neither black nor white, but of a brown complexion, which will wear tolerably well, and not show the dirt. His claims to popularity are fairly and shrewdly examined in the Black Book:—

§ Canning, Right Hon. George, *Newport*, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, commissioner of the Affairs of India, and receiver-general of the Alienation Office.

If the public do not feel any high respect for, nor confidence in, public men, the latter have some reason to hold in no very high estimation popular opinion. There is, perhaps, no public character who unites the general suffrage more strongly in his favour than the present member; yet, only a few years since, no one was the object of more general hatred and acrimonious abuse. One never hears any allusion now to the "Lisbon Jobber," to the merciless joker, who could turn into mirth and ribaldry the "revered and ruptured Ogden," nor to the "brazen-faced bully of corruption;" even a Radical would be shocked to apply such coarse epithets to so "respectable a gentleman." How comes this transition in public feeling? Is it that there is on earth, as in heaven, more joy over one sinner brought to repentance, than over ninety-nine who have always been righteous?

But the truth is, the right hon. gentleman is neither reclaimed nor converted; the folly is in the public suddenly passing from one extreme to another. Mr. Canning was always a very clever man, a gentleman of high honour and accomplishment, and, though a *Walpolian*, a fair and open one, who never pursued selfish ends under the guise of patriotism, cant, or hypocrisy. These are redeeming qualities with all just and generous spirits, and ought to have screened him from the extreme hate and obloquy to which he has been exposed. On the other hand, Mr. Canning is not a subject to raise into a popular idol; he is not the *friend of the People*; he is a monarchical man, whose sympathies are all with the privileged classes, and whose *beau-ideal* of society may be likened to a converging amphitheatre, in which there are a select few railed off on the upper benches in state and luxury, while the great bulk are doomed to live and toil merely for their sustenance and amusement.

The right hon. gentleman has been highly extolled for the change he has effected in the foreign policy of the empire; what great changes are meant, I do not precisely comprehend,—he is said to have emancipated the country from the car of the Holy Alliance. None but the driveling intellect of his predecessor would ever have thought of rendering a great power like England subservient to the politics of the continental states, or assimilating her measures to those of nations from which she is so widely separated by religion, knowledge, and the nature of her institutions. Such a scheme

was too absurd and disgraceful, it might be supposed, even for the intellectual grasp of an Eldon or a Wellington, and would have been eschewed by a statesman of far inferior mind and magnanimity to the foreign secretary.

Mr. Canning, too, is justly lauded for the liberal tone he has lately assumed in his speeches, and which may be ascribed to two causes:—First, he is too enlightened to join the mere bigots in their apprehensions from concessions to the Catholics, and some other changes, which, instead of endangering, would, if they produced any effect at all, give strength and permanency to established institutions. Secondly, the times have altered, the spirit of reform and innovation is laid or slumbering, and a man may profess liberal principles without being called upon to reduce them to practice. In these days of tranquillity, he, as well as another, may as well wear the grace of general philanthropy, attachment to free institutions, and declaim against that spirit of darkness which would check the march of the human mind, and send Galileo to prison for explaining the true nature of the earth's motion. [See Parliamentary Debates last session, in which the right hon. gentleman indulged his rhetorical powers in a way which very much amused all who knew him.] A similar state existed prior to the French revolution; Burke, and other talented adventurers, openly advocated principles and doctrines, which they abandoned the moment they were about seriously to be adopted. Should those prime parts of the constitution, Gattos and Sarum, be again in jeopardy, a similar change will probably be effected in the tone of the foreign secretary; he will take to his old weapons, and be as racy in his jokes, as keen in his ridicule, and bitter in his hostility to reformers and innovators as ever.

It may be added, that since Mr. Canning has been in office, he has occupied himself, with great industry, in strengthening his position, and securing the ground around him. Every appointment in his gift has been bestowed with one object only—connexion. Qualification for the public service is a thing wholly disregarded, he looks only to his private service; probably arguing, that what serves him must eventually serve the nation. Therefore, when he strengthens himself by giving an important place to a noodle lord, and so gains over an influential family, he perhaps thinks, that in thus fortifying his own possession of office, he is promoting the interests of the state, by securing to it the guidance of the best of all possible pilots. Deeming himself all sufficient, he looks to nothing in his subalterns but their alliances;—"find me aristocratical connexion," he says, "and I alone will supply the ability for all departments under me."

That Mr. Canning feels pretty confident of his hold of office, may be inferred from the fact, that he has caused an immense sum to be expended for the adornment of the Foreign Office in Downing-street. He has a passion for water-closets, and has increased and multiplied them in that house to such an extent, that each inhabitant may now boast a plurality of these conveniences—they present what the late Lord Londonderry would have called "*the fundamental feature*" of the improvements.

We pass from Mr. Canning to the portrait of a very different manner of man, drawn with some harshness, perhaps, but with an outline generally true. Few men have ever started with a better capital of reputation than Mr. Hobhouse, or more grievously disappointed expectation. He had prodigious fame *on credit*; but it was too soon discovered that there were no effects to meet the demands on him, which were far beyond his means. Nevertheless, he is a clever man, and a well-meaning man, we believe, but not an eighth wonder of the world, as was given out on his *debut* in public life.

Hobhouse, John Cam, *Westminster*, son of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, first commissioner for investigating the debts of the Carnatic; the member's uncle is under

secretary of state: attended regularly, and spoke on several occasions with considerable animation.

After this member had renewed his diploma for Westminster, by which he is privileged from arrest for debt for the next seven years, and allowed to send his letters free of postage, he set out, it was stated in the Morning Chronicle, to "join his friend the Duke of Devonshire," [the writer might have added here, leaving the Greek affairs, which he had undertaken, to shift for themselves,] in order to be present at the coronation of the new Russian despot. At first, Mr. Hobhouse was considered almost a republican, and while this effervescence lasted, his patriotism was constantly exhaling in the form of anonymous letters, pamphlets, and tavern speeches; afterwards, by a lucky incarceration in Newgate, he obtained a seat in the "Collective," which put an extinguisher on his usefulness, and he sunk into a jog-trot oppositionist. During the last parliament he brought forward few questions of general interest, nor did he deliver any speech remarkable for boldness of thought or liberal and enlarged views. His motion for the repeal of the assessed taxes was not likely to be carried, and apparently intended as a mere clap-trap for the shopkeepers of Westminster. His speech on parliamentary reform, in the last session, contained some good points, but, for the most part, was stuffed with old Joe Millers, better calculated to excite laughter than produce conviction. The academical oration got up to put down Canning, because the latter called him the Baronet's "man," was a complete failure; to this school-boy effusion, which was several weeks elaborating, and intended to rival the celebrated philippic of Lord Chatham on old Walpole, Mr. Canning did not deign to make a reply; in truth, it was all *in the air*: it contained a strong portrait of a corruptionist and adventurer, but it had no application to any particular individual, and the member for Westminster did not venture to apply it in any tangible form to the right honourable gentleman.

As a statesman and public character, Mr. Hobhouse stands at an immeasurable distance behind Sir Francis, and should the baronet break his neck (which heaven forbid!) he can have no pretension to succeed in the leadership. His political vision is evidently lilliputian, and his mental powers were duly appreciated by Lord Byron, who extolled his abilities for note-writing, and indicting prologues, epilogues, and farces. Add to this, Mr. Hobhouse is known to be the slave of petty foibles and ostentation; for instance, he likes to clothe his little body in a court dress, with a cocked hat, sword, and bag-wig. Should Dr. Southey or Colman be gathered to their fathers, the laureatship or examinership of plays would suit him admirably, and if to this was thrown in Old Ben's never-ending commissionership, to which he is most likely looking forward, he would be made comfortable and contented for life.

The following sketch strikes us as being particularly happy:—

Robinson, Right Hon. Frederick, *Ripon*, brother to Lord Grantham, son-in-law to the late Earl of Buckinghamshire; chancellor of the exchequer; commissioner of the affairs of India; director of Greenwich hospital.

Mr. Robinson is rather a vehement and gesticulating speaker, but may be stiled, upon the whole, a fair and open chancellor of the exchequer, whose candid avowal of principles and admission of facts, often expose both the weakness and wickedness of the system. One might almost be tempted to call him an honest minister, were they not checked by the recollection of the sinking fund, and the dead-weight annuity projects. His speeches are very pompous productions indeed, studded with tropes and figures to profusion; and his budgets remind one of a landlord in the country, who had a knack of turning his tavern bills into rhyme, hoping, no doubt, that the painful recapitulation of pots, tankards, and glasses, would be lost in the blandishments of a mellifluous and poetic diction.

The character of Cobbett, introduced under the name of Wood, has some masterly strokes in it:—

* Wood, John, *Preston*, barrister-at-law, vice Samuel Horrocks.

This is one of the members with whom Mr. Cobbett battled so fiercely at the election for Preston, and it is to be lamented he did not succeed in being returned a representative for the spirited and honest-hearted electors of that place. I am, however, very far from being an unqualified admirer of Mr. Cobbett's conduct and principles. That he is, in great part, an impostor there can be no doubt. If such a person can be really said to hold any principles, they are such principles as are directly opposed to those he advocated for many years. From early associations, from constitutional

temperament, and from observation of life, he is an undoubted aristocrat; by which I mean, the opinion he entertains that the great majority (NINE-TENTHS he says) of every community, must live, labour, and be in subserviency to a privileged few. This is his opinion to the heart's core, however may be disguised, or whatever he may *profess* at the present juncture. He believes it is inseparable from the constitution of the social state, that a vast bulk of it must be doomed to endless toil and irreclaimable ignorance.* Hence the contemptuous and degrading notions he entertains of the future lot of the working people. Hence his hostility to any scheme of popular education. He believes whatever does not tend to multiply their merely *physical* enjoyments is foreign to their condition and destiny. He has no idea of bettering their situation, beyond adding to their means of consuming *beef and beer*; these are very good, it must be owned, but they do not comprise every element of their happiness and elevation. What are the causes that have led to the improvement in the diet, dress, (and till a recent period,) domestic comforts of the industrious classes? What has given them their importance in the social state? Solely their augmented INTELLIGENCE. It is that which first emancipated them from the misery and bondage of the feudal system. It is that alone which can tend to further improvement, and prevent their relapse into ancient servitude and degradation: without knowledge they cannot acquire, nor would they be fit to exercise, social and political rights.

Mr. Cobbett's opinions on questions of finance and the currency are no less tinged with quackery and delusion. He never had more than *one* idea on these subjects, and that idea is, that the high or low prices of commodities are affected by the greater or less quantity of the circulating medium; and, consequently, if the amount of currency be diminished, the same amount of taxes cannot be collected without a proportional increase of pressure on the tax-payers. This truth he has been working on for years, and has occupied at least two hundred Registers in its illustration. It is a position of some importance, but it is certainly no new revelation. David Hume had published the same dogma long before Mr. Cobbett was born, and David borrowed it from Sir James Steuart. However, it is from this principle he has built all his assumptions on the impossibility of the Bank of England paying in specie; or, if they did pay in specie, wheat would be *four shillings* a bushel, and the interest of the public debt could not be paid. All these predictions have been falsified; the Bank has paid in specie; wheat did not fall to four shillings a bushel; and the interest of the debt has been paid up to this time. Yet Cobbett pretends to be a *prophet*, and some believe him; for the infatuation of his "disciples," as he sneeringly terms them, is not less than that of the followers of Joanna Southcott, of blessed memory. Among men of sense, however, his opinions are held in little estimation; he is known to be imperfectly acquainted with many subjects of political economy, and his authority in such matters can only extend among those who are still less informed than himself.

It is unnecessary to dwell longer on Mr. Cobbett's *principles*; they are, in truth, a non-entity. He is governed by no principle whatever, he aims at no beneficial change either in the government or society; his only object appears to be, to *make sport*, to indulge his personal feelings, his hatred, spite, and egotism. Despised and neglected by all parties, he has sunk into a sort of political misanthropy, glorying in gulling the multitude, in public calamities, and in reviling and misrepresenting both men and measures, that may have the least tendency to better our situation. Fallen so low, his bitterest enemy would hardly wish to augment his disgrace and misery; and, certainly, there is no one whose present feelings and fame (or rather infamy) I would less covet than those of Mr. Cobbett.

Though I entertain such a poor opinion of Mr. Cobbett's views and principles, I do not regret having subscribed to put him into parliament, and I lament he has not succeeded. This I do for two reasons; first, there is enough of talent in the House of Commons to expose and silence the absurd fallacies on the *decrease* in the number of the people, the Protestant Reformation, and other topics, he has been in the practice of propagating out of doors; secondly, Cobbett, after all, would have uttered many useful truths in the house, which would have been widely diffused, and, in this respect, he would have served us better than many of our parade representatives, whom we are compelled to look up to, merely because we have, just now, no better to substitute in their places.

* See his otherwise excellent little work, "Cottage Economy," paragraphs 11, 12, and 13; and, in all his other writings, he maintains the same doctrine, when he has occasion to speak on the education of the working classes.

Having quoted so much with commendation, we may be allowed to take exception to the subjoined, which, as far as it relates to the dispute between Mr. Martin and the *Morning Chronicle*, is uncandid in statement and weak in argument.

† Martin, Richard, *Galwayshire*; attended frequently, and general in favour of ministers.

This is Mr. Richard Martin, the Pythagorean, who has manifested such laudable indignation at the ill-treatment of the brute creation. If pain be an evil, it is, *pro tanto*, the same whether inflicted on man or beast. Humanity is justly considered a cardinal virtue, and can a wish to mitigate the sufferings of the dumb creation, whose very destitution, like the helplessness of women or of children, gives them higher claims on our generosity, be less commendable? It is true, they have *no souls*, but that can make no difference in this world; at all events, they have their feelings, and are as sensible to touch as the old lady mentioned in the fable. When to inflict pain is necessary to sustain life, it is, at least, excusable; it is part of the order of nature, and, like the extraction of a tooth, the evil must be borne for the sake of the greater good that results from it. What Mr. Martin has set his face against is wanton, unnecessary cruelty, such as that which used to be practised in our public streets and highways, on horses, by drunken ruffians, whom we have often longed to see thrown into a horse-pond.

Those who have little feeling for their cattle have seldom much for their fellow-creatures, and it is observable that the journal most distinguished by its attacks on the member for Galway for his tenderness to dogs and horses, is that which, almost exclusively, enjoys and details the brutal exhibitions of pugilists and prize-fighters. But the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* is altogether a man of odd-ways and eccentric notions. For instance, he thinks that a stipendiary magistracy, consisting of mercenary, greedy, prejudiced lawyers, (for such is nearly the whole tribe,) would, in lieu of the unpaid country magistracy, afford the best security for a pure and independent administration of justice. The same great personage, after the philosopher of Queens-square, holds and maintains that *self-interest* is the universally stimulating principle of human action, and that a man never ties on his cravat, or takes a pinch of snuff, without duly calculating how much solid comfort he may derive from it, or how much pelf it will put into his pocket. Heaven preserve us from such legislators as Mr. Black and the aforesaid philosopher!

The only objection urged against the honourable member, worthy of notice, is that which accuses him of directing his efforts against the cruelties of the "lower orders," leaving those of the "higher classes" untouched. Now, I should like to know, what would be the use of Mr. Martin bringing in a bill to put down the worrying of hares, the shooting of partridges, or limbing of tomtits? Would such a bill pass, constituted as our legislature, almost exclusively, is, of fox-hunters, hare-hunters, and partridge-shooters? He might as well submit a proposition to a conclave of Smithfield drovers, or Mile-End bullock-hunters, to abolish their own peculiar practices and amusements. But if he cannot accomplish all he may desire with his *present instruments*, he ought to do as much as he can; if he cannot prevent cruelty to hares and partridges, he ought, if he be able, to prevent it to cattle and horses. Go on, then, Mr. Martin, and prosper; only "let discretion be your tutor" for Mr. Malthus has said, and I verily believe it true, that a considerable mass of suffering is inseparable from society; therefore, it can only be reduced to a minimum, not extinguished altogether.

Whether the *Chronicle* was right or wrong in opposing legislation for the protection of animals, we shall not stop to inquire; but it attacked Mr. Martin because it argued that he was rendering his act for the protection of brutes, an instrument of vexation and tyranny to men; and it professed not the insinuated indifference to the sufferings of brutes, but a superior regard to what was due to our own species. As for the description of the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, it is as unjust as the alleged reasons for it are childish. The author clearly does not understand what he ventures to write about. In a future edition he will do well to expunge this passage, and to supply in the place of it some published letters from Mr. Martin

to his deputy, Wheeler, which will sufficiently illustrate the wisdom and views with which the excellent member for Galway enforced his Act.*

* We give some of the epistles, which are not more remarkable for their matter, than for a certain quaint simplicity of manner, that reminds one of the style of letters imagined in the Spectator. Mr. Martin suggests to his man, that Mrs. Coutts speaks well of their humane association, and hints to him, that he should busy himself in her neighbourhood, in order to attract her attention. What informer would be scrupulous about the sufficiency of the case of cruelty, when Mrs. Coutts's notice, and its consequences, were to be the reward of his zeal? Miss Stephens was also to be attended to. That lady complained, it seems, to Mr. Martin, that *some very bad fellows drove by her door*, which is highly probable, as she lives in a great thoroughfare, and she possibly had conceived a notion that the worthy member could put them in gaol "*somehow or other*," under his "*thingum bob*," "*what-ye-call it*," cruelty "*concern*." Mr Martin *spells* hard in his letters to Wheeler for petitions and addresses:—

October 1, 1824.

Mr. Wheeler—Though I have not of late heard much of your proceedings, yet I conclude that you are doing good. You will oblige me if you will inquire what became of a young lad that lived with Miss Tree, the actress, and you will hear of him at No. 3, Torrington-square, &c. I will pay you for taking care of the dog Mr. Gahagan left with you.—I am yours, &c.

RICHD. MARTIN.

The people of Smithfield, you said, would address me, but I have not heard of the matter since.

December 13, 1824.

Mr. Wheeler—Your letter of the 8th instant has afforded me the greatest satisfaction. Give up other business and attend these pits, and find who the characters are that encourage those dog and badger fights, bear fights, and other sports of the kind. Continue to watch the Paddington coaches and other short stages. *Try and get up some petitions also.*—I am, yours, &c.

RICH. MARTIN.

All the defects that you mention do really exist in the Act. I shall endeavour in this to have the Act amended. Write to me frequently what passes.

January 17, 1825.

Mr. Wheeler—I am much pleased that you have taken up those fellows for cruelty to their horses and furious driving. In giving your evidence, describe minutely the cruelty, as beating their horses and lathering them *with sweat until they could hardly help falling down*. All this, combined with the furious driving, will make the world perceive the use of the Act, and will do you credit. [*Sic passim*, in Swift's "Advice to Servants."] I hope the public papers will report your proceedings.

Over-loading is a great cruelty, but is not directly within the Act; but, as over-loading is accompanied with great cruelty, such as beating—"take out the summonses for other cruelty." [It appears from this unnecessary that there should be any evidence whatever of the "*other cruelty*."]]

When the society meet I shall propose "that a reward be voted to you for your extraordinary care and attention." At Whitechapel very great cruelties are committed by the drovers and butchers' boys, and I wish you would quit Smithfield for a week, to watch these fellows.

It's worth labouring to convict some of those fellows who behave so badly to the cows; MUCH WILL DEPEND ON CHUSING A PROPER MAGISTRATE, and watch your opportunity—keeping them unmilked for twenty-four hours, and the calf all that time famishing, is a great instance of wanton cruelty, and I have convicted some.

I have heard Mrs. Coutts speaks well of the Society, and I wish she was led to notice your attention to cases in her neighbourhood, and she lives in Stratton-street, Piccadilly.

You will see me very shortly in London, and I will exert myself to serve you.—

RICHARD MARTIN.

July 14, 1825.

Wheeler—I do desire you to bring up as many persons as you can under my Act, to show that they can be convicted on your single testimony.

Miss Stephens will be obliged if you will attend to some very bad fellows that drive by her door.

RICHARD MARTIN.

We would also recommend the editor to correct another more insignificant error, which must be one of ignorance. Under the head of Southey, he speaks of "the *obscene* Juvenal;" this shows that he knows about as little of the merits of Juvenal, as of those of the editor of the Chronicle. He must learn, that there is not a poet of ancient or modern times more distinguished for the loftiness of his moral sentiments than Juvenal; and it would be as just to designate the author of the Black Book as *corrupt*, because his business has been the analysis of corruption, as to style Juvenal "obscene," because a part of his task was the exposure of the licentiousness of his times.

Having suggested emendations, we must now propose one or two additions where there appear to be omissions. For example:—

"Congreve, Sir William, *Plymouth*, equerry to the King, comptroller of the royal laboratory, and superintendant of military machines. Two brothers in the army: voted with the treasury; against the Catholics."

"Honour to him to whom honour is due."

Why is Sir William curtailed of his fair proportion of titles? The Equitable Loan Company, the Arigna Mining Company, et iis similia, have been full of the honour of his name, and we hold it not honest that he should be deprived of these plumes, while Brother Brogden shines a very peacock in such glories. Let us, in another edition, see the great man "with his tail on," as the Highlanders say. Let us see him set down as blower of the Equitable bubble, director of the Steam Washing Company, the Dairy Company, &c.

Again, another instance of omission:—

"Twiss, Horace, *Wootton Bassett*, a barrister at law, and commissioner of bankrupts; attended regularly for ministers, but did not speak so frequently latterly."

Addendum.—Reports his own speeches in any newspaper which can afford space for the *cheers* and *hears* that he indites most bountifully in the same. Mr. Twiss is counsel for the Admiralty, and has, we think, some other appointment. He is disposed to be liberal where his interests will permit him.

Here we must stop, strongly recommending our readers to expend a shilling in purchasing the Appendix to the Black Book, and to consult it as a master-key to the speeches in Parliament. It will show them of what "sugar and spice, and all that's nice" our *Ayes* are made; and also the "powder and puff, and conceited enough" composition of some of the opposite faction.

A VISIT TO BRIGHTON.

I HAVE heard of an Exquisite, who, in the full determination to be singular, remained all September and October in London, declaring that this was the only season in which he could enjoy the luxuries of the Metropolis. During winter (that is, the London winter, and the summer of the rest of the world) he complained that the hotels were so full that he could obtain nothing to eat; the streets so crowded he had not room to walk; and though wearied out by the rounds of his daily (he was pleased to call them) engagements, he could not sleep for the noise made by the vulgarians, who got up to pursue their avocations

in the middle of the night. In autumn, on the contrary, he had his choice of rooms at Long's, all Bond-street to himself, his tailors and shoemakers were punctual, and his periods of rest, more happily timed, were undisturbed by noon-day somnambulists.

Such would not be my taste. I love to see perfection in every thing—perfection even in London life. I like to ride in the Park when it is thronged by England's chief beauties; be secure of hearing the best performers and singers at concerts; and to go to the opera when Pasta or Velluti are strung to the top of their bent, at the sight of the accomplished amateurs and Italianized English, who are certainly better judges than those lovers of noise who force Miss Paton to sacrifice her own good taste to their partiality for cadence and bravura. I know of no civilized congregation of men and lovely women more delightful to look upon than the audience of the Italian opera; when every ear and eye is enchanted by the passionate gesture and thrilling tones of Pasta in the *Medea*, or by the pathos and truth of her identification with the hapless Nina;—or when Velluti appears in the *Crociato* or *Aureliano*, graceful as the imaginative dream of a love-sick girl, exciting respect by that mixture of dignified appeal to our best sympathies, and mild consciousness of desert which characterized him; and at the same time that silencing every censure by the exquisite taste of his modulations, and the perfection of his execution. Or (for is it not all delightful) when the sweet Caradori pours out her voice, like a bird carolling in the lightness of its heart—when Ronzi de Begnis (alas! she was lost to us last year) attracts as much by her beauty as the charms of her voice and style—when Madame Vestris looks the Grecian deity stepped from its pedestal—when Curioni personifies the graceful hero—and when Begnis himself, the prince of buffos, displays to an English audience the perfection of Italian comedy. I own, every other London amusement tasted, my pleasure centres in the Italian opera—that is, at the height of the season. I love not empty benches—the boxes bereft of their celestial ornaments—or the languid appearance of the performers on such occasions. I love to see the Peeress (beautiful Countess of —, I think of you) turn her plumed head smilingly to welcome a well executed passage; to see the Exquisites crowd into the pit at the commencement of the ballet—I like all this, especially when I am at a respectful distance from the Jones's and Smiths', who reply to their mutual questionings of "How do you like it?"—with—"Well, I must say, I think the play worth two of it—why it's all dancing and singing"—who, book in hand, toil through the translation of the last act of the *Crociato*, till a better informed relative whispers, "It is not the same; it's Nyna—Nyna foolish for love." Or the country cousins, whose approbation of Charles Vestris, or La Brocard, is expressed by many exclamations of—"Law! how high he jumps! Gracious, how she twirls! Well, there now, goodness me! did you ever see the like?"

Give me London, then, at its overflow; Bond-street blocked up with carriages; the park thronged; half a hundred footmen, with their attendant equipages, round Howell's—and a column of the *Morning Post* occupied by "Fashionable Arrangements." But when I quit these Metropolitan delights, let the contrast be complete. When

bearing what in more gifted lands would have been a flower—twigs, meant for trees, stand about: as for a real tree, an inhabitant of Brighton is as ignorant of its shape and material, as a Venetian of that of a horse. If plants had a voice, and leaves were tongues, one universal lament would arise from every stunted shrub and consumptive flower, asking fate for what antenatal sin they were condemned to demi-semi vegetation in this withered effigy of a park.

There is a perfection in the ugliness of Brighton, which in some degree satisfies the imagination. Other places may make believe to be pretty; but the bald hag-nymph, whose face this desert mirrors, disdains the aid of false curls or paint. One of the few rides is to Kemp Town. Kemp Town was built when Brighton was in higher vogue than now; it is hardly more than half a mile off, and forms as it were the continuation of the Marine Parade. The way towards it is flagged; the houses which compose it are all handsomely built; one row is erected on the plan of Cornwall Terrace, in the Regent's-park. There is a large square, that is, a Brighton square, which is always oblong; architectural ornaments are not spared; pillars and pilasters, portico, cornice, and frieze; worked iron rails: all that can give an air of elegance to a town is there—but not a single inhabitant. The window frames are glassless; grass would spring up rank in the streets, if grass grew any where in the neighbourhood of Brighton; neither man or dog is to be seen, or any sound heard, save the melancholy roar of the near ocean. Meanwhile the houses sparkle in all the freshness of youth. So far was the mania of speculation carried, that over one gate, innocent of a guest, is inscribed "Tea Gardens;" over another, from whose chimneys smoke never issued, "Hot Baths." At the extremity of the town is the "Family Hotel;" while in mockery of the solitude around, every gate was open to afford easy ingress to the traveller; nay, the ready waiter stood at the door—the only inhabitant he of the whole place—and the lamp suspended in the hall was alight, for I had rode thither in the evening, and the gathering twilight added to the desolation. Was he waiting for the advent of some shipwrecked sailor, whom it was written in the book of fate, should, before the end of time, be cast on shore on the near inhospitable beach? Or is that the retreat of the "Last Man?" My imagination took the alarm; I galloped away from this mask of civilized life, while for some minutes numberless images of death haunted me—and I re-entered Brighton, unable for a time to subdue the nervous illusion that gave to its inhabitants the resemblance of inane apparitions.

To get rid of such fancies, I hastened to the thick of life, and mixed with the crowd on the parades. I entered Tupper's well filled rooms. The libraries of Brighton, thought I, are surely the perfection of libraries. A few benches are set round the room, and there is a table in the midst—a man stands at each end, vociferating—"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—seven gone—the chances are one, two, &c.—the chances which remain are one, two, &c.—five gone,—the remaining chances are one, four, six, eight—one, four, six, eight,—the chances which remain are one—four—six—eight; one, four—four gone—the chances remaining are one, six, eight—when these numbers are filled up, ladies and gentlemen, the next song will be sung." As

the accompaniment to the changes sung on this variety of information, Mathews's ghost of a tune is nothing to it—thrum, thrum; a man sits at a piano, executing such a chance-medley of crochets and quavers, as might awaken to fit accord all the marrow-bones and cleavers in Brighton. The noisy rattling of the keys, and eternal repetition of the tuneless tune, drove me away before the next song was sung. I am glad of it. I should be sorry to play the ill-natured critic on individuals; but ears that can sustain the Babel from which I escaped, half deaf, cannot be very delicate in their perceptions of time, tune, or voice.

— A rainy day at Brighton. I look from my window on the New Road, and save the pavement at my feet, I see only the vast waste of waters; to the right, to the left, before me—sea, sea, sea. A child said to me one day, in the true spirit of Mathews's traveller, "People will so exaggerate." "What's the sea?—Nothing but water!" So I repeated to myself, as I looked on its blank expanse and misty boundary. The sea is called immense, sublime—the best created image of space and eternity. I do not perceive the sensible type of these ideas in it. It is bounded narrowly by the horizon, and the uniformity of its surface is not more sublime than a Russian steppe. The sea of itself, without a rocky and picturesque coast, and without vessels to give it animation, is, I do not hesitate to declare, a very dull object. The coast of Brighton is not the former, and the rain has driven away every vessel. Add to which, every association with the sea is painful: it is a murderer, a remorseless destroyer; its soundless depths are the grave of many a beloved or revered form; its strangling waters have stolen life from the young, the wise, the good. But as I write—lo! a change. The wind rises in the west—the unveiled sun pours forth its golden arrows; the flying clouds are tinged with their radiance; evening's single star glitters in the west, as the sun sets and darkness gathers round—the moon is high in the heavens, and black masses of cloud float over her, while she rains her beams fitfully upon the waters—and now shows in dark relief, and now hides again the boats that welter on her surface. Moonlight is to the sea what colour is to the rainbow. The contrast of the silver light with the deep shadows, graces it with picturesque effects; and her palaces and cottages, the stately ship and light sailing-boat—wear on such occasions a veil of mystery which is truly sublime.

And now that I have dismissed for awhile the language of philippic, let me remember what also beside the moon-lit sea is deserving of praise at Brighton. I have seen some lovely girls. I saw one going down to the beach to bathe: I was sorry for it. In every other part of England decorum is preserved on such occasions—why is it neglected here? Why are not awnings, such as are in use at Ramsgate and Margate, attached to the machines? and why are the pleasure-boats permitted to crowd within a stone's throw of the fair bathers?

I do not dislike the Pavillion. When people dispraise it, they tell you what it is not; and think that sufficing censure, neglecting utterly to tell us what it is. It is neither Grecian or Gothic; it is neither uniform or classic; but it is picturesque. Its chief defect is, that it is situated in Brighton. If a traveller in the East had chanced while he accomplished his evening's journey in the neighbourhood of Luck-

now or Ispahan, to behold this groupe of domes, minarets, and other unnamed lantern-like spires, rising from the little grove that surrounds it, and sleeping placidly in the star-light, it would have received the praise due to it its elegance and picturesque effect. The beauty of Brighton is indeed confined to its buildings. The numerous bow windows give a festive appearance to the streets; the porticos and virandas remind one of the south. There is one row of houses on the Marine Parade, whose highly ornamented viranda on the first floor is supported by fluted Tuscan columns beneath. This style of building is the prevailing mode at Brighton. Nor in speaking of edifices, may I omit the chain-pier: it is true, that its motion is apt to make one sea-sick, but it is an elegant little machine, a toy, seemingly not sea-worthy; yet its very fragility of look and bending nature constitutes its strength.

The most delightful things in Brighton are the little carriages called flies. They are peculiarly convenient, since they are ever at hand to convey one from this seat of barrenness. I now invite my reader to mount one; and under my guidance, along the west cliff and the road to Worthing, to drive on, till on passing Shoreham bridge, we turn to the right towards Arundel, where, in a short time, we shall arrive at so sweet a village—and in that village, at a latticed, flower-adorned cottage. We shall find woods, and hedges, and orchard grounds; the inland murmur of streams in exchange for naked hills and roaring ocean. Here at Sumpton, this best specimen of an English village, I console myself for my disappointment at Brighton; and warn all future travellers to avoid the rock on which I was wrecked.

AMERICAN DRAMATISTS.

A LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia, Sept. 18, 1826.

It appears to me, that very little is known in Great Britain concerning the present state of American literature; and less of the dramatic than of any other department. Though nothing of commanding merit has appeared, still there are many dramas before the public which deserve a passing notice; and a brief sketch of our dramatists may prove neither stale nor uninteresting information to the English reader.

The first drama written by a native Philadelphian, was a tragedy in five acts, entitled "The Prince of Parthia," by Thomas Godfrey, the son of the inventor of the quadrant, now known by the name of Hadley's Quadrant. This production contains much fine poetry and nervous writing; but as the amiable and gifted author died before he had completed his poem, it is not as perfect as it otherwise would have been; a defective education is also discernible in many parts. It was intended for representation, but never performed; and after his death, which occurred in his twenty-seventh year, it was printed in Philadelphia, in a volume of miscellaneous poems, in 1765.

Peter Markoe, a citizen of the same place, published in the year

1784, a tragedy in five acts, entitled the "Patriot Chief;" and also a comic opera, entitled "Reconciliation," which, I believe, were never performed; they possess but a moderate share of merit.

John Leacock, at one time coroner of Philadelphia, published in 1767, a comic opera, entitled "Disappointment, or the Force of Credulity," which was designed to ridicule the belief at that time prevalent, that Blackbeard, the pirate, had buried vast treasures along the American coast. The piece contains much broad humour, and passed through a second edition in 1796, but was never introduced upon the stage.

In 1824, Lemuel Sawyer, a member of Congress from one of the southern states, published a comedy in ridicule of the same absurd opinion; and also to satirise the practise which prevails in the district from which he was elected, of *treating* the voters with liquor at the polls on election days. His satire is not, I fear, sufficiently pungent to effect the laudable purpose of the writer, who died since the publication of his play, which was never performed.

Between the years 1795 and 1800, a hairdresser named Murdock, published two or three dramatic pieces; among which number is one entitled the "Triumphs of Love, or the Happy Reconciliation," which was accepted by the managers of the Philadelphia theatre, performed, and permitted to pass peaceably into oblivion by an indulgent audience. The writer, no doubt, understood the mystery of shaving as well as Allan Ramsay, but not the art of poetry.

In the year 1801, Charles Jared Ingersoll, Esq. then in his nineteenth year, published a tragedy in five acts, entitled "Edwy and Elgiva," founded upon incidents in the history of England. This production was highly promising, considering the youth of the writer; and was performed with flattering success upon the Philadelphia boards. Mrs. Merry, to whom the piece is dedicated, sustained the character of Elgiva. Mr. Ingersoll has since been in Congress, and is at present one of the most distinguished and wealthiest members of the Philadelphia bar, and has held for some years past the lucrative office of attorney-general for this district, under the United States government. He is short in stature, plain in dress, spare in person, and old-fashioned in appearance, with a countenance strongly marked with intelligence. He is untiring* as an orator; words in abundance, and well-selected, always at command; at times powerfully eloquent, and thoroughly understanding the influence of sarcasm and wit, he resorts to these weapons unsparingly. Mr. Ingersoll, though a learned lawyer, in extensive practice, is a fine *belles lettres* scholar, and attends to the literature of the day; which is not the case with some of our most conspicuous professional men. Mr. Ingersoll is also the author of "Inchiquin's Letters," and other publications.

There are several dramas of considerable merit before the public, from the pen of James N. Barker, Esq. an alderman of the city of Philadelphia. Mr. Barker was during the late war with Great Britain, a major in the artillery service, and served on the frontiers. After peace was declared, he returned to his native city, received a commis-

* This we imagine is American for "indefatigable," or "interminable," probably a much more appropriate epithet than that of our correspondent.—Ed.

sion as a magistrate, and established himself. He served for one year as mayor of the city; and is now about forty years of age, of small stature, and spare habit of body. His visage remarkably sharp; high and capacious forehead, small pointed nose, and a large robust chin, which indicates firmness and decision of character; qualities which he possesses in an eminent degree. His eyes are small, but at times full of animation and meaning. As early as 1807, he produced a comedy at the Philadelphia theatre, entitled "Tears and Smiles;" and a melo-drama, founded on the story of Pocohontas, which he called "The Indian Princess, or La Belle Sauvage." These were favourably received by the audience. The popularity of Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion* led the manager of the Philadelphia theatre to believe, that if dramatised, it could not fail of being successful; and he accordingly desired Mr. Barker to undertake the project. The play was speedily finished, introduced upon the stage, and had an astonishing run. Those concerned, apprehending a prejudice existing in the public mind against native productions, thought it politic to announce "*Marmion*," as from the pen of Thomas Morton, and as having already been "received with unbounded applause in London." By this stratagem the piece obtained an impartial trial; and thousands lavished applause, who otherwise would not have endured the strains of an American muse, lest their critical acumen might be called in question. In 1817, Mr. Barker published a remarkably neat and sprightly comedy, entitled "How to try a Lover" and in 1823, he produced a tragedy, entitled "Superstition, or the Fanatic Father," the scene of which is laid in New England, and one of the principal characters is Goff the regicide. This piece possesses a considerable share of merit, but was not successful upon the stage. Mr. Barker has written some smaller pieces for the stage, several tales, and miscellaneous poems.

Charles Breck wrote two comedies, entitled "*The Fox Chase*," and "*The Trust*;" the first of which was performed, and both were published in 1808. They are not very creditable to the talents of the writer, who recently died, I understand, while on his travels in Europe.

The name of Joseph Hutton is upon the title-page of several plays performed upon the Philadelphia stage; among others, "*The School for Prodigals*," a comedy; "*The Wounded Hussar*," a musical piece; and "*Fashionable Follies*," a comedy. He has also written several romantic tales, and published a volume or two of poetry. He pursued the business of a schoolmaster for some years, and then went upon the stage—but met with very little success—and is at present somewhere in North Carolina, writing a tragedy upon the shocking murder of Colonel Sharp, which lately took place in Kentucky.

The name of William Dunlap stands at the head of the list of American dramatists: his muse has been prolific, having produced forty-five pieces of this nature, many of which indicate respectable dramatic talent. Being for many years manager of the New York theatre, in imitation of Colly Cibber, he availed himself of the labours of others; accordingly we find many of his pieces translations from the French or German. He has, for some years past, abandoned the unprofitable trade, and is now a successful historical painter, displaying, in his old age, fine talents for the art, which occasions a sigh

of regret that he ever abandoned the brush for the pen. Besides his dramatic writings, Mr. Dunlap published a life of George Frederick Cooke, the actor, and of Charles Brockden Brown, the American novelist.

M. M. Noah, editor of the *New York Enquirer*, has exercised his pen in various departments of literature, as a traveller, moralist, and dramatist. He writes with rapidity, a habit acquired by being the editor of a daily paper: but, from his vocation, his style has become diffuse, and ill adapted to the drama, which should be terse and pointed. Mr. Noah's first dramatic attempt, was a small piece in two acts, entitled "*The Fortress of Sorrento*," which was printed in 1808. In 1820 he produced his comedy, entitled "*She would be a Soldier*," which is still a favourite on the stage, notwithstanding its insipidity in the closet. The author has displayed considerable knowledge of stage effect; and from the military display throughout, this piece is well calculated to please a large portion of any audience. In addition to these, he has produced "*Yussef Caramalli*;" "*Marion*;" "*The Grecian Captive*;" &c. During the run of "*The Grecian Captive*," the Park theatre at New York was unfortunately reduced to ashes; and may it ever be recorded, as an instance of Mr. Noah's liberality, that he gave his profits arising from this play, which were considerable, to be distributed among the lower order of players, who had been sufferers by the fire. Some years ago Mr. Noah was presented with a pair of silver goblets, by the managers of the Park theatre, for his dramatic services. Besides the above mentioned writings, he has published "*Travels in the Barbary States*;" and a small volume of *Essays*, under the signature of "*Howard*."

Samuel Woodsworth, of New York, has written the following dramas, all of which were performed, and favourably received:—"The Deed of Gift;" "*La Fayette, or the Castle of Olmutz*;" "*The Locket*;" "*Widow's Son*;" and "*Rose of the Forest*." He is at present the editor of a literary paper for the amusement of ladies; and besides the pieces enumerated, has published a dull incongruous romance, entitled "*The Champions of Freedom*." He has also written much lyric poetry, and acquired considerable reputation by it.

Mr. Hillhouse, the author of a highly polished poem, entitled "*Judgment*," claims attention, from having produced two exquisite dramatic poems, "*Perey's Mask*," and "*Hadad*," neither of which, however, was intended by the author for representation. Mr. Hillhouse was, and I believe still is, in the hardware business in New York. He is entitled to a conspicuous place among the poets of modern date.

Dr. Percival might here be mentioned as having written a tragedy, entitled "*Lamor*;" and also a Mr. Potter, of New York, who wrote "*Phelles, or the Fall of Tyranny*," a tragedy superior to the ordinary run of tragedies.

Mrs. Rowson, the authoress of "*Charlotte Temple*," is better known as a novelist than as a dramatist. Her plays, however, which are four in number, possess considerable merit. "*The Slaves of Algiers, or a Struggle for Freedom*," founded on a story in *Don Quixote*. "*The Volunteers*," a farce, written after the whiskey

insurrection in Pennsylvania. "The Female Patriot," altered from Massinger's "Bondman;" and the comedy of "Americans in England." Mrs. Rowson was for several years an actress; she then became the principal of a seminary for young ladies in the vicinity of Boston, which character she sustained with great reputation until the time of her death, which occurred in 1824.

Colonel Humphreys, of the revolutionary army, imitated from the French of M. Le Mierre, "The Widow of Malabar, or the Tyranny of Custom," which was repeatedly performed in the various theatres, and finally published in 1790, in a volume of miscellaneous writings by the same author.

Mrs. Mercy Warren, authoress of a History of the American Revolution, published two tragedies in a volume of miscellaneous poems, in 1790: "The Sack of Rome," and "The Ladies of Castile." It does not appear that either was ever performed.

John D. Turnbull, of the Boston theatre, wrote "The Maid of Hungary;" "Rudolph, or the Robbers of Calabria;" and "The Wood Dæmon, or the Clock has Struck."

William Charles White, of Boston, wrote a tragedy on Mackenzie's "Man of the World," which he called "The Clergyman's Daughter;" and also a comedy, entitled "The Poor Lodger," founded upon the novel of Evelina: they were both played and printed. He appears to have been a friend of Robert Treat Paine, the poet, as the prologue to the first, and the epilogue to the latter performance, were from his pen, which was considered no small favour in those days.

John D. Burk, Esq. the historian of Virginia, produced several dramas. The titles of the following occur:—"The Death of General Montgomery;" "The Battle of Bunker's Hill;" "Female Patriotism, or the Death of Joan of Arc;" "Bethlem Gabor, Lord of Transylvania; or the Man Hating Palatine,"—this piece is founded upon Godwin's interesting romance of St. Leon; "The Prince of Susa." All these dramas have been performed and printed. Mr. Burk was killed in a duel in Virginia: he possessed very respectable abilities as a writer.

Dr. William Joor, of Charleston, South Carolina, published, in 1805, a comedy, entitled "Independence; or which do you like best, the Peer or the Farmer?" which he informs us was the first drama written by a native South Carolinian. He also wrote "The Battle of Eutaw Springs;" and "Evacuation of Charleston, or the Glorious 14th of December, 1782." Both of these plays were performed with applause, when first introduced upon the stage, but are now forgotten.

There are ample materials to extend this letter very readily to twice its present length; but as I have shown sufficient to prove that something has been done towards the foundation of a national drama in the United States, I refrain from longer taxing the patience of the reader, lest I provoke him to cry out, in self defence, *ne quid nimis*, and accuse me of attaching too much importance to trifles.

S.

"THE AGE."

SCENE: *a Drawing-Room.*TIME: *about Six o'Clock, November the 12th.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. VACANT, *clerk in a banking-house; a very young man, and a very great dandy; who would be supposed very knowing in affairs of fashion.*

Mr. SHARPELY; *a middle-aged man of the world.*

Mr. Vacant. Have you seen *The Age* to-day?

Mr. Sharpely. No: I never see *The Age*. [*A pause.*—But why do you ask: is it good?

Mr. V. Oh, monstrous clever! You must read it: you'll like it prodigiously.

Mr. S. Ah, indeed! What sort of thing is it then? What is its style?

Mr. V. Why, it's like the *John Bull*, but more severe—more plain-spoken. It's full of anecdotes of fashionable life, and high people, and all that sort of thing, you know. And it's devilish satirical, I assure you—an amazing teaser!

Mr. S. I understand what you mean to describe. When you open the paper, you see an abundance of proper names in it, with titles before them; and it is, as you say, "*devilish satirical*,"—it "*calls a spade a spade*;" and its paragraphs are peppered profusely with driveller, fool, dolt, liar, ass, knave, blockhead, puppy, scoundrel—Is not that it?

Mr. V. No, indeed. I see what you mean; but you're wrong. *The Age* is very much read, and thought monstrous good. It has quite eclipsed the *John Bull*.

Mr. S. From what I have heard, it must be a kind of coarse brown-paper copy of *John Bull*, having all its vice, and none of its polish—scowering paper to—

Mr. V. [*Interrupting.*] Come, come, you're prejudiced, and quite wrong, take my word for it. There's Bob Clinton takes it in, and thinks it prodigiously clever, and so do most of the fine people. Here, just read the paper of to-day, while I write a note—my mother and sisters will not be down this half-hour. Women are never ready for dinner. [*Hands the Age to Mr. Sharpely, who reads. Mr. V. having, after the destruction of seven sheets of note paper in abortive essays, at last achieved his composition, while folding and sealing it asks*]

Well! what do ye think of it? Devilish good, a'nt it?

Mr. S. Why, I own my surprise that a young man of your sense and education, Mr. Vacant, can relish such a production as this.

Mr. V. Oh, I give you my honour it has immense circulation. Every body reads it—I'm not singular in liking it.

Mr. S. Then every body is very easily pleased. If this publication is indeed popular, which I am strongly inclined to doubt, there must be more ignorance and vulgarity in the world than could have been imagined in these days of education and refinement. Your people of fashion, or would-be people of fashion, are generally nice to fastidiousness about manner, however careless about matter; but this paper, which you say is read by them, is actually not written in English, and the scribe obviously does not know the meaning of half the words he uses—he is a perfect Malaprop. The servant that waits behind your chair would commit his thoughts to paper with more propriety than the editor of this fashionable journal.

Mr. V. Come! come! that's rather strong. What is the fault you find?

Mr. S. The fault! You must be a careless reader, my good sir, or else my respected friend, Doctor Whackem, has much to answer for in respect of your education. Now, don't be angry; remember that I am a middle-aged gentleman, who may take a liberty with a youngster whom I have known from his boyhood. I will read a few examples of "the nice derangement of the vernacular tongue," which I find in this your favourite paper, and then ask you, what is to be thought of the taste and education of people who are pleased with such a lingo.

Referring to the prosecutions commenced against the paper, the editor says:—

"It may be imagined, by the wavering and the weak, that we shall shrink from any controversy upon such a subject, from a supposed impossibility of meeting the question; but, throwing back such an absurd insinuation in their teeth, we proceed at once to enter into the circumstance, with every degree of *amour propre*."

With every degree of AMOUR PROPRE!!! Mrs. Malaprop never said a better thing. It is plain that the writer does not know the meaning of the phrase.

Mr. V. Ah—true. *Amour propre*—*amour propre*—Ah!

Mr. S. Self-love, you know. A strange pledge indeed, on the part of a writer,—to enter into the circumstance of an attack on him with every degree of *self-love*! But he was not aware of the meaning of his words. He, doubtless, intended proper pride, or some such expression, and thought that *amour propre* had that signification.

Luttrell, whom you have heard of as a very clever fellow, the author of "Letters to Julia," once concluded a tirade against the newspapers, by observing, "and the worst of all is, that the fellows now write so d—d well, that one can't affect to despise them. Formerly we used to be attacked in bad grammar, and vile ricketty composition; but now every garreteer writes as only gentlemen and scholars wrote formerly."

This cannot be said of your writer in The Age—Verily, his is a style. Listen to this sample, and say whether you have often met with such a hash of words, without any seasoning of sense:—

"Every artifice that a collected purse and opinion could suggest and sanction, every trick which knavery could invent, and every attempt which impudence could conceive, and blackguardism execute, has been proceeded in by the parties, with the sole view of

totally extirpating our property—an aim which has been levelled by the first-named of these personages, from the earliest moment of our journal being established. Their efforts we have hitherto met, and shall continue to meet, with the consideration to which they are entitled—undismayed by any temporary triumph they may enjoy, and in no respect led away from a prosecution of those important objects, in the furtherance of which the principles of our paper are so deeply involved. The view which has been taken by us of society, and the exposures we have given of its enormities, *which a perfect intimacy therewith has enabled us to do*, has naturally enough drawn upon us the indignation of those on whom we have had to comment—persons who, aware and ashamed of the various proceedings of their life, blush deeply for the exposition of a villainy, they never blushed at, while committing. To the animosity of these gentlemen has been added that of others, who, in tampering with us to cloak their misdoings, have been egregiously disappointed, of some for the invariable exclusion of their lucubrations from the columns of our paper, and of many more, *through a degraded envy* of the popularity with which the public has been pleased to receive it."

A "degraded envy!" But what follows is richer still:—

"But the result of all this, while it may temporarily persecute us, will effect a benefit to society, and a general public good, the advantages of which are at present denied to it," [It!—What? the benefit or the public good?] and with *that object* in view" [What object in view?] "we pray to be pardoned for entering into this egotistical digression, *in the same ratio* that we shall be regarded for bringing about such important desideratum." Now, tell me honestly, Mr. Vacant, whether you have any idea what all this means. Do you, or can any mortal breathing, comprehend the *ratio* in which the writer is to be pardoned?

Mr. V. I thought I did when I read it.

Mr. S. Well, well. Here is some of the Malaprop sort, the absurdity of which is too gross to escape your observation:—

"The several defences to be entered upon by us in the progress of these legal fulminations, will be the means of bringing into contact numerous parties, under circumstances the most peculiar imaginable. The heads of families shall be in open array against their *contingent* members." CONTINGENT members—What say you to that? Those must be most extraordinary heads of families whose members are *contingent*. The editor might as well have said, with good Mrs. Malaprop, *contagious* members. A dictionary would have informed him, that contingent signifies chance or accidental. Anon he speaks of truth—"however severe it may have been expressed;" instead of severely. The deficiency of a *ly* is however not often to be charged against this paper, if the character I hear of it be just. In the next sentence I read of "the vices *intermittently* practised by individuals constituting that misnomer, HIGH LIFE." "Intermittently" was certainly not what the writer meant to say, he obviously intended to convey a sense directly opposite to that of this word; and then what mortal unblest with the conversation of Mrs. Malaprop, ever heard of a *misnomer constituted of individuals*? This is followed by some tawdry common-place about Rome, Greece, and Carthage, and these

three, Carthage included, observe, are declared to have been total strangers to commercial consequence!

Mr. V. You are surely inventing now. Every school-boy knows better than that. The Age has not discovered such gross ignorance?

Mr. S. But it has. I will read the entire passage, which, you will remark, is of rare sublimity, considering the occasion:—

"We repeat what we have so long and so strenuously asserted, that the land is literally groaning with the vices *intermittently* practised by individuals *constituting that misnomer*, HIGH LIFE—the events of every day declare it, unfortunately, to the world, and if some correction be not inflicted on those who are guilty of them, the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of England's nobility, whose high chivalric character has been for centuries the astonishment and admiration of mankind, will fall from its imperial state, and sink into that eternal ruin in which the luxuries and wantonness of other empires eventually overwhelmed their sons, in long-departed ages. [That's fine.] ROME, and GREECE, and CARTHAGE! where are those countries now? The owl hoots through the roofless halls, and the ivy mantles the shattered columns, of one—the next is bondaged by the invading oppressor,—the third, a pile of stones—the dissipations of Britain, in whom are concentrated the wisdom and glory of the whole, with an accession of commercial consequence to which they *were total strangers*, may level *her* estate to *theirs*."

Mr. V. A true bill, by Jove. Well! that is rather too good. Carthage a stranger to commercial consequence! I can't defend that, certainly.

Mr. S. Pray may I ask by what expedients The Age Sunday newspaper proposes to prevent the fall of Great Britain? What means does it use to avert this terrible catastrophe? You must know, as you read the paper.

Mr. V. Oh, it attacks different people, ridicules Raikes, and shows up Lord Glengall, and all that sort of thing.

Mr. S. And if Mr. Raikes were not ridiculed, and Lord Glengall were not shown up in The Age newspaper, it is most potently believed that Britain would crumble to ruins incontinently! Who would have thought it, Mr. Vacant? Did it ever strike you before you were apprised of the fact, *by authority*, that The Age was the very keystone of our social fabric, that but for it all things would crumble to pieces.

Mr. V. That's going too far certainly; but for all that, The Age is not to be sneered at. You pick out the slips of the pen. Read some more.

Mr. S. Some slips indeed! The pen I am following does nothing but slip. Here is something else, however, some writing in the Cambyases vein, which is undoubtedly a rarity in these matter of fact days. The scribe takes an original view of the new buildings at the west end of the town:—

"Let the contemplative eye behold the gorgeous structures built and *building* [mark the force of the emphasis on this word] in the western part of the metropolis, and then let it be remembered to what purposes they are devoted—in their polluted chambers [*i. e.* in the chambers of those structures "*building*" as well as of those built]

are planned the ruin of woman's virtue and man's pride—the pampered pauper, who has risen into nobility by the industry of his forefathers, here [in the apartments of houses yet *building*—most uncomfortable sitting rooms] broods in silence over the projects he has formed for blasting his more gifted compeer; and in those recesses, which the law has not *hitherto* penetrated, is committed nightly the everlasting degradation of hundreds of high lineage. The inexperienced reader knows nothing of all this, and a recital of some of the common occurrences which take place within those prostituted walls, would—

————— ' Freeze his young blood,
Make his two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine! "

Conceive what must be this revelation touching the doings in the houses built and *building*, which would freeze your blood, Mr. Vacant, and make your eyes, at present so firmly attached to your head, start from their spheres; and cause your hair, now so exactly curled, to stand on end! Can you imagine any anecdotes of *hells* or *brothels*, which would take such dismal effect on the person of a young man? But we must make allowances for touches of the sublime, and I know how to admire the rhetorick, by main force of which the *future* habitations, "the gorgeous structures *building*," are made the scenes of *present* iniquities. They must be very bad houses indeed, to be so full of wickedness before they are built.

Mr. V. [*Impatiently.*] Well, well, read on.

Mr. S. I will. From the sublime we now descend to the Malaprop style:—

"To an exposition of these continued exploits, it is, that we have directed all our best energies, and for which we have come under *the protective arm* of the law; but the *distribution* it may deal on us, for so doing, will be lost sight of, in that which it will extend to these outrages on which we have had to expatiate."

The "*protective arm of the Law*" indeed, and "*the distribution it may deal*" on defendants in actions for libel! When you were sprawling, Charles, some two or three years ago, under the uplifted rod of worthy Doctor Whackem, would it have entered your head at such a moment to have talked of the protective arm of the doctor, the scribe doubtless means *avenging*, and "*distribution*" he uses for *retribution*.

Mr. V. But you don't give a fair trial. All these blunders are taken from one paragraph—read some other, and you will find it better.

Mr. S. Not a whit, I have taken the most laboured one. I will now shew you the same kind of stuff in the next to it.

Theatricals. Here is a sample:—

"The Julian of Miss Mitford was as trashy an attempt at this *climacteric of the histrionic art*, as ever was exhibited on the stage—the Foscari is only as many degrees better, as time and a trifling quantity of experience will enable any one, under similar circumstances, to produce."

What does he mean by the climacteric of the histrionic art? The

dramatic art he meant, if he meant any thing; the histrionic art being one which Miss Mitford does not profess, and he obviously mistakes the sense of *climacteric*, supposing it from its sound of the same signification as climax. And then look at this unintelligible involution of words—"the Foscari is only as many degrees better as time and a trifling quantity of experience will enable any one under similar circumstances to produce." What rigmarole!

Mr. V. I don't exactly see the fault.

Mr. S. No! Submit the clause to the test of composition. Try to construe it in another order—"Time and a trifling quantity of experience will enable any one under similar circumstances to produce"—What? Here is no objective case. The Foscari is in the nominative, and ruling a verb, and to say that "time and experience will enable any one to produce," "as many degrees better," is to say stark nonsense. But this, such as it is, is the only reading!

Mr. V. Ah, but you know what he means to express.

Mr. S. Perhaps I do, but that is no excuse for such blunders. As Cobbett remarks, we know what the clown *means to say*, when he says, 'Molly tookt my ankecher and I tookt hern,' but the grammar is that of a clown nevertheless; and though we know what a dunce means to say, we yet hold him a dunce for his miscarriage in the expression of his meaning.

Mr. V. Enough of the composition. Look at the better part, the fun of the thing.

Mr. S. Look at it! Where am I to find it? The first, the leading article, is a collection of extracts from *The Times* nearly three columns long. Then comes this as a substantive paragraph, the taste, feeling, and wit of which, are all on a footing of the most exact equality.—

"The following notice was lately written over the fencing round the estate of old Byng, the M. P.:—

'All dogs found here will be shot.'

"To which an ill-natured wag added,

'Like that old dog, the Admiral.'"

Then follows a state-paper, and then this, which is intended I presume to pass for fun, for a squib:—

"COURTS OF ENQUIRY.

"We have already apprized the reader that a Court of Enquiry has been instituted in the Royal Horse Guards Blue, for the purpose of ascertaining whether Lord William Lennox *writes for THE AGE!!!* and, in imitation of so laudable an example, we have pretty good reason to know that the following extra Courts will also be immediately held, on the subjoined list of individuals, and for the purposes set down against their respective names:—

"On John Easthope, M. P. For having lent money under cent. per cent., and for having induced Til Chatterton to study Malthus on Population, &c. &c. &c.

"On Mr. Fox Lane, For having stopped fox-hunting on his premises.

"On Lord Glengall. To ascertain how his lordship became possessed of the 25^l. he sent Mrs. Connor, and to examine the security he has given Messrs. Bowley, Capron, and Weld, for paying the costs

incurred by a sweep in his lordship's service, to prosecute one person that is connected with this paper, and some others, who are not.

"On Mr. O'Neil. For having changed his name from Geoghagen to O'Neil.

"On Mr. Auldjo (facetiously termed by Ball Hughes *Young Jo*). For having been *loo'd* to the tune of 6,000*l*.

"On John Wilks, Junior, M. P. For mis-spelling his own name, and writing Scott instead, on the back of a draft.

"On Mr. Heber. For having made an improper use of hartshorn, and to ascertain to what extent.

"On the Hon. G. Petre. For not paying up his subscription to the Steam Washing Company, and attempting to lower the price of soap in the market.

"On Ball Hughes. For having *made* away with a part of his wife's goods.

"On Mr. Thomas Raikes. To ascertain how far he is implicated in an accident that has happened to one of the city stages, from one of the horses having shied at a very ordinary face near London-wall."

And is this—is this your fun, Mr. Vacant?

Mr. V. Oh you undervalue *The Age*—indeed you do. It is a very amusing paper, very amusing indeed, and contains a good deal of anecdote about fashionable life.

Mr. S. I doubt it; at least I question the genuineness of its information, and the failure of the would-be scandalous papers in this respect, is what surprises me, for surely nothing could be easier than to procure the intelligence they want, if it be so profitable a commodity. There are needy and sufficiently unprincipled men moving in high life, who would sell themselves to the Printer's Devil for a mere trifle. I am confident that there would be a score of nobly born applicants for the situation, were an advertisement in these terms to appear in the daily journals.—

WANTED, a NOBLEMAN, or HONOURABLE moving in the first Circles, to contribute Anecdotes and Scandal, the Tittle Tattle of the Tea Tables, and the Chit Chat of the Clubs, &c. to a Sunday Newspaper. No person need apply who is not thoroughly unprincipled, as the party must use his opportunities with no other regard than that to the advantage of his employers. The emoluments will be proportioned to the industry of the individual. If active, he may earn 300*l*. a year. Grammar and Spelling will not be required, as the matter furnished will be dressed up by the Editor. A discount on lies, if detected. If ingenious and successful, they will be taken at the rate of the other contributions.

How do you think that would take?

[*Before Mr. V. could reply, Mrs. V. enters drawing on her gloves.*]

Mrs. V. Ah! Mr. Sharpely—delighted to see you. You are early [looking at the time piece pointing to half-past seven] but I hope Charles has been very amusing.

Mr. S. We have had a hot dispute about the merits of *The Age*, which I think very bad, and he thinks vastly good; and I have tried to bring him over to my opinion by shewing how dancishly it is written, well knowing how much more importance young men attach to manner

than to matter. The dress is generally every thing with them. But this publication is as faulty in form, as it is poor in material, and yet he tolerates it!

Mrs. V. Oh, that odious Age. I can't bear it. I want to take in the John Bull, but he won't let me. I like the Bull, of all things—Those dear delightful letters of Mrs. Ramsbottom!

Mr. S. My dear madam, as an old friend you must allow me to warn you against repeating that unlucky commendation, which I have heard more than once from the lips of ladies. You are not aware that the fun of those letters consists in *equivoques* of the very grossest indecency.

Mrs. V. Good God! Mr. Sharpely! - - - - -

SOUVENIR BOOKS, OR JOINT-STOCK LITERATURE.*

THESE very pretty exotics seem to have taken a firm root in this country, and bear every appearance, at the present moment, of being thoroughly *acclimatès*. In similar productions of other countries, the Souvenir books have sometimes struck us as more fancifully elegant in their decorations, and sometimes, though rarely, more replete with talent than the two whose titles will be found below. In none of the specimens, however, that we have ever seen, has there been more evident pains, more costly care, a more abundant or a richer display of art. Either the patronage of the public, or the enterprise of the publishers, has raised these little works to a rank in art. While they are the currency indicative of an intercourse of the most kindly nature at this season of the year, the stamp of high perfection which their execution bears on the face of it, confers on them a great and independent value. They are not only the coin, but the medals of friendship.

We cannot, however, help regretting, that a more rigorous censorship has not been set over the literary department. The admission of a great many very inferior compositions, detracts materially from their general value, and often suggests the proverb, of the workmanship being too good for the work. We are aware, however, that where there is little pretension, a high standard of criticism is unjust; but we are moreover certain, that the capabilities of publications of this kind are much greater than is generally supposed, and we therefore regret the loss of the opportunity. Looking to the literary department, we are not only compelled to confess, that many compositions, whose merit is evanescent, or so infinitely small that it may be considered as non-existent, are printed, and illustrated in these beautiful little tomes; but that, on the whole, the improvement or the pleasure to be derived is not of a very high order. Where an immense number of writers, whose names are well known to the public, are gathered together, it is not surely too much to expect something of the spirit of inspiration among them. When so many writers of genius are called upon for so small a quota, is it not to be expected that each will be

* Forget Me Not, a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1827. Edited by Frederic Schöberl.—Ackermann.

Friendship's Offering. A Literary Album. Edited by Thomas K. Hervey.—Relfe.

able to pick out of his *adversaria* some little thing—the offspring of a truly vigorous moment—bearing on its face the stamp of genius, of originality, novelty, or beauty. They who expect thus, may esteem their expectations reasonable, but they do not understand the ways of writers. Lord Byron was a very good-natured person, in spite of the calumny of others, and the evidence of his own verse. When teased by young ladies, and sometimes by gentlemen, to write them something or other, he would often comply; on such occasions he wrote the most arrant stuff. An “occasional” poem is, in reality, of the most interesting species of poetry, when the poem is truly excited by the occasion, and not when the occasion is made for the sake of the verse. Again,—the conductors of these little works do not limit their applications to the men of acknowledged genius, any more than they limit their admission to papers of undoubted talent. They apply to persons to assist them, who, as is known to all the world, either cannot write any thing worth printing, or who have only done so once or twice in their lives, in some very happy moment, and when the odds are very long indeed against the recurrence of such felicitous event. It would be invidious, but very easy to mention names. Suffice it to say, that the publication of any still-born volume of trashy verse, or still more trashy prose, is a title to contribute to the Album of the year. In whatever spirit our remarks may be taken, no one will at least be found hardy enough to deny, that the artists employed on these occasions, far surpass the most elaborate efforts of the writers. Take a favourable specimen of each—in Mr. Hervey’s “Offering,” turn to the *Il Biglietto d’Amore*—observe the mind and feeling pervading the whole of the drawing, to say nothing of the excellent engraving. Observe the careless indifference of the old scribe, about to pen an epistle for the beautiful girl, who is intensely occupied with reflecting upon the feelings she shall convey to her lover, and who seems to be mentally dividing all her different topics of reproach and affection, and is unconsciously using her fingers in the same process, while the old fellow is nibbling the point of his pen; observe too another figure, with a face of goodnatured contemplation looking over the girl’s shoulder, and watching the dictation. Compare this little passage of the history of the heart, with the lines which Mr. Croly has written upon it. We do not deny that they run smoothly—that they are rather pretty; but how infinitely they fall short of the depth of feeling, the accuracy of observation, and the beauty of art, in the painting of Davis, and the engraving of Humphrys. This little picture is a perfect gem, upon which we could speculate for hours. And though we undoubtedly prefer this plate to any other in the two Souvenirs before us, there are *many*, both in Mr. Ackermann’s and Mr. Relfe’s publications, upon which much may be said—but of which we shall only say, that they are delightful to look upon, not once, but often and often again. Can this justly be said of the more intellectual department? We do not deny that we have met with many pieces of merit, but they are thinly scattered, and choked with compositions, of which the ingredients are quires of paper, a quarter of a hundred of pens, a cubical inch of ink, considerable manual labour, and a shade or two of memory. Now these little books go into the hands of young ladies chiefly, and they lie about drawing-rooms for several months. We would gladly seize this fine opportunity to make some deep and lasting

impressions upon the sensible and amiable hearts, as well as upon the fine deep eyes, blue and black, of the Souvenir readers. Young ladies are not critical, (God be thanked!) and they read much without knowing that it is very bad. Poetry has a traditional charm, and they are often deluded by lines printed with a delightful regularity, each commencing from a margin beautifully straight, and each crossing the page to about the same point, and dropping off in similar terminations, with a kind of uniform unevenness. Over these magic rows, the real magician being, in truth, Mr. Davison, or Mr. Maurice, (the printers of these two books, and the Didots of London,) delicate glances wander with a strong faith in the charms of poetry—but the last line is done, the last rhyme has ceased to jingle on the young ear, and the heart is all a void. The uncritical and virgin hands close the book, and know not why the expected gush of pleasure has failed to animate the feelings, already on the throb of expectation. “The poetry you have been reading, my love, is not the poetry of which you have dreamed. It is the poetry of a manufacturer, who would have been better employed in moulding the potter’s clay, than in thus attempting to breathe the breath of life, into his clumsy semblances of the divine lineaments of true inspiration.

Editors may answer and say, we have done our best. We have written letters to every body that was ever heard of in the world of print, and have entreated them to enrol their names in our list of fame. It is true that the more celebrated writers took no notice of the application, and that the less celebrated, and especially those not celebrated at all, sent volumes of their effusions by return of post. We did what remained to us, we selected the *best*, and with our proper hands wrote some *better*. There is little to be said against the justice of this—the answer is, that the affair is a bookseller’s speculation; and the most we can therefore expect is, that it will be done in a tradesmanlike manner: and after the best manner truly in this sort is the task performed. We remember, that in some former observations on the Souvenir books, we spoke of the Taschenbuchs of Germany,* which were sometimes got up by a few men of genius, who, at the end of the year, clubbed their *adversaria*, and published together a little miscellaneous volume, which had or might not have some definite object. The hint might, we think, be adopted in this country with advantage, though the time is gone by when men wrote in knots and schools. The Lake school, and other schools, are crumbled into dust, or vanished into thin air. There are however many clubs or schools even at present existing, which might throw together an occasional periodical of this kind with effect, whether the object be grave or gay—pleasure or improvement. All men, whether engaged in the business of the world, or in the study of literature and philosophy—or in the composition of poetry, occasionally scribble over pages without any immediate object—or which, being beside the object in view, are thrown aside—gather dust, and are forgotten. All writers do not place that high value upon their sentences that Mr. McCulloch appears to do—they do not only refrain from re-printing five or six times, but frequently never print these scattered affairs at all. An irregular periodical would embrace them very appro-

* We believe Mr. Ackermann was the first to imitate and rival these productions of his native country.

privately. Suppose, for a moment, that such waste pages were gathered from the writings of Moore, Brougham, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, Rogers, Allen, Crabbe, Lord Holland, or any other set, it matters not what—these names we merely mention for the sake of illustration—something good might be expected, and not perhaps so grave or so serious as would be imagined from the more elaborate and formal of the works of these men. “But, sir, we must have something *light*.” Ah, this word “*light*” is the cause of much heaviness. A pound of feathers, it must be remembered, weighs as heavily as a pound of lead. It is a mistake to suppose, that the nearer we approach a vacuum, the more agreeable is the atmosphere. To be “*light*,” in the opinion of most people, is to be idealess. It is most true, that the more common the ideas of a composition are, the more numerous will be the audience by whom it will be understood; and this principle seems to guide the advocates of “*light*” reading and writing. Write that, say they, which shall require the least education and the commonest experience to understand it, and you will write that which must be popular. Compare the merits of Tacitus and Clarendon, and very few know or care any thing about the matter. Discuss Pope and Dryden, and your audience is a little more enlarged. Talk of Lord Byron, and your auditors are multiplied by a hundred. Criticise the manners of a dinner table, and the vulgarities of half-bred pretenders, or low-bred Cocknies, and the very housekeepers and lady’s maids can relish your discourse. This is the modern meaning of the term “*light*,” and the principle of the management of more than one popular periodical. But we are beside our mark.

We are almost persuaded to strike out the names we have quoted, and substitute some others, for we confess that a miscellany from writers who, with a few exceptions, are conversant with such serious subjects, would make but a heavy Souvenir. It is, we suppose, one of the signs of the times of business, that our greatest men are divested of all the buoyancy and playfulness of mind, which used to distinguish the great men of other times. They go straightforward to the matter in hand, and hammer away at an argument until their hearers are convinced, or wearied into acquiescence. The more peaceful, but the more irregular mode of attack, the tale, the allegory, the satire—all those compositions which come under the head of the sports of the mind, are abandoned to the regular and mercenary rank and file of literature, who are witty or affecting at so much a sheet. Dr. Franklin did not disdain the form of a squib, or parody, or fable, to convey his notions of men and things—but Mr. Brougham, doubtlessly, would start at the idea of enforcing the necessity of elementary instruction or Catholic Emancipation in an epigram, or a dialogue between a Dublin alderman and an Irish porter.

It is unnecessary to criticise the works of which we have been speaking in detail. They are pretty equal in the article of decoration; while in literary merit the Offering is considerably superior to the Forget Me Not. In the latter there is a story by Mr. Henry Neele, and some other compositions, perhaps, which possess merit; but it is generally of an inferior order. In the former, the Friendship’s Offering, there are many things which we could mention with praise—many with wonder and amazement: L. E. L. whose productions meet

us every where, occur in the "Offering," and are fanciful and animated; Miss Mitford's name is put at the head of a pretty tale called Hay Carrying, though it, as every thing she writes, is marred by small instances of affectation and ignorance. Two stories by the author of the Subaltern, also in the "Offering," are distinguished by this writer's accuracy of observation and distinctness of description. Of the poetry we will give the best and the worst specimen in the volume, then shut up the Souvenir books for 1827, and forward our donations by the mail to the country cousins who dwell within view of Windermere. It will be all most estimable poetry to them.

A FATHER'S GRIEF.

By the Rev. Thomas Dale.

To trace the bright rose, fading fast,
From a fair daughter's cheek;
To read upon her pensive brow
The fears she will not speak;
To mark that deep and sudden flush,
So beautiful and brief,
Which tells the progress of decay—
This is a Father's grief.

When languor, from her joyless couch,
Has scared sweet sleep away,
And heaviness, that comes with night,
Departs not with the day;
To meet the fond endearing smile,
That seeks, with false relief,
Awhile to calm his bursting heart—
This is a Father's grief.

To listen where her gentle voice
Its welcome music shed,
And find within his lonely halls
The silence of the dead;
To look, unconsciously, for her,
The chosen and the chief
Of earthly joys—and look in vain—
This is a Father's grief.

To stand beside the sufferer's couch,
While life is ebbing fast;
To mark that once illumin'd eye
With death's dull film o'ercast;—
To watch the struggles of the frame
When earth has no relief,
And hopes of heaven are breath'd in vain—
This is a Father's grief.

And not when that dread hour is past,
And life is pain no more—
Not when the dreary tomb hath clos'd
O'er her so lov'd before;
Not then does kind oblivion come
To lend his woes relief,
But with him to the grave he bears
A Father's rooted grief.

For, Oh! to dry a mother's tears,
Another babe may bloom:
But what remains on earth for him
Whose last is in the tomb?
To think his child is blest above—
To hope their parting brief,—
These, these may soothe—but death alone
Can heal a Father's grief.

The most wretched attempt at verse we ever saw, and we have seen many miraculously good-for-nothing ones, is the following. We must observe, that the author is the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, a weekly review of literature, which is understood to be widely patronized. It could only be in the hope of a favourable notice in the poet's impartial journal, that Mr. Hervey was induced to insert the "Proper Word." Mr. Jerdan may be a marvellously shrewd critic; but his pretensions to the laurel of the poet are not, it seems, on a level with the reputation of his literary newspaper.

THE PROPER WORD.

The *idea* taken from a French Writer.

By W. Jerdan, Esq.

Divided from his favourite fair,
A bard, his sorrows to bemoan,
Began a sad elegiac air,
But like to please himself alone.
"Oh, house, that holds my Sylvia dear!"
Ran the exordium absurd:—
"Pardon!" (said one;) "to me 'tis clear,
That *House* is much too poor a word.
What think you of the loftier sound,
Of palace, castle, or château?
From these some term may, sure, be found,
Far fitter than a phrase so low."
The poet sigh'd:—"It cannot be—"
"Why not? the sense the same will prove."
—"Ah! no, they've sent, far far from me,
To an *Hospital* the girl I love."

There is another composition by the same author, and of equal merit, called a *Bagatelle Compliment*. This also has been admitted, as bearing the credentials of the *Literary Gazette*. We hate harshness of all kinds, and we believe Mr. Jerdan to be a very good kind of man, so that we say nothing more than advise him—unless he wishes to ruin his critical journal—to withstand the flattery of the *Souvenir* editors, and keep his poetry, if he must write it, in his strong box. It will be difficult to persuade the world to abide by the decisions of a man who writes and scans thus:—

Divided from his favourite fair,
A bard, his sorrows to bemoan,
Began a sad *elēgiac* air.

For so "runs the exordium absurd." This, to use Mr. Jerdan's elegant phraseology, is "like to please himself alone." It is very possible that he may know nothing of Greek, but the aid of Walker's *Pronouncing Dictionary* alone is necessary to ascertain the quantity of the word "*elegiac*."

We ought to add, that the two *Souvenir* books we have referred to, are not the only specimens of the kind; but not having seen the others, we can say nothing of them; excepting that one is edited by Mr. Alaric Watts; and we should suppose, from the nature of this gentleman's literary connexions, and because we have seen some very meritorious poems by him, that his collection would be good, at least in the poetical department.

PERE LA CHAISE.

Is there a traveller on record, who, with an hour of vacancy on his hands in a country village, did not stroll into the church-yard, to cull from within the precincts of mortality the characteristic features of those, who, mouldering in the dust, were portrayed in the language of sepulchral poetry, by gifted relations or friends; or, peradventure, in the posthumous productions of their own pens? It would, therefore, be as unpardonable as impossible to suppose, that one on foreign travel should omit an opportunity of putting his finishing touch to the picture of Parisian costume, by following the light and airy tribes, as they flutter from their living scenes of terrestrial paradise, in the Palais Royale, and gay gardens of the Tuilleries, until they repose in their final resting place, the cemetery of Pere la Chaise. We have all read, and we all know, or at least ought to know, that he who can travel "from Dan unto Beersheba, and say that all is barren," is little to be envied; in fact, that he is little better than a fool, and deserves to live in a perpetual wilderness. Nothing can be more just and true than this remark; and perhaps we were excited by the pressing stimulus of this pithy truism, which urged us to omit nothing that could fall within our sphere of observation, to deduct a morning from the overflowing vitality effervescing in the crowded purlieus of the Fauxbourg Montmartre, and bend our course towards the confines of the fashionable, and, "par consequence," the living world of Paris. This world, diminishing in its progress eastward, gradually becomes more circumscribed, and finally loses itself in or about the Boulevard du Temple, hard upon the remote regions of St. Antoine, like the Congo and Niger, in the central deserts of Africa. Considering the object in view, we were perhaps more forcibly struck with this gradual attenuation of the thread of human life; but to the most careless observer it must have been evident, that as he journeyed onward, he was leaving the living world behind him. The spring tide of existence was obviously left at its full height in the lively quarter far behind, where it poured through the Boulevard des Italiens down the Rue de Richlieu, and the numberless other outlets and common sewers thus opening to receive its superfluity in all directions. As we passed the Port du Temple it had ebbed away perceptibly, and now dwindled into a scanty stream, a mere rivulet of pulsations, as we turned up the northern streets, which in various ramifications conduct towards the last and destined home of those we had left to flutter away their hours, till they journeyed hitherwards, never to return. As we approached the goal, we were further reminded of our destination, by more palpable symptoms than the mere diminution of population. For ascending the street leading more directly to the cemetery, we were at one moment overtaken by funeral processions, and at the next met by individuals in sable garments and mournful looks, both proving to us that we were in the right path leading to the city of the dead, the gates of which were soon visible at the end of a long vista of houses, each in its separate department declaring the power and good will of its owner to administer to the varied wishes, vanities,

or feelings, of such as were drawn thither by affection, duty, necessity, or curiosity. Every art connected directly or indirectly with the grave, forced itself into notice, and solicited the attention of the passenger. The trappings and outward signs of woe, in every taste and fashion, formed an avenue to the very entrance. Artificers of all descriptions had established themselves on the spot, each exhibiting, in the most tempting and attractive mode, their sombre wares; as if conscious that they had to deal with those who required to be reminded, at the very threshold of the vault, that some frail or fond memorial was due to the solemnity of their visit. First appeared by the way side, at certain intervals, seated on their rush-bottom chairs, with baskets and tables before them, perfect specimens of those frightful, tawny, leathern-visaged old women, peculiar we think to France,—humble manufacturers of wreaths, crosses, chaplets of yellow or white everlasting flowers, (*fleurs immortelles*.) On the right and left, filling up every open space, were gardens, of more transient, but more gay and gaudy flowers,—hollyhocks, sunflowers, china-asters, all blooming and blushing amidst plots of weeping willows, cypress trees, junipers, and divers other plants, usually selected for the purpose, expressed on notice boards, announcing the venders' names, thus—"Duriez, jardinier fleuriste, vend arbres, arbuste & fleurs, fait & entretient les plantations des monumens funebres, vend des entourages, en tous gendres." (*sic.*) It was on one of the hottest of the never to be forgotten hot days of this memorable hot summer, that we thus toiled to visit the dead upon their upland hill, and the weeping willows, powdered and white with dust and pulverised chalk, were drooping, unwatered and withering, on the arid soil, without an apparent chance of surviving the pain and peril of transplantation beyond a few days or weeks at most; a period, however, judging from not a few of the cases for which they were reared, probably sufficiently long to answer the joint purpose of buyer and seller; but more of this anon. Still nearer, "Monsieur Tapon," in the double capacity of concierge and blacksmith, was busied on his anvil, beating out iron work for "grilles & entourages a des prix moderés, confectionnées solidement & avec elegance." Then, in greater numbers, appeared masons and stone-cutters, and chief amongst sculptors, Mr. Schwind, with all their "marberie," in a tasty display of countless indescribable monuments, from the simple slab to the ponderous pyramid, amidst a host of statues and busts, emblems of grief, in the past, present, and future tense; weeping, preparing to weep, or drying up their floods of marble tears, at the option of the purchaser; the intermediate space filled up with minor mementos, in the shape of urns and tablets, and other carved conceits innumerable.

As nine-tenths of our readers who cross the British Channel have, like ourselves, performed the identical pilgrimage of which we now treat, and, as a matter of course, have said or written all that a superficial glance could enable them to say or to write upon the subject; nothing is farther from our thoughts and intentions than to go through the regular routine of a tourist's correspondence, in all its details and prolixity of nothingness. Concerning every thing, therefore, that intrudes itself, as a matter of necessity rather than of observation, upon the eye, unasked for and unsought, we shall be very

brief. Indeed we would much rather be absolutely silent ; but as it is just possible, though we admit by no means probable, that these pages may fall under the cognizance of some luckless homefed detenu, doomed within the limits of the sea-girt isles to pant in vain for continental trips, and foreign travel ; quiet and retired souls, who have never beheld the wonders of the great deep between Dover and Calais, or set their foot upon the shores of Dieppe or Havre, those remote ultima thules of a cockney's hebdominal expedition ; persons too, " *mirabile dictu*," who have never had a letter from uncle, nephew or niece, or any other kind relative, near or distant, giving them a description of this condensed depository of defunct Parisians ; we shall, for the sake of such individual, if one indeed there be, merely state, that the cemetery of Pere la Chaise is a space walled in, containing about seventy acres ; that it did, in the middle of the seventeenth century, belong to a certain confessor of Louis XIV., called Pere la Chaise ; that at his death in 1709, it fell into the hands of the Jesuits, of whose order he was a zealous member ; that on the dissolution of that detestable society in 1764, it was sold to pay their debts ; and that finally, in 1804, it was set apart for the purpose here mentioned ; and furthermore, as we write to give all useful information consistent with brevity, we add, that if then our reader, for whose benefit these details are enumerated, has the slightest desire to be interred therein, he may accomplish his object in a goodly grave, of four feet and a half deep, such being the authorised depth, on prompt payment of the following fees :—

Commissary of Police.....	10 francs.
Concierge.....	5 ditto
Grave-digger	12 ditto
Stamp duties and registering	2 ditto 60 centimes.

Making in all the sum of twenty-nine francs sixty centimes, that is, in plain English money, about 1*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*, or, as the exchange is now in our favour, for little more than a guinea, exclusive of exportation, travelling expenses, import duties, &c. This, be it however observed, is for the mere temporary occupation of the above mentioned grave, since, if a perpetuity of uninterrupted possession is required, a further payment of two hundred and fifty francs must be made for about a couple of square yards, the usual consignment of space for such individuals as choose that their bones should remain for ever undisturbed. Should this our reader be afflicted with any symptoms inducing him to suspect that he has no time to lose, if he is desirous of profiting by the information last given, it will, in great measure, be a work of supererogation to remark, in the next place, that the high ground on the summit or rear of the cemetery, commands one of, if not the very finest, views of Paris ; and as he has never crossed the water, we may be pardoned for telling him, that the view of Paris differs most materially and especially from a view of London, taken from any given point whatever, be it Highgate, Hampstead, or even the cross of St. Paul's itself. In London, it is true, we have the dome of this, our superb metropolitan cathedral, infinitely larger, but somewhat similar in shape to that of the Hospital of Invalids and Pantheon at Paris ; and we have Westminster Abbey, with its two towers, as a counterpart for Notre Dame ; and we have, moreover, a much larger

portion of churches and spires; but what of that? the dome of St. Paul's glitters not with gold, like that of the Invalids; and if it did, nay, if every spire, turret and chimney-top in London were glowing with gold, what should we be the better for them, since one and all are hopelessly enveloped in a thick pervading expanse, forming a huge mantle of impenetrable smoke, incessantly distilling coat after coat of dingy soot, unknown to the gay roofs of the metropolis of France, as seen from the spot of which we speak. From this summit every object is distinctly visible, with a clear defined outline; not a single curling wreath of smoke is perceptible; there is none of the ignotum pro magnifico. The points of the various buildings and churches rise up sharp and brilliant, backed and canopied by a bright blue sky, unknown to those in England who have passed their lives beneath an atmosphere, now tinged with the hazy fogs of easterly winds, or muddled with the continuous first fruits of Atlantic evaporation, imparted from the channel, and condensing in conglomerating masses of "vapour, and cloud, and storm." Reader, art thou a painter? If thou art, thou wilt understand the difference of effect to be pretty much on a par with that produced by the representation of mist and sky through which the sun is seen dimly struggling in Poussin's Deluge, and any one of the many pictures of Venetian scenery handed down to us by the hand of Canaletti.

Thus much for all, as we have said, that *must* meet the eye of the visitor to Pere la Chaise; but for what more is meant than meets the eye in the shape of fancy, and taste and character connected therewith, in the way of epitaph and entombment, we shall crave a few moments' more attention, and proceed at once within the gates guarding the precincts, wherein are deposited the remains of not less than two hundred thousand of the dead.

On looking around, and duly calling up a respectable proportion of appropriate reflections, we were loth to confess, that the analysis of our feelings did by no means give results in accordance with the solemnity due to the situation in which we were thus suddenly placed. In fact, we found it difficult, if not impossible, to muster up a due degree of gravity or seriousness. It is true we were amongst the dead, but there was no sense of sympathy; we could not fancy to ourselves that we trod upon the dust of either the dull or dolorous. There seemed to be a sort of vivacious bustle amidst the tombs; we could not easily persuade ourselves that we were not forming one of a merry party in "a dance of death," in which the tenantry of the tombs were ready and willing to partake. We could almost fancy that there were occasional exhibitions of skeleton quadrilles, and that the winds often whistled through the bones of some cadaverous cavalier seul, as he tripped away in a "pas de zephyr." Perhaps, indeed, we should have been somewhat more backward in admitting even the possibility of such uncongenial and really reprehensible feelings, had we not been prepared by a glance over the pages of "*l'Itineraire des Curieux*," a sort of guide book, in which we read, that "*une volupté serieuse*," was all that could be rationally expected from the sight of twenty-six thousand monuments of mortality, "*dans une ville superbe des morts placée entre les limites des deux mondes !!*" and that but

for this trifling consideration "tout conviendrait au plaisir dans ce jardin magnifique!!" But be the feelings and moral impressions what they may, it is beyond the power of any moraliser to convey a definite idea of the infinite variety of fanciful decoration and whimsical wantonness displayed in the monumental erections here huddled together in the most heterogeneous disorder and confusion imaginable. At every step and turn the scene presented an entirely new picture; if words could express our meaning, we should say, that we fancied ourselves peeping, per favour, through Charon's kaleidoscope into the regions of Pluto. On a superficies of a hundred square yards, we beheld pyramids, columns, bowers, rustic cottages, tomb-stones erect or flat, slabs on pediments, children's dolls, saints, Virgin Marys, stuffed dogs, crucifixes, urns, veils, ribbons, rags, china vases, flower-pots, bottles of all sizes and shapes, trinkets and trellises, some overgrown with the different variety of *clemmatis*, while others supported vines, well loaded with pendulous branches of luscious fruit, reminding us of a certain athelstical bon vivant, whose remains (so at least runs the current report of the neighbourhood) were, at his own request, seated in a chair, with a bottle of the best old port within reach, and hermetically bricked up within a solitary tower, near the castle of Penthilly, in Cornwall. Some reposed in snug little recesses, fitted up with all the conveniences and elegancies of a lady's boudoir; some slept under "berceaux and bosquets;" while others rested in gardens, rivalling in size those of the kings of Lilliput, each tiny tenement surrounded with the iron tracery of the above mentioned Mr. Tappon. But as our object in the morning's visit was rather to observe what was said than what was done in honour of the departed, we shall proceed to select a few epitaphs worthy of note, either from merit, peculiarity, or other cause.

But first we would preface the list, by expressing our extreme surprise at the utter deficiency of point and novelty, so generally apparent. We had, from a tolerable knowledge of the people, imagined, à priori, that a French cemetery would have teemed with epigrammatic inscriptions, and well turned conceits and compliments, which none are more capable of expressing on all ordinary occasions; but no such thing—and most fully do we coincide in opinion with "l'Itineraire," that the epitaphs are "pour la plupart d'une fatigante monotonie; rarement elles touchent le cœur, parcequ'elles sont produites par des âmes froides, ou des esprits inhabiles à bien exprimer leurs sentimens." It is but just, however, to add, that the mourners are not quite allowed fair play; for in what relates to death, as well as life, there is an equal absence of freedom in the press—and a Frenchman must measure his sorrows according to the omnipotent will of the police, for "Les propriétaires ne peuvent point faire placer aucune inscription sans l'avoir été préalablement visée à la prefecture."

That amongst twenty-six thousand tombstones many really excellent effusions may have escaped us, is most probable; but we question whether the annexed selected specimens may not be admitted as a fair and tolerable criterion of the general tenor and quality of the mass. As they scarcely present sufficient distinctive features for classifi-

cation, we shall insert them nearly in the order in which they were noted down, with remarks and observations suggested by their matter, or subjects nearly connected with them.

Anne Emelie Duparquet, for whose loss "Sa tendre mere, son beau pere, et tout sa famille sont inconsolables. *Et sa grand mere pleure tous les jours.*" It should be observed, that the last line, expressive of the daily renewed sorrows of the grandmother, is a subsequent addition, cut in a different text, and evidently an afterthought. This much lamented young person reposed under a canopy of tarpauling, shrouding a glass case containing a basket of artificial flowers; and notwithstanding the detailed lamentations of the whole family, we were sorry to observe that the inclosure was choked with weeds—that the weeping willows were quite dead—and the mournful junipers with every symptom of rapid and premature decay.

The next is a contributory epitaph, "au plus aimé des peres," in which the reader is assured that—

"L'ame la plus belle,
Qui descendait jamais du celeste sejour,
Animait soixant ans la depouille mortelle,
Que ce marbre jaloux derobe à notre amour.

This filial effusion is followed up by another equally gratifying, from the nephews and nieces of the defunct:—

Ho ! le plus cheri des oncles nous ne
Cesserons, jamais de vous regretter, et
Nous viendrons souvent, arroser votre
Tombe des larmes de reconnoissance.

The family friend then adds his mite of approbation, thus—

Par un ami.

Ci git Monsieur Remy,
Le plus parfait modèle des parens et des amis."

Lastly comes the wife, by whom the reader is further informed, that the whole is erected at her expense—

"Au meilleur des epoux."

Whether Madame Remy still continues in a state of disconsolate widowhood we know not, neither can we give any information respecting the procrastinated grief due to this, the finest spiritual production of the celestial world, on being liberated from a sixty years' incarceration in its mortal prison; but truth compels us to add, that the parterre of the mausoleum was in a lamentable state of withering desolation, and in woful want of the rivers of tears promised by the nephews and nieces. Its dilapidated state exhibiting a sad contrast to a neighbouring inclosure, decorated with a choice selection of spruce junipers, and well-trimmed privets, at that very moment under the hands and shears of a well-paid clipper, who, in the liveliest strains imaginable, lightened his toil with ceaseless song, each successive verse closing with a chorus of "allons chanter la mort!"

Some prudently word their inscriptions so as to serve a double purpose—a record of the dead, with an eye to custom and profit for the living—thus, on a monument erected to two children by a fond father, he adds, that he is “ancien Md. fourreur à Paris.”

Some show their respect by the magnitude of their memorial. A huge pyramidical column, twenty or thirty feet high, arrested our attention. We expected to find a marshal or a general, at least; but we learned nothing more than that it was the joint production of a daughter and a nephew, to a name not recorded.

—
Epitaph on GABRIELLE.

“Vous qui considerez son tombeau sans
pleurer pour elle—vous ne l’avez pas connue.”

And yet the marble tablet recording this memorial was broken; the original junipers had long since died, like the fair Gabrielle; and those who had known her merits had evidently never troubled themselves with the thought of renewing either the tablet or the trees.

—
The monuments of Moliere and La Fontaine are within a yard of each other. An Englishman had, after the manner of his countrymen, aimed at immortality, by scrawling his name on the marble pediment of the latter. It would be unpardonable to allow his renowned name to pass unnoticed. For the information of the British and Foreign public be it therefore known, that the inscriber was one John Shiers, of London, bearing date, August 1826. We would recommend the said celebrated John Shiers, in future, to reserve the date and record of his valuable name for that day in the year apparently most suited to his character—viz. the first of April.

—
A plain pyramid about five feet high marks the resting place of Volney, with the simple inscription, “F. Volney, pair de France.”

—
We know not how sufficiently to express, in appropriate terms, Madame Bonjour’s “petit sentiment;” we shall therefore describe what we saw. Her husband having died, the disconsolate widow purchased a “Concession à perpétuité,” on which were inscribed these simple three words, “Bonjour—docteur medecin,” which we were inclined to consider as a pun upon the good man’s name, or at all events as commemorative alike of his patronymic, and her overwhelming feelings at his loss. Having performed her first duty, as the nearest approach to a “suttee” of her own person, she suspended her portrait in a smart frame immediately beneath the epitaph; and then, as a further substitute for the Hindoo sacrifice, she decided, it seems, that there and then, “his faithful dog should bear him company.” Accordingly no sooner had M. Bonjour been fairly deposited in his grave, than the poor animal was killed, skinned, stuffed, and placed, with a pair of goggling glass eyes, in a case, where we found,

him, staring us full in the face, as if wondering what he had to do in so unheard-of a situation for a family favourite.

We were not aware till our visit to Pere la Chaise, that the French husbands imitated John Bull, in calling their wives their better half: here is our authority.

Ici repose la moitié de ma vie.
(Signed) JEAN JACQUES BAUD.

As an illustration of the Romish tenet of intercession, the following may be adduced:

Ici repose notre vertueuse et malheureus fille,
AMHA Debournon—Comtesse Carbonnieres.
Heureuse aujourd'hui dans le sein
De ton createur implore pour tes parens desolés
Les bontès sur la terre, et la misericorde pour l'éternité.

Over a grave of recent date, though quite overgrown with weeds, thistles, and long rank grass, choking up the dead willows, (which, like the widower, had long ceased to weep,) was this curious inscription by a husband to a wife:—

Charles ! Un de tes regards
Satisfait toutes mes pensées.
(Dernieres paroles—de ma tendre amie.)
Oh, ma bonne Eugenie,
Prie Dieu pour moi.

In the following there is a curious mixture of French and English:

Ici repose LOUIS TAMER,
Chevalier de la legion d'honneur.
By his best friend, Camille Pichat.

“ Il n'y a qu'un pas entre le sublime et le ridicule.” So said Napoleon with great truth; and as a point analogous, we scarcely knew whether to weep or smile at the very extraordinary appendages to a monument which crossed us in the course of our perambulations. It was erected over the remains of Esther Silva, a little girl seven years old. Under a neat canvass canopy, inclosed in a large glass case, was the poor child's whole establishment of toys: on one side, on a little table, were arranged her set of wooden tea-things, with a pair of candlesticks to match; in the back part was her doll's wardrobe and a chest of drawers, and on the other side sat the doll herself in full dress. Now all this we felt and confessed was extremely ridiculous, not to say indecorous; but the smile which at first quivered on our lip, in spite of this conviction, gave way to a sensation of tears with difficulty repressed. The whole conceit was, we were quite aware, the quintessence of levity, and entirely French; but there was, and our grave English reasoning could not efface it, a feeling which came home to the heart. It was trumpery, if the reader so pleases to call it, but it brought the image of the departed child before us in all its innocence and happiness. The parent who collected this strange museum, and exhibited it to the gaze of passing idlers, was neither wise nor prudent, but we quitted the

spot sorrowing for his child as though it was not strange to us; and we question whether, if it is our misfortune to mourn over a similar loss, we should not furnish the sanctum of our grief with the same materials, as productive of the strongest and most vivid associations.*

Ornaments of every description are to be met with. In one place, for instance, we saw a remarkable fine lithographic print of *Raphaele Madonne de St. Sixte*, smartly framed and glazed.

We insert the following on account of the line in *Italics*, which, though indelibly, according to original intention, indented in the marble, had been effaced with a coating of black paint, we presume on a change of feeling, probably after reading his will.

Ci git—L. F. BRIENS,
Il etoit bon epoux, bon pere,
Il emporte les regrets
De son epouse, de son fils,
De ses pere et mere,
De tous ses parens,
Et de tous ceux qui l'ont connu.

Over the remains of a child, it was recorded that it died aged eight months and ten days, adding, with a sort of commercial accuracy, that its soul was then transferred from time to eternity.

In the midst of our peregrinations amongst these motley sepulchres, we stumbled upon one with which we were weak or patriotic enough, but no matter which, for we were not ashamed of the feeling, to be somewhat touched: it was a plain, honest English tombstone, stuck upright in true village fashion, inscribed simply, "To the Memory of William Cook, who died 27th Sept. in the year of our Lord 1824, aged 62 years." The grave was overgrown with weeds, but some friendly hand planted a jessamine over it, which was now in full bloom, and underneath the inscription was written in pencil,

"May he rest in peace."

On the top of the hill are deposited the remains of the infant son of him to whom the London Magazine owes its existence, and whose own premature death can never be sufficiently lamented. On a stone pillar is the following inscription:—

PAUL SCOTT,
An English child,
Aged eight years and a half,
The son of John and Caroline Scott,
Died at Paris, Nov. 8, 1816.

He was buried here by
his disconsolate parents.

* Under a glass case not far distant, there was a double establishment of dolls, a couple being seated opposite each other in toy chairs, with the child's toy watch suspended between them.

Not without heavy grief of heart did we,
 Sojourning homeless in this foreign land,
 Deposit in the hollow of the tomb
 Our gentle child, most tenderly beloved.
 Around his early grave let flowers rise,
 In memory of that fragrance which was once
 From his mild manners quietly exhaled.

High also upon the hill top, bordering on the confines of the cemetery, we noticed a massy monument, with ponderous gates of bronze, (if we mistake not,) enclosing the remains of "Quintin Craufurd, &c. &c. born at Kilwinny, in the county of Ayr," &c. &c. We had scarcely concluded the last line of a long inscription in honour of the deceased, when our meditations were interrupted by a sudden exclamation—"Well, if here isn't another English chap!" With wondering eyes we turned to gaze, and beheld as genuine a specimen of the John Gilpin family as famous London town could possibly have elicited from the purest haunts of Wapping or Whitechapel. A little squab figure, with a protuberance of stomach utterly unknown to the Parisian world, stood in full front, the hat shoved back, and hanging on the very arctic circle of an occiput nearly bald, but shining and glowing with profuse perspiration, defying the swabbing power of a bandana, kept in full operation by the right hand, while the left arm supported Mrs. Gilpin, as red, as rosy, and as round as her spouse; her head surmounted with the largest Leghorn the Palais Royal could produce, garnished with a whole garden of the gaudiest and most gigantic flowers. A party of Master and Miss Gilpins stood in flank and rear, all drawn up to admire this "other English chap," Quintin Craufurd, Esq. as we have said, of Kilwinny, in the county of Ayr. Having all and each simultaneously and silently perused the inscription, Mrs. Gilpin, on coming to the last word, burst forth into a loud laugh as she repeated the word "Ayr," "Ayr." "Aye, aye, my dear, I see what it means; why there's a song about Ayr, isn't there?" So saying, the party trundled off, leaving us to wonder what the excellent and accomplished Quintin Craufurd's ghost would have done, had it been at that moment hovering over and hearing the comments of the Gilpin family.

It was by mere accident we noticed the burying place of perhaps the most honoured inmate of Pere la Chaise. Chance led us to approach a soldier leaning over a simple palisade, inclosing an unadorned grave, (but of which it might be truly said, though unadorned, adorned the most,) marked by a plain headstone, bearing the following inscription:—

Honneur au GENERAL FOY.

Il se repose de ses travaux,

Et ses œuvres le suivent.

Hier quand de ses jours la source fut tarie,

La France, en le voyant sur sa couche étendu,

Implorait un accent de cette voix chérie.

Hélas ! au cri plaintif jeté par la nature,

C'est la première fois qu'il ne pas répondit.

At the four corners of the palisades, on small black tablets, were inscribed in white letters, Jemappes, 1792 ; Passage du Rhin, 1796 ; Zurich, 1799 ; Waterloo, 1815. Whatever might have been the individual gallantry displayed in this last action, we should have thought the name of Waterloo would have grated harshly on a Frenchman's ears ; but, query, do not nine out of ten of this satisfied people, to this moment, believe that on that memorable day, France was victorious, and the pride of England humbled to the dust. The grave of General Foy, however, exhibited a higher testimony to his character than participation in battles lost or won. It will be remembered, that with the power of acquiring immense wealth, of which less scrupulous chiefs availed themselves, he died in a state of almost absolute poverty ; and that, in seasons of strife and recrimination, without in the slightest degree compromising his dignity or principles, he endeared himself to all, and compelled even the Bourbons to respect his integrity and virtue. At his death the population of Paris followed him to the grave, and the remnants of their respect were still visible in piles of thousands and ten thousands of wreaths and chaplets, which were mouldering over his remains ; and as a more lasting proof of their attachment, a subscription was opened for his family, to which we believe even the lowest and humblest classes of society eagerly contributed. By other monuments, more splendid and more attractive, we had observed visitors pass heedless, but all paused before this with an air of respectful solemnity. A soldier drew near, and having satisfied his curiosity, bowed, and touching his cap, saluted as he retired. It is generally understood that the body will be shortly removed to an adjacent part of the cemetery appropriated to distinguished military characters. Amongst others already interred there is Marshal Ney, conspicuous from the utter absence of mark or monument to attract attention. A strong fence of iron railing encloses a space of about two yards by nine ; but by the positive interference of government no stone has been allowed to cover his remains, and the utmost care is taken to efface the numberless initials and names which the marshal's admirers have perseveringly attempted to indent on the iron bars.

A la plus chere des epouses.

La mort qui te moissonne a la fleur de ton age,
Epuise en vain sur toi sa jalouse fureur,
Ton corps inanimé, voila son seul partage,
Ton ame est dans le ciel, ta memoire en mon cœur,
Et ton fils doit un jour recueillir l'heritage
Des vertus qui douze ans ont fait tout mon bonheur.

On an infant's recent grave were deposited a bunch of ripe cherries, evidently the offering of a little brother or sister.

Near an old withered tomb of 1822, decorated with fresh flowers, two women were kneeling in fervent prayer. A few other similar instances occurred, but in all cases the mourners were invariably females.

To a Child.

Du paisible sommeil de la douce innocence,
 Dans ce triste berceau tu dors, o mon enfant !!
 Ecoute, c'est ta mere, o ma seule esperance !
 Reveille toi. Jamais tu ne dors si long tems !!!!

It was with much regret we remarked rank weeds and grass almost concealing the inscription of initials, intelligible only to those who had cause to lament the death of one thus concealed from the rest of the world.

Alphonse R.
 a Henriette G.
 Son Epouse.

A M. MAGNANT.
 La mort fut pour lui
 Le soir d'un beau jour ;
 On craignait de l'éveiller,
 Tandis qu'il jouissant du
 Repos eternel. Ainsi finit
 L'homme de bien qui git ici.

The sentiment in the last line of the following, struck us as impressive, and by no means common place:—

STANILAS LECHOPIE.
 Age de 15 ans. et demi
 Attends moi là !

DUC DECRES.
 Vice Amiral
 G. Croix, de Leg. d'Honneur,
 Ancien ministre de la Marine,
 Decede le vii Decembre
 M.DCCC.XXI.

Combat de Guillaume Tell
 Devant Matte le xxx Mars M.DCCC.

A heavy massy pile, but the sculpture good and imposing.

CLARI LOUISE AMELIE VICTOIRE.
 Née Aug. 16, 1803.
 Decede 21 Avrit 1814,

Comme une frêle et tendre fleur
 J'ai vu dès le matin, la fin de ma journée,
 Je croissois pour aimer, ce fut tout mon bonheur,
 Le regret de ma perte est l'unique douleur
 Qu'à mes bons parens j'ai donné.

On a plain neat small pyramid, without name or date, was inscribed the following simple record of affection for an aunt:—

Ici repose notre tante,
Elle fut aussi notre mere.

On an urn covered with a clean white muslin veil, was inscribed—

A une enfant chérie, âgé de 2 ans.

Among the few monuments really deserving attention, is a fine gigantic marble figure over the Le Roy family.

Such is the selection we made in our morning's visit ; and our readers, like ourselves, will probably be struck with the general absence of feelings and impressions decidedly religious. We do not recollect a single epitaph, which might not with equal propriety have been inscribed on tombstones covering the remains of the worshippers of Bramah or the God Fo. The utmost extent, in truth, of our deductions, from all we saw and read, was to entertain a suspicion, but by no means a certainty, that the writers really believed in a future state, into which, if it did exist, there was a fair chance of admission without any great expenditure of diligence or exertion on their parts. That the road thither was plain, easy, and inviting, without a single devious path to the right or left, in which a wanderer might run astray ; and that all who travelled merrily and thoughtlessly onward, were sure of peace and plenty at its close.

MR. HOOD'S WHIMS.*

Mr. Hood opens his book with a kind of apologetical motto:—

O Cicero! Cicero! if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned of thee: O Bias! Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example was I biassed!—SCRIBLERUS.

This anticipative defence is as if Mr. Hood, conscious of his failing, ran away, shielding his weak part with his hand. It is very true, that if to pun be a crime, Mr. Hood is so egregious a sinner, that we fear no authority, however high, neither that of all the orators of Rome, nor all the sages of Greece, can bring him remission. But, in his own private opinion, Mr. Hood is so far from thinking to pun is a crime, that we calculate he considers it one of the highest exertions of intellect ; and we feel assured, that there is more internal cackling of spirit over one of his lucky hits, than there would be had he discovered a neat and elementary solution of the problem of the three bodies. But every man to his calling—Laplace to his *Mécanique Céleste*, and Mr. Hood to his *Tactique Verbale*. The Edinburgh Reviewers, some long time ago, said that there were not above seven people in Great Britain who could read Laplace's work ;—the superiority on Mr. Hood's side is here enormous, for there is scarcely a single person in the realm who

* Whims and Oddities, in Prose and Verse ; with forty original designs. By Thomas Hood, one of the authors of Odes and Addresses to great People ; and the Designer of the Progress of Cant. 12mo, Relfe, 1827.

is not able greatly to relish the "Whims and Oddities." It is time to explain what the "Whims and Oddities" are :—the book is ostensibly a miscellaneous collection of verse and prose, illustrated with wood-cuts drawn by the writer. In fact, however, the book is a trial of skill in pun-making, and a specimen of all the various ways of eliciting a pun. The puns are not merely puns simple—but puns double and treble—puns on puns arise—till the mass of puns becomes a pyramid :—for instance, a few verses are entitled, "Please to ring the belle," (pun 1). The verses describe the visit of a "spruce single man" with a "smart double knock," to his lover ; as he is going away, she tells him the next time "to come with a ring," (pun 2). The illustration of this in the wood-cut is a lady of O. Y. E. with a ring through her nose, and also ringed in divers other manners. Thus is the belle ringed, (pun 3,) and the inscription under her is a line from the melodies—

Rich and rare were the gems she wore.

But as we cannot give the cut, we will give the verses entire.—

" PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore :—
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door :
So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a rat-rat :
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
Had question'd the stranger, and answer'd the door.

The meeting was bliss ; but the parting was woe ;
For the moment will come when such comers must go :
So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

This is but a simple instance, which we have chosen for its simplicity.

"To pun is not a crime," but it is not one of the highest virtues. There are two classes of poets—the one writes rhymes for his verses, the other writes verses to his rhymes. This one gets on by his endings, and, as it were, travels on his breech. If it were not for his latter ends, he would never make a beginning. It is something similar with punsters—some people write because they have thoughts, and thoughts beget thoughts. But with the punster, words beget words. The last word begets the next, and thus the series of propagation is expanded. After all, however,—

————— The worth of any thing
Is just whatever it will bring.

And a pun always brings a laugh, and a laugh is precious. To be sure there are more precious things than a laugh: some people value a conversation which may be important or interesting, but which the presence of a punster quickly breaks up—with a laugh, it is true. But for a man who values conversation or discussion, to talk with a punster at hand, is much as if a walker who wished to arrive at his journey's end, were to join company with a mineralogist, who is for ever picking up a bit of stone or bone, or dust or shell, and calling upon his companion to stop a moment and admire his discovery.

But let it be granted that a pun is a good thing, and let it be re-

membered that a pun upon paper is a different and more harmless thing than a pun in propria persona, and we will turn to Mr. Hood.

We have twice before had occasion to speak highly of the felicity of his humour. We considered the *Odes and Addresses* as a chef-d'œuvre in its way; neither was there less merit of a different kind in his etching of the Progress of Cant, which everybody agreed in thinking and saying was the only Hogarthian plate we had had since Hogarth himself. The Whims and Oddities are as compositions inferior to the Odes and Addresses, but from their whimsicalnesses and oddities they are much more laughable. Of the fun in the plates we can give no specimens, but the extracts we shall make will probably induce our readers to buy the book, when they can judge of the cuts themselves.

The first extract we shall make is undoubtedly from the most successful piece of punning in the book—Faithless Nelly Gray, a pathetic ballad.—

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A Pathetic Ballad.

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army surgeons made him limbs:
Said he,—“They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs!”

* * * *

But when he call'd on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

“O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform!”

Said she, “I loved a soldier once,
For he was blythe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!”

Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!”

“O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs
In Badajos's breaches!”

* * * *

“O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!”

* * * *

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

* * * *

The merit of the "Fairy Tale" is its excessive absurdity. It is impossible to avoid laughter at the extravagance of the fiction.

A FAIRY TALE.

ON Hounslow heath—and close beside the road,
As western travellers may oft have seen,—
A little house some years ago there stood,
A minikin abode;
And built like Mr. Birkbeck's, all of wood;
The walls of white, the window shutters green;—
Four wheels it had at North, South, East, and West,
(Tho' now at rest,)
On which it used to wander to and fro',
Because its master ne'er maintain'd a rider,
Like those who trade in Paternoster Row;
But made his business travel for itself,
Till he had made his pelf,
And then retired—if one may call it so,
Of a roadsider.

Perchance, the very race and constant riot
Of stages, long and short, which thereby ran,
Made him more relish the repose and quiet
Of his now sedentary caravan;
Perchance, he loved the ground because 'twas common,
And so he might impale a strip of soil,
That furnish'd, by his toil,
Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman;—
And five tall hollyhocks, in dingy flower.
Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil
His peace,—unless, in some unlucky hour,
A stray horse came and gobbled up his bow'r!
But tired of always looking at the coaches,
The same to come,—when they had seen them one day!
And, used to brisker life, both man and wife
Begin to suffer N U E's approaches,
And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday,—
So, having had some quarters of school breeding,
They turn'd themselves, like other folks, to reading;
But setting out where others nigh have done,
And being ripen'd in the seventh stage,
The childhood of old age,
Began as other children have begun,—
Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,
Or Bard of Hope,
Or Paley, ethical, or learned Porson,—

But spelt, on Sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,
 And then relax'd themselves with Whittington,
 Or Valentine and Orson—
 But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,
 And being easily melted, in their dotage,
 Slobber'd,—and kept
 Reading,—and wept
 Over the White Cat, in their wooden cottage.

Thus reading on—the longer
 They read, of course, their childish faith grew stronger
 In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves, and Giants grim,—
 If talking Trees and Birds reveal'd to him,
 She saw the flight of Fairyland's fly-waggons,
 And magic fishes swim
 In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dragons,—
 Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flaggons ;
 When as it fell upon a summer's day,
 As the old man sat a feeding
 On the old babe-reading,
 Beside his open street-and-parlour door,
 A hideous roar
 Proclaim'd a drove of beasts was coming by the way.

Long-horn'd, and short, of many a different breed,
 Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln-levels
 Or Durham feed !
 With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils,
 From nether side of Tweed,
 Or Firth of Forth ;
 Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,—
 With dusty hides, all mobbing on together,—
 When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment
 Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank ;
 Or whether
 Only in some enthusiastic moment,—
 However, one brown monster, in a frisk,
 Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,
 Kick'd out a passage thro' the beastly rabble ;
 And after a pas seul,—or, if you will, a
 Horn-pipe before the Basket-maker's villa,
 Leapt o'er the tiny pale,—
 Back'd his beef-steaks against the wooden gable
 And thrust his brawny bell-rope of a tail
 Right o'er the page,
 Wherein the sage
 Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,
 Could not peruse, who could ?—two tales at once ;
 And being huff'd
 At what he knew was none of Riquet's Tuft ;
 Bang'd-to the door,
 But most unluckily enclosed a morsel
 Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel :—
 The monster gave a roar,
 And bolting off with speed, encreased by pain,
 The little house became a coach once more,
 And like Macheath, " took to the road again !"

Just then, by fortune's whimsical decree,
 The ancient woman stooping with her crupper
 Towards sweet home, or where sweet home should be,
 Was getting up some household herbs for supper ;
 Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,

And quaintly wondering if magic shifts
 Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,
 To turn it to a coach ;—what pretty gifts
 Might come of cabbages, and curly kale ;
 Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,
 Nor turn'd till home had turn'd a corner, quite
 Turn'd out of sight !

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,
 Weary of sitting on her russet cloathing ;
 And looking round
 Where rest was to be found,
 There was no house—no villa there—no nothing !
 No house !

The change was quite amazing ;
 It made her senses stagger for a minute,
 The riddle's explication seem'd to harden ;
 But soon her superannuated *nous*
 Explained the horrid mystery ;—and raising
 Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,
 On which she meant to sup,—
 “ Well ! this is Fairy Work ! I'll bet a farden,
 Little Prince Silverwings has ketch'd me up,
 And set me down in some one else's garden ! ”

The choice of extracts is distracting—the nature of the book rendering every *hit* in it easily transferable. We shall not, however, steal to a very great extent, if we only add the “ Sea Spell.” It is not one of the wittiest of the pieces of verse, but there is more merit of a substantial kind in it than in many of the others ; and the description of the nautical movements is technically correct, and picturesque as well as accurate.

THE SEA-SPELL.

“ *Could, could, he lies beneath the deep.* ”—*Old Scotch Ballad.*

It was a jolly mariner !
 The tallest man of three,—
 He loosed his sail against the wind,
 And turn'd his boat to sea :
 The ink-black sky told every eye
 A storm was soon to be !

But still that jolly mariner
 Took in no reef at all,
 For, in his pouch, confidingly,
 He wore a baby's caul ;
 A thing, as gossip-nurses know,
 That always brings a squall !

His hat was new, or newly glazed,
 Shone brightly in the sun ;
 His jacket, like a mariner's,
 True blue as e'er was spun ;
 His ample trowsers, like Saint Paul,
 Bore forty stripes save one.

And now the fretting foaming tide
 He steer'd away to cross ;
 The bounding pinnace play'd a game
 Of dreary pitch and toss ;
 A game that, on the good dry land,
 Is apt to bring a loss !

Good Heaven befriend that little boat,
 And guide her on her way !
 A boat, they say, has canvas wings,

But cannot fly away!
Though, like a merry singing bird,
She sits upon the spray!

Still east by east the little boat,
With tawny sail, kept beating:
Now out of sight, between two waves,
Now o'er th' horizon fleeting;
Like greedy swine that feed on mast,—
The waves her mast seem'd eating!

The sullen sky grew black above,
The wave as black beneath;
Each roaring billow show'd full soon
A white and foamy wreath;
Like angry dogs that snarl at first,
And then display their teeth.

The boatman look'd against the wind,
The mast began to creak,
The wave, per saltum, came and dried,
In salt, upon his cheek!
The pointed wave against him rear'd,
As if it own'd a pique!

Nor rushing wind, nor gushing wave,
That boatman could alarm,
But still he stood away to sea,
And trusted in his charm;
He thought by purchase he was safe,
And arm'd against all harm!

Now thick and fast and far aslant,
The stormy rain came pouring,
He heard upon the sandy bank
The distant breakers roaring,—
A groaning intermitting sound,
Like Gog and Magog snoring!

The seafowl shriek'd around the mast,
Ahead the grampus tumbled,
And far off, from a copper cloud,
The hollow thunder rumbled;
It would have quail'd another heart,
But his was never humbled.

For why? he had that infant's caul;
And wherefore should he dread?—
Alas! alas! he little thought,
Before the ebb-tide sped,—
That, like that infant, he should die,
And with a watery head!

The rushing brine flow'd in apace;
His boat had ne'er a deck;
Fate seem'd to call him on, and he
Attended to her beck;
And so he went, still trusting on,
Though reckless—to his wreck!

For as he left his helm, to heave
The ballast-bags a-weather,
Three monstrous seas came roaring on,
Like lions leagued together.
The two first waves the little boat
Swam over like a feather,—

The two first waves were past and gone,
And sinking in her wake ;
The hugest still came leaping on,
And hissing like a snake.
Now helm a-lee ! for through the midst,
The monster he must take !

Ah, me ! it was a dreary mount !
Its base as black as night,
Its top of pale and lived green,
Its crest of awful white,
Like Neptune with a leprosy,—
And so it rear'd upright !

With quaking sails, the little boat
Climb'd up the foaming heap ;
With quaking sails it paused awhile,
At balance on the steep ;
Then, rushing down the nether slope,
Plunged with a dizzy sweep !

Look, how a horse, made mad with fear,
Disdains his careful guide !
So now the headlong headstrong boat,
Unmanaged, turns aside,
And straight presents her reeling flank
Against the swelling tide !

The gusty wind assaults the sail ;
Her ballast lies a-lee !
The windward sheet is taught and stiff !
Oh ! the Lively—where is she ?
Her capsiz'd keel is in the foam,
Her pennon's in the sea !

The wild gull, sailing overhead,
Three times beheld emerge
The head of that bold mariner,
And then she scream'd his dirge !
For he had sunk within his grave,
Lapp'd in a shroud of surge !

The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,
Rush'd o'er and cover'd all,—
The jolly boatman's drowning scream
Was smother'd by the squall.
Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
The ocean heed his caul !

Our readers will observe on looking into the volume that they are familiar with several of the pieces, as having originally appeared in this Magazine. This is a circumstance which, while it prevents us from selecting some of perhaps the best pieces for quotation, necessarily renders us measured in our praise. No notification of this fact will be found in the work itself, which we consider as an omission on the part of the author.

WAR IN AMERICA.*

THE very able and interesting work now before us, is the production of a gentleman already well known to the public, as the author of a series of papers originally printed in Blackwood's Magazine, and now collected in a separate volume, under the title of the Subaltern. It might fairly have been supposed, that an officer capable of producing these works, one too who has shown himself as active and enterprising a soldier, as he is evidently a correct and elegant scholar, a man of sound sense and good feeling, combining the spirit of adventure and inquiry with unusual powers and accuracy of description, would, long before this time, have attained a high rank in his profession; but it is not so; in the British army, talent is nearly the last passport to promotion. A writer in the last number of the Quarterly Review, taking the Subaltern for his theme, affects to wonder that we have so few military authors.

"When we consider" (he says) "of what materials the British army is composed; that its officers are, for the most part, and have long been, gentlemen, and men of at least some education; we cannot help experiencing both regret and surprise at the total absence of literary ambition, which appears generally to affect them."

Allowing the premises to be true, (though during the system of recruiting from the militia and fencibles, they were, as to education and gentility, notoriously false,) the critic might have found the solution of his difficulty in the fate of his author. He is well known to have been a gentleman by birth, by habit, and by education; he has shown himself a superior scholar—(whether he had distinguished himself at college we are not informed, nor is it material)—we are assured by an eye witness that he was a brave officer. What is he now? A Lieutenant-Colonel, perhaps.—No. What, only a Major?—No. Why we have Field-M Marshals who cannot pen an intelligible despatch! What is he? A country curate!!! The Quarterly gives him a vicarage by implication; but we fear our version is right; let us hear our brother reviewer.

"It has, *perhaps*, been of advantage to the book," (query, why?) "that the writer was only for a short time a soldier. He was seduced, we understand, from his college at Oxford, by the spirit-stirring Gazettes of 1812; joined the army in the Peninsula during the summer of 1813; served on till after the battle of Waterloo, and having by that time sufficiently gratified his love of adventure, returned to his university, and resumed the studies of the profession for which he had originally been destined. From the quiet and well-ordered existence of an English vicarage, the *quondam* subaltern, it may be easily imagined, looks back in a calm and contemplative mood to the scenes of violent excitement, in which part of his life was passed; his mind retains them as it might the visions of some strange dream; it seems as if he even wrote minutely, in order to convince himself that he was not writing a fiction. The narrative accordingly reflects with honesty and

* A Narrative of the Campaigns of the British Army, at Washington and New Orleans, under Generals Ross, Pakenham, and Lambert, in the Years 1814 and 1815. London.

openness, the mirth and lightheartedness of the young campaigner in his quarters, and the intense and grim interest which possesses him in the hour of the battle or the breach ; but a strain of serious enough reflexion appears to mingle in the writer's thoughts throughout, however much he tries to conceal it. He compels himself to record not only what he did, but what he felt ; and the delight which the kindest and noblest dispositions can take in employments productive of so much suffering and desolation, is remembered in a spirit of sufficient sobriety."

The writer of this article (of course an apologist for things as they are) evidently feels the pinch, and strains hard to make us believe, that our subaltern was *pre-ordained* a parson ; and because he could be serious upon occasion, viewed desolation with regret, and was not a cold-hearted ruffian, would have us conclude that he was unfit to be a soldier. We need scarcely say, that our reasoning leads us to a directly contrary conclusion ; every page of both works convinces us, that the subaltern was at heart a soldier ; we feel every assurance that he was calculated to be an ornament to his profession ; we know (if there be faith in sympathy) that he must have quitted it with regret, in utter hopelessness of the advancement to which his merits entitled him.

The mode in which our army is officered is a matter of such public importance, especially at this time, when a change of command must, and a change of system may, be expected, that we do not apologise to our readers for a digression on this subject. We have said and repeat, that talent is nearly the last passport to military promotion ; we need not say that parliamentary interest is the first—wealth the second—"mediocrity and subserviency" is too often the third : talent, combined with good luck, may sometimes take precedence of seniority ; they may be rated fourth and fifth ; but talent alone has no place in the regular scale, at least as the junior ranks are affected. A field-officer may make himself known by his merit ; because he has frequent opportunities of communication with his influential superiors ; but the subaltern has none, the captain scarcely any ; hence it occurs that a man's talent is seldom discovered, and still more seldom rewarded, till so late a period of life that his physical powers are reduced before he has the opportunity of exercising (for the benefit of his country) his mental superiority ; how many remain in obscurity, how many throw up their commissions in disgust, or the yet greater number, whose faculties are benumbed by twenty years' contemplation of pipe-clay and heel-ball, who seek in sotting, dissipation, or idleness, an opiate for disappointed hope, it is not for us to calculate ; every reader connected with the army, can readily enumerate the instances which have fallen within his own observation, and may form some notion of the aggregate of injustice inflicted on individuals, and the amount of loss to the public service, entailed upon us by the existing system of promotion. We shall be told, no doubt, that it works well ; that patronage and purchase have given us Marlborough, Wellington, Graham, Hill, and others ; very true—but if the system were reformed, if some pains were taken to discover talent, and some impartiality were exercised in rewarding it, we should have twenty good officers where we now find one ; the requisites for a mere general are not so rare as is commonly supposed ; the difficulty of finding them arises

from our looking for them in the wrong places. In one point of view the illustrious names which we have cited, and the example of many royal and imperial leaders, confirms our theory, that the best commanders are those whose faculties have been least benumbed by a long service as subalterns ; active minds must have better employment than halt, left wheel, halt—dress ; more intellectual study than the roll-call ; more observation than the inspection of arms and accoutrements will afford them : and yet these, with some thirty pages of rules and regulations, constitute the course which, in the British service, is to lead to the command of armies. That some few emerge from this slough of despond, even without the aid of peace or parliament, cannot be denied ; there is an instance in the work before us.

“ Of these latter” (the advisers of General Ross) “ there is one whom it would be improper not to mention by name. I mean *Lieutenant Evans*, deputy-assistant quarter-master-general. The whole arrangement of our troops, in order of battle, was committed to him ; and the judicious manner in which they were drawn up, prove that he was not unworthy of the trust.”

Another subaltern, whose MS. notes of the expedition are before us, says,

“ The battle, in fact, was not fought by Brook, but by Evans, who “ was then a lieutenant of dragoons of about fifteen years standing.”

Here then we have a man of no higher rank than a lieutenantcy, virtually commanding an army ; it is true that within the year he was made brevet lieutenant-colonel ; so far tardy justice was done to his ability : but had it not been for the accident, that General Ross was killed almost by the first shot fired ; the accident, that no regular second in command had been sent out ; and the accident, that the chance successor happened to be Colonel Brook, “ an officer of decided personal courage, but perhaps better calculated to lead a battalion, than to guide an army ;” had it not been for these triple contingencies, Lieutenant Evans might to this hour have remained (as very many equally meritorious officers have done) an undistinguished and disgusted subaltern.

There is a passage in the MS. notes (to which we shall have frequent occasion to refer) which curiously illustrates the practice of promotion in the staff.

“ C—— was the cleverest lad I ever met with in the army ; he came “ from Marlow as their best scholar, and was decidedly superior to “ any of the junior, and to most of the senior staff on the island. “ Donkin” (Sir Rufane, then quarter-master-general) “ wanted to “ have him ; but A——” (now an officer in very high command—we “ hope he has changed his system) “ opposed it with all his interest ; “ and as C—— was not a Scotchman, Campbell joined him most “ heartily. It is very odd that A——m never served or promoted an “ officer of merit ; if he disliked a man there was some chance ; he “ would get him out of the regiment, or into a tower or a gun-boat ; “ but, from his pride in the regiment, as they say, he would keep all “ the gentlemen at head-quarters ; we all thought that his powerful “ interest would have made us, and he held out hopes to many ; for “ once he was impartial, for as soon as he was gone, we were all for- “ gotten.”—*Rough Notes. MSS.*

It is now time that we should return to our more immediate subject, the campaigns of Washington and New Orleans. Nothing could

have been better conceived than the expedition to the Chesapeake. This enormous bay will always afford to an enemy, possessing a naval superiority, the means of annoying the United States; but the force employed must be adequate to the object in view.

We have long been habituated to despise the Americans, as an enemy unworthy of serious regard. To this alone it is to be attributed that frigates half manned were sent out to cope with ships capable of containing them within their hulls; and to this, also, the trifling handful of troops dispatched to conduct the war by land. Instead of fifteen hundred, had ten thousand men sailed from the Garonne, under General Ross, how differently might he have acted! There would have been then no necessity for a re-embarkation, after the capture of Washington, and consequently no time given for the defence of Baltimore; but marching across the country, he might have done to the one city what he did to the other. And it is thus only that a war with America can be successfully carried on. To penetrate up the country amidst pathless forests and boundless deserts, and to aim at permanent conquest, is out of the question. America must be assaulted only on her coasts. Her harbours destroyed, her shipping burned, and her sea-port towns laid waste, are the only evils which she has reason to dread; and were a sufficient force embarked with these orders, no American war would be of long continuance.

A melancholy experience has now taught us that such a war must not be entered into, unless it be conducted with spirit; and there is no conducting it with spirit, except with a sufficient numerical force.

The next point is the selection of officers; the safety of an army must not be left to the hope, that one leader will prove immortal; we have seen this evil exemplified in the fall of General Ross, and the failure of the attack on Baltimore. Perhaps his intended second (Sir John Keane) might not have been more successful than his accidental successor, Colonel Brook; at least the landing at New Orleans gives us no reason to suppose so; but little as we think of the general talents of the former officer, we collect both from the printed and manuscript works before us, that he was not a man likely to have resorted to that cloak for imbecility, a council of war; we think that he would have attacked, and we are sure that he would have taken Baltimore.

Our author appears to doubt upon this subject.

With respect to the determination of the council of war, I choose to be silent. Certain it is that the number of our forces would hardly authorize any desperate attempt; and if government regret the issue of the expedition, I humbly conceive that the fault is, in a great measure, their own, in sending out a force so inconsiderable. On such subjects, however, I do not wish to dwell, though every one must be sensible that 10,000 men might have accomplished what 5,000 could not venture to attempt.

We are rather inclined to follow the opinion of his brother subaltern:

"I never could believe that the works were as strong as they were reported; their first line, which we passed before the action, was scarcely more than traced upon the ground, and therefore I cannot think that their second line could be made much better in the space of one day. Poor Ross would not have given them a quarter of the time. We must remember, besides, that the Americans depend entirely on the fire of their small arms; at least that is all we have to fear; and at about two o'clock in the morning of the 14th, such a rain fell as I never saw before; not one musket in twenty of the most careful old soldier could have gone off, the thing would have been decided by the bayonet, and we should have had it all our own way. I was so convinced that we should have been ordered to advance under cover of the storm, (no enemy could have seen or heard us,) that I left my snug birth under the gun, and got my company under arms: more than two hours elapsed, however, before the troops

"were formed, and then, instead of advancing, we were ordered to retreat."—*Rough Notes, MSS.*

Thus ended the expedition against Baltimore. The circumstances of the previous attack on Washington are more familiar to the public. That the destruction of this infant capital of the United States, was not the original intent of the enterprise, is evident; General Ross, it appears, did not even propose to advance so far, but was led on by circumstances; and to the last intended rather to levy contributions, than to destroy the city.

To destroy the flotilla was the sole object of the disembarkation; and but for the instigations of Admiral Cockburn, who accompanied the army, the capital of America would probably have escaped its visitation. It was he, who, on the retreat of that flotilla from Nottingham, urged the necessity of a pursuit, which was not agreed to without some wavering; and it was he also who suggested the attack upon Washington, and finally prevailed on General Ross to venture so far from the shipping.

* * * * *

Such being the intention of General Ross, he did not march the troops immediately into the city, but halted them upon a plain in its immediate vicinity, whilst a flag of truce was sent in with terms. But whatever his proposal might have been, it was not so much as heard; for scarcely had the party bearing the flag entered the street, than they were fired upon from the windows of one of the houses,* and the horse of the General himself, who accompanied them, killed. You will easily believe, that conduct so unjustifiable, so direct a breach of the law of nations, roused the indignation of every individual, from the General himself down to the private soldier. All thoughts of accommodation were instantly laid aside; the troops advanced forthwith into the town, and having first put to the sword all who were found in the house from which the shots were fired, and reduced it to ashes, they proceeded, without a moment's delay, to burn and destroy every thing in the most distant degree connected with government. In this general devastation were included the Senate-house, the President's palace, an extensive dock-yard and arsenal, barracks for two or three thousand men, several large store-houses filled with naval and military stores, some hundreds of cannon of different descriptions, and nearly twenty thousand stand of small arms. There were also two or three public rope works which shared the same fate, a fine frigate pierced for sixty guns, and just ready to be launched, several gun-brigs and armed schooners, with a variety of gun-boats and small craft. The powder magazines were of course set on fire, and exploded with a tremendous crash, throwing down many houses in their vicinity, partly by pieces of the walls striking them, and partly by the concussion of the air; whilst quantities of shot, shell, and hand-grenades, which could not otherwise be rendered useless, were thrown into the river. In destroying the cannon, a method was adopted, which I had never before witnessed, and which, as it was both effectual and expeditious, I cannot avoid relating. One gun, of rather a small calibre, was pitched upon as the executioner of the rest; and being loaded with ball, and turned to the muzzles of the others, it was fired, and thus beat out their breechings. Many, however, not being mounted, could not be thus dealt with; these were spiked, and having their trunions knocked off, were afterwards cast into the bed of the river.

* * * * *

I need scarcely observe, that the consternation of the inhabitants was complete, and that to them this was a night of terror. So confident had they been of the success of their troops, that few of them had dreamt of quitting their houses, or abandoning the city; nor was it till the fugitives from the battle began to rush in, filling every place as they came with dismay, that the President himself thought of providing for his safety. That gentleman, as I was credibly informed, had gone forth in the morning with the army, and had continued among his troops till the British forces began to make their appearance. Whether the sight of his enemies cooled his courage or not, I cannot say, but, according to my informer, no sooner was the glittering of our arms discernible, than he began to discover that his presence was more wanted in the senate than with the army; and having ridden through the ranks, and exhorted every man to do his duty, he hurried back to his own house, that he might prepare a feast for the

* "Two corporals of the 31st were killed."—*Rough Notes, MSS.*

entertainment of his officers, when they should return victorious. For the truth of these details, I will not be answerable; but this much I know, that the feast was actually prepared, though, instead of being devoured by American officers, it went to satisfy the less delicate appetites of a party of English soldiers. When the detachment, sent out to destroy Mr. Maddison's house, entered his dining parlour, they found a dinner-table spread, and covers laid for forty guests. Several kinds of wine, in handsome cut-glass decanters, were cooling on the side-board; plate-holders stood by the fire-place, filled with dishes and plates; knives, forks and spoons, were arranged for immediate use; in short, every thing was ready for the entertainment of a ceremonious party. Such were the arrangements in the dining-room, whilst in the kitchen were others answerable to them in every respect. Spits, loaded with joints of various sorts, turned before the fire; pots, saucepans, and other culinary utensils, stood upon the grate; and all the other requisites for an elegant and substantial repast, were exactly in a state which indicated that they had been lately and precipitately abandoned.

You will readily imagine, that these preparations were beheld, by a party of hungry soldiers, with no indifferent eye. An elegant dinner, even though considerably overdressed, was a luxury to which few of them, at least for some time back, had been accustomed; and which, after the dangers and fatigues of the day, appeared peculiarly inviting. They sat down to it, therefore, not indeed in the most orderly manner, but with countenances which would not have disgraced a party of aldermen at a civic feast; and having satisfied their appetites with fewer complaints than would have probably escaped their rival *gourmands*, and partaken pretty freely of the wines, they finished by setting fire to the house which had so liberally entertained them.

The reader will of course feel interested in the personal risks and feelings of an author who must have afforded him very considerable amusement and some instruction; we cannot therefore do better, while he is on his voyage from the Chesapeake to Jamaica, than copy the following passages.

No man, of the smallest reflection, can look forward to the chance of a sudden and violent death, without experiencing sensations very different from those which he experiences under any other circumstances. When the battle has fairly begun, I may say with truth that the feelings of those engaged are delightful; because they are, in fact, so many gamblers playing for the highest stake that can be offered. But the stir and noise of equipping, and then the calmness and stillness of expectation, these are the things which force a man to think. On the other hand, the warlike appearance of every thing about you, the careless faces and rude jokes of the private soldiers, and something within yourself, which I can compare to nothing more nearly than the mirth which criminals are said sometimes to experience and to express previous to their execution; all these combine to give you a degree of false hilarity, I had almost said painful, from its very excess. It is an agitation of the nerves, such as we may suppose madmen feel; which you are inclined to wish removed, though you are unwilling to admit that it is disagreeable.

The next describes the disastrous retreat from New Orleans, and the author's very narrow escape from a most dreadful death.

For some time, that is to say, while our route lay along the high road and beside the brink of the river, the march was agreeable enough; but as soon as we began to enter upon the path through the marsh, all comfort was at an end. Being constructed of materials so slight, and resting upon a foundation so infirm, the treading of the first corps unavoidably beat it to pieces; those which followed were therefore compelled to flounder on in the best way they could; and by the time the rear of the column gained the morass, all traces of a way had entirely disappeared. But not only were the reeds torn asunder and sunk by the pressure of those who had gone before, but the bog itself, which at first might have furnished a few spots of firm footing, was trodden into the consistency of mud. The consequence was that every step sunk us to the knees, and frequently higher. Near the ditches, indeed, many spots occurred which we had the utmost difficulty in crossing at all; and as the night was dark, there being no moon, nor any light except what the stars supplied, it was difficult to select our steps, or even to follow those who called to us that they were safe on the opposite side. At one of these places I myself beheld an unfortunate wretch gradually sink till he totally disappeared. I saw him flounder in, heard his cry for help, and ran forward with the intention of saving him; but before I had taken a second step I myself sunk at once as high as the breast. How I contrived to keep myself from smothering is more than

I can tell, for I felt no solid bottom under me, and continued slowly to go deeper and deeper, till the mud reached my arms. Instead of endeavouring to help the poor soldier, of whom nothing could now be seen except the head and hands, I was forced to beg assistance for myself; when a leathern canteen strap being thrown to me, I laid hold of it, and was dragged out, just as my fellow sufferer became invisible.

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For my own part I did not fare so badly as many others. Having been always fond of shooting, I took a fire-lock and went in pursuit of wild ducks, which abounded throughout the bog. Wandering along in this quest I reached a lake, by the margin of which I concealed myself, and waited for my prey; nor was it long before I had an opportunity of firing. Several large flocks flew over me, and I was fortunate enough to kill three birds. But alas! those birds, upon which I had already feasted in imagination, dropped into the water; my dog, more tired than her master, would not fetch them out, and they lay about twenty yards off, tantalizing me with the sight of a treasure which I could not reach. Moving off to another point, I again took my station where I hoped for better fortune; but the same evil chance once more occurred, and the ducks fell into the lake. This was too much for a hungry man to endure; the day was piercingly cold, and the edge of the pool was covered with ice; but my appetite was urgent, and I resolved at all hazards to indulge it. Pulling off my clothes, therefore, I broke the ice and plunged in; and though shivering like an aspen leaf, I returned safely to the camp with a couple of birds. Next day I adopted a similar course, with like success; but at the expence of what was to me a serious misery. My stockings of warm wool were the only part of my dress which I did not strip off, and to day it unfortunately happened that one was lost. Having secured my ducks, I attempted to land where the bottom was muddy; but my leg stuck fast, and in pulling it out, off came the stocking; to recover it was beyond my power, for the mud closed over it directly, and the consequence was, that till I regained the transport only one of my feet could be warm at a time. To those who can boast of many pairs of fine cotton and woollen hose, this misfortune of mine may appear light, but to me, who had only two stockings on shore, the loss of one was very grievous; and I therefore request that I may not be sneered at, when I record it as one of the disastrous consequences of this ill-fated expedition.

* * * * *

I had just entered my cabin, and was beginning to undress, when a cry from above, of an enemy in chase, drew me instantly to the quarter deck. On looking a-stern, I perceived a vessel making directly after us, and was soon convinced of the justice of the alarm, by a shot which whistled over our heads. All hands were now called to quarters, the small sails were taken in, and having spoke to our companion, and made an agreement as to position, both ships cleared for action. But the stranger seeing his signal obeyed with so much alacrity, likewise slackened sail, and continuing to keep us in view, followed our wake without approaching nearer. In this state things continued till day-break, we still holding our course, and he hanging back; but as soon as it was light, he set more sail, and ran to windward, moving just out of gun-shot, in a parallel direction with us. It was now necessary to fall upon some plan of deceiving him, otherwise there was little probability that he would attack. In the bomb, indeed, the height of the bulwarks served to conceal some of the men; but in the transport no such screen existed. The troops were, therefore, ordered below, and only the sailors, a few blacks, and the officers, kept the deck. The same expedient was likewise adopted, in part, by Captain Price, of the *Volcano*; and, in order to give to his ship a still greater resemblance than it already had to a merchantman, he displayed an old faded scarlet ensign, and drew up his fore and mainsail in what sailors term a lubberly manner.

As yet the stranger had shown no colours, but from her build and rigging, there was little doubt as to her country. She was a beautiful schooner, presenting seven ports of a side, and apparently crowded with men, circumstances which immediately led us to believe that she was an American privateer. The *Volcano*, on the other hand, was a clumsy strong built ship, carrying twelve guns; and the *Golden Fleece* mounted eight; so that in point of artillery, the advantage was rather on our side; but the Americans' sailing was so much superior to that of either of us, that this advantage was more than counterbalanced.

Having dodged us till eight o'clock, and reconnoitered with great exactness, the stranger began to steer gradually nearer and nearer, till at length it was judged that she was within range. A gun was accordingly fired from the *Volcano*, and another

from the transport, the balls from both of which passed over her, and fell into the sea. Finding herself thus assaulted, she now threw off all disguise, and hung out an American ensign; when, putting her helm up, she poured a broadside, with a volley of musquetry, into the transport; and ran alongside of the bomb which sailed to windward.

As soon as her flag was displayed, and her intention of attacking discerned, all hands were ordered up; and she received two well-directed broadsides from the *Volcano*, as well as a warm salute from the *Golden Fleece*. But such was the celerity of her motion, that she was alongside of the bomb in less time than can be imagined; and actually dashing her bow against the other, attempted to carry her by boarding. Captain Price, however, was ready to receive them. The boarders were at their posts in an instant, and Jonathan finding, to use a vulgar phrase, that he had caught a Tartar, left about twenty of his men upon the *Volcano's* bowsprit, all of whom were thrown into the sea; and filling his sails, sheered off with the same speed with which he had borne down. In attempting to escape, he unavoidably fell somewhat to leeward, and exposed the whole of his deck to the fire of the transport. A tremendous discharge of musquetry saluted him as he passed; and it was almost laughable to witness the haste with which his crew hurried below, leaving none upon deck except such as were absolutely wanted to work his vessel.

The *Volcano* had, by this time, filled and gave chase, firing with great precision at his yards and rigging, in the hope of disabling him. But as fortune would have it, none of his important ropes or yards were cut; and we had the mortification to see him, in a few minutes, beyond our reach.

"She turned out to have been the *Saucy Jack*, a privateer, which had done more mischief to the Jamaica Trade than any other. When it was told in Kingston that she had actually boarded the bomb over the bows, and yet had escaped, remarks were not wanting on Captain Price's youth and inexperience; and questions were asked as to his very early promotion, which I did not hear satisfactorily answered."—*Rough Notes*.

It was impossible that a gentleman, possessing the habit of observation, which may be traced in every page of the *Subaltern*, could visit Jamaica without giving some portion of his attention to the great question of the Slave Trade. His own words will best express his opinions.

We rode together round several estates, saw the process of making sugar, and visited several hospitals, with which each estate is supplied for the reception and cure of sick negroes. I likewise made many minute inquiries as to the state and condition of the slaves, inspecting their huts, and even examining their provisions; and I must confess that the result of these inquiries was such, as to destroy much of the abhorrence which I had before felt to the name of slavery. There is something in the idea of bondage very repugnant to the feelings of men born to freedom as an inheritance; nor are there any evils which such men would not undergo to preserve that inheritance. But after all, the misery of the one state, and the happiness of the other, is but ideal. As far as real comforts go, I should pronounce the negro slave, in Jamaica, a happier man than the peasant in England. Like a soldier, he is well fed, supplied with what clothing he requires, has a comfortable bed to sleep on, is distressed with no cares for the support of his family, and is only obliged, in return for all this, to labour a certain number of hours in the day. It is true that he may be beaten, and cannot resist; but he never is beaten, unless he deserve it; and to a man afflicted, or if you please, ennobled by no fine feelings of honour, a beating produces no pain, except what may arise from the strokes themselves.

With respect to the treatment of slaves, again, the outcry so general in England against the cruelty of overseers is quite absurd. No man, however wanting in humanity, is so foolish as to render useless his own property. If he have no better principle to direct him, the same policy which prevents an English farmer from over-working or abusing his horse, will prevent a West India merchant from over-working or abusing his slave. Nor are the slaves prohibited from earning something for themselves. A certain number of hours in each day are at their own disposal, when, if they choose to work on, they are paid so much for their services; if not, they are permitted to amuse themselves in any manner they please.

Their food, though coarse, is wholesome, and such as they have been all their lives accustomed to ; their houses, though not elegant, are in no respect inferior to the generality of cottages, allowed to the poor by parish officers in England ; and when they are sick, they are removed to airy hospitals, where as much attention is paid to them as if they were people of rank and consequence. But, above all, they are never distressed with anxiety for their families. They know that their children will receive the same treatment that they have received, that they will never want food, clothing, or an home, and therefore, they die without any of those harrowing dreads, which so frequently madden the death-bed of an English labourer.

But, it will be said, they are slaves ; and in the word slavery are comprehended the worst evils that can befall a human being. This is all very well in theory, and no doubt every man born free would risk his life to preserve his liberty ; but the most of these slaves have never known what freedom is ; and it is absurd to talk of a man pining for he knows not what. Latterly, indeed, thanks to certain humane individuals, who, without possessing the slightest personal knowledge of their situation, have pitied them so loudly, that their compassionate expressions have crossed the Atlantic, they have begun to consider themselves as hardly treated, in being refused the common birth-right of man. The consequence is, that many negroes, who were before cheerful and happy, are now discontented and gloomy, and ripe for the most desperate attempts. Yet, as a proof of their folly in desiring freedom, unless, indeed, that gift were accompanied with the possession of the islands where they dwell, by far the greater part of those slaves, whom their masters have at any time enfranchised, after wandering about for awhile, the most miserable creatures upon earth, return, and beg, as a favour, to be received once more into their original state of slavery.

“ I came to Jamaica with a violent prejudice against slavery and
 “ the slave trade ; but I must now confess that I think the Jamaica
 “ slave a happier animal than the English labourer, I say animal,
 “ because he has the good luck to be treated as one ; it is the interest
 “ of his owner to keep him in good health and condition—when he is
 “ sick, he cannot be sent away to a public hospital ; when he is old
 “ he cannot be turned over to the parish workhouse. One evil they
 “ are subjected to, which I wish they were freed from—I mean the
 “ separation of families. I certainly was greatly shocked on the first
 “ or second day of my landing, to see a girl of about sixteen walked
 “ up and down the colonnade at Mary Winter’s, like a horse at
 “ Tattersall’s, while the auctioneer called on the gentlemen to look at
 “ her *points*. The poor creature did not seem sensible of any degra-
 “ dation, perhaps she did not even suffer at the idea of being taken
 “ from her family ; but I could not help feeling for her, and if I had
 “ sailed next morning, I should have been as violent an enemy to the
 “ planters as any saint in the conventicle.” . . . “ It is a common
 “ custom for a slave to hire himself of his master, in which case, if
 “ he does any work for him, he charges for it as he would to a
 “ stranger. I was present once at the winding up of an account of
 “ this kind. The man was a cooper ; after allowing for his own hire, he
 “ brought his master in debt several dollars, which I saw paid.” . . .
 “ At the Havannah I saw a slave ship arrive, and witnessed the
 “ disembarkation of the negroes ; they were singing, and looked happy,
 “ but it must have been at getting from between decks. While we
 “ allow these rascals to carry on the trade, it is of little use that we
 “ have abolished it.”—*Rough Notes, MSS.*

Some amusing anecdotes are interspersed amid the graver business of the campaign ; the following are good examples :—

It is said that when Admiral Cockburn, who accompanied the army, and attended poor Ross with the fidelity of an aide-de-camp, was in the wood where the latter fell, he observed an American rifle-man taking deliberate aim at him from behind a tree. Instead of turning aside, or discharging a pistol at the fellow, as any other man would

have done, the brave Admiral doubling his fist, shook it at his enemy, and cried aloud, "O you d—d Yankee, I'll give it you!" upon which the man dropped his musket in the greatest alarm, and took to his heels.

It is likewise told of an officer of engineers, that having overtaken an American soldier, and demanded his arms, the fellow gave him his rifle very readily, but being ordered to resign a handsome silver-hilted dagger and silver-mounted cartouch-box, which graced his side, he refused to comply, alleging that they were private property, and that by our own proclamations private property should be respected. This was an instance of low cunning, which reminded me of my own adventure with the squirrel-hunters, and which was attended with equal success.

* * * * *

While things were in this state, while the banks of the rivers continued in our possession, and the interior was left unmolested to the Americans, a rash confidence sprung up in the minds of all, insomuch that parties of pleasure would frequently land without arms, and spend many hours on shore. On one of these occasions, several officers from the 85th regiment agreed to pass a day together at a farm-house, about a quarter of a mile from the stream; and taking with them ten soldiers, unarmed, to row the boat, a few sailors, and a young midshipman, not more than twelve years of age, they proceeded to put their determination into practice. Leaving the men under the command of their youthful pilot, to take care of the boat, the officers went on to the house, but had not been there above an hour, when they were alarmed by a shout which sounded as if it came from the river. Looking out, they beheld their party surrounded by seventy or eighty mounted riflemen; the boat dragged upon the beach, and set on fire. Giving themselves up for lost, they continued for an instant in a sort of stupor; but the master of the house, to whom some kindness had been shown by our people, proved himself grateful, and, letting them out by a back door, directed them to hide themselves in the wood, while he should endeavour to turn their pursuers on a wrong scent. As they had nothing to trust to except the honour of this American, it cannot be supposed that they felt much at ease; but seeing no better course before them, they resigned themselves to his guidance, and plunging into the thicket, concealed themselves as well as they could among the underwood. In the mean time the American soldiers, having secured all that were left behind, except the young midshipman, who fled into the wood in spite of the fire, divided into two bodies, one of which approached the house, while the other endeavoured to overtake the brave boy. It so chanced that the party in pursuit passed close to the officers in concealment, but by the greatest good fortune did not observe them. They succeeded, however, in catching a glimpse of the midshipman, just as he had gained the water's edge, and was pushing off a light canoe which he had loosened from the stump of a tree. The barbarians immediately gave chase, firing at the brave lad,* and calling out to surrender; but the gallant youth paid no attention either to their voices or their bullets. Launching his little bark, he put to sea with a single paddle, and, regardless of the showers of balls which fell about him, returned alone and unhurt to the ship.

While one party was thus employed, the other hastened to the house in full expectation of capturing the officers. But their host kept his word with great fidelity, and having directed his countrymen towards another farm-house at some distance from his own, and in an opposite quarter from where his guests lay, he waited till they were out of sight, and then joined his new friends in their concealment. Bringing with him such provisions as he could muster, he advised them to keep quiet till dark, when, their pursuers having departed, he conducted them to the river, supplied them with a large canoe, and sent them off in perfect safety to the fleet.

The author of the *Rough Notes* appears to have been more circumspect in his incursions than the officers of the 85th; we recommend his practice to future foragers.

"I always made it a practice to take a guide from every house I entered, leaving a solemn assurance with the family that on the first alarm I would blow his brains out. Though I have often been six or seven miles up the country, I never was pursued, and always brought my purchases safe to the ship."—*Rough Notes, MSS.*

* Our author is sometimes too sparing of names; this brave youngster, for instance, deserves to have been distinguished.

We have now arrived at the most important part of the narrative, the disastrous expedition against New Orleans. The subaltern considers this to have been a military project of great importance, and does not hesitate to direct the attention of Government to a renewal of the attack, in the event of another war. His brother-campaigner, however, assigns a different motive to the expedition; treats the alleged greediness of the Admiral for slaves, cotton-bags, and sugar-hogsheads, with no measured severity; and contends, that though the town might easily have been taken by surprise, even with four frigates and two thousand men, it would have been impossible to maintain it either against the enemy or the climate; on the latter point, indeed, he lays the greatest stress.

Having been informed that in a certain part of the forest, a company of riflemen had passed the night, I took with me a party of soldiers, and proceeded in the direction pointed out, with the hope of surprising them. On reaching the place, I found that they had retired, but I thought I could perceive something like the glitter of arms a little farther towards the middle of the wood. Sending several files of soldiers in different directions, I contrived to surround the spot, and then moving forward, I beheld two men dressed in black coats, and armed with bright firelocks and bayonets, sitting under a tree; as soon as they observed me, they started up and took to their heels, but being hemmed in on all sides, they quickly perceived that to escape was impossible, and accordingly stood still. I hastened towards them, and having got within a few paces of where they stood, I heard the one say to the other, with a look of the most perfect simplicity, "Stop, John, till the gentlemen pass." There was something so ludicrous in this speech, and in the cast of countenance which accompanied it, that I could not help laughing aloud; nor was my mirth diminished by their attempts to persuade me that they were quiet country people, come out for no other purpose than to shoot squirrels. When I desired to know whether they carried bayonets to charge the squirrels, as well as muskets to shoot them, they were rather at a loss for a reply; but they grumbled exceedingly when they found themselves prisoners, and conducted as such to the column.

"All I have ever read of Batavia appears to be realized in the accounts I received of New Orleans: the calculation is, that two strangers (even Americans,) out of five die in the first spring or autumn after their arrival; the other three cannot be considered as seasoned, even if they survive, for two years or more. Baton Rouge, ninety miles higher up, is the nearest station considered healthy: but even that place and Natchez, the next town, are constantly visited by malignant and contagious fevers. Soldiers, from their exposure to night air in these climates, and from being cooped up in crowded rooms, must always be more unhealthy than other persons. I do not, therefore, believe that two-thirds of our army would have survived the first six months in this pestiferous country. Our only chance would have been active employment; and that to be sure the Americans would have given us. They could drift down in their log-boats by thousands, at the rate of four and five knots an hour, night and day; while our supplies, supposing that we had reduced Fort Plaquemine, might perhaps creep up to us in a week or ten days, from the mouth of the river."—*Rough Notes, MSS.*

The subaltern, on the other head, views the confluence of the Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas, Ohio, Red River, and their respective tributary streams in the great channel of the Mississippi, as affording incalculable advantages to the possessors of New Orleans.

Of all these rivers, there is none which will not answer the purposes of commerce, at least to a very considerable extent; and as they join the the Mississippi above

New Orleans, it is evident that this city may be considered as the general mart of the whole. Whatever nation, therefore, chances to possess this place, possesses in reality the command of a greater extent of country than is included within the boundary line of the whole United States; since, from every direction are goods, the produce of East, West, North, and South America, sent down by the Mississippi to the gulf. But were New Orleans properly supplied with fortifications, it is evident that no vessels could pass without the leave of its governor; and therefore is it that I consider that city as of greater importance to the American government, than any other within the compass of their territories.

It appears that our army left the Chesapeake in the latter end of September, for the purpose of attacking this town. Like most of our secret expeditions, its object was soon known to the enemy. One of our authors, indeed, does not hesitate to assert, (and with his usual frankness inserts names, which we omit,) that a captain of the navy, commanding on the Jamaica station, (the Admiral having recently died,) opened his despatches in the presence of a Jew merchant, to whom he communicated their contents; the son of Israel instantly sent a vessel with the intelligence to the enemy, for which no doubt he was well paid. We do not pause to inquire whether this anecdote is well or ill founded; to us it appears that the Americans had quite sufficient notice during the long delay of the fleet and army at Negril Bay. It is true, that reinforcements were expected there, but we fully agree in the opinion, that no addition of force could compensate the loss of time. These therefore, delay and publicity, were the first causes of failure; the next was yet more important and more inexcusable, the want of boats. Admiral Sir A. Cochrane must have known, or ought to have known, the nature of the coast on which he was about to land; he ought to have known that the ships could not approach within considerably more than *eighty miles* of the point of disembarkation, and should have provided accordingly. We find, however, that even with the assistance of five large cutters, casually captured, (we say casually, for the enemy ought to have abandoned and burnt them,) only about a third of the army could be embarked at once from their miserable rendezvous on Pine Island to the main land. By landing in divisions, and those divisions brought up in a scattered and irregular manner, our forces were exposed to the risk of being attacked in detail; and one party might have been cut to pieces before the others could arrive to its support. This, in fact, was very near taking place. The advance, consisting of 1600 men and two pieces of cannon, were, with great difficulty, landed on the isthmus on the 23d of December. We must refer the reader to our author for the topography of the field of operations.

The place where we landed was as wild as it is possible to imagine. Wherever we looked, nothing was to be seen except one huge marsh, covered with tall reeds; not a house, nor a vestige of human industry could be discovered; and even of trees, there were but a few growing upon the banks of the creek. Yet it was such a spot as, above all others, favoured our operations. No eye could watch us, or report our arrival to the American General. By remaining quietly among the reeds, we might effectually conceal ourselves from notice; because, from the appearance of all around, it was easy to perceive that the place which we occupied was seldom, if ever before marked with a human footstep. Concealment, however, was the thing of all others which we required; for be it remembered, that there were now only sixteen hundred men on the main land. The rest were still at Pine Island, where they must remain till the boats which had transported us should return for their conveyance, consequently many hours must elapse before this small corps could be either reinforced or supported. If, therefore, we had sought for a point where a descent might be made in secrecy and

safety, we could not have found one better calculated for that purpose than the present ; because it afforded every means of concealment to one part of our force, until the others should be able to come up.

Here General Keane should have halted till the other brigades could have joined him ; but deceived, as it is said, by deserters, he incautiously advanced into the open country. By the culpable negligence of an officer a prisoner was suffered to escape, and by the imprudence of the General, the troops were permitted to light fires ; the consequence was a surprise.

In this manner the day passed without any farther alarm ; and darkness having set in, the fires were made to blaze with increased splendour, our evening meal was eat, and we prepared to sleep. But about half-past seven o'clock, the attention of several individuals was drawn to a large vessel, which seemed to be stealing up the river till she came opposite to our camp ; when her anchor was dropped, and her sails leisurely furled. At first we were doubtful whether she might not be one of our own cruisers which had passed the port unobserved, and had arrived to render her assistance in our future operations. To satisfy this doubt, she was repeatedly hailed, but returned no answer ; when an alarm spreading through the bivouac, all thought of sleep was laid aside. Several musket shots were now fired at her with the design of exacting a reply, of which no notice was taken ; till at length having fastened all her sails, and swung her broad-side towards us, we could distinctly hear some one cry out in a commanding voice, "Give them this for the honour of America." The words were instantly followed by the flashes of her guns, and a deadly shower of grape swept down numbers in the camp.

Against this dreadful fire we had nothing whatever to oppose. The artillery which we had landed was too light to bring into competition with an adversary so powerful ; and as she had anchored within a short distance of the opposite bank, no musketry could reach her with any precision or effect. A few rockets were discharged, which made a beautiful appearance in the air ; but the rocket is an uncertain weapon, and these deviated too far from their object to produce even terror among those against whom they were directed. Under these circumstances, as nothing could be done offensively, our sole object was to shelter the men as much as possible from this iron hail. With this view, they were commanded to leave the fires, and to hasten under the dyke. Thither all, accordingly, repaired, without much regard to order and regularity, and laying ourselves along wherever we could find room, we listened in painful silence to the scattering of grape shot among our huts, and to the shrieks and groans of those who lay wounded beside them.

The night was now as dark as pitch, the moon being but young, and totally obscured with clouds. Our fires deserted by us, and beat about by the enemy's shot, began to burn red and dull ; and, except when the flashes of those guns which played upon us cast a momentary glare, not an object could be distinguished at the distance of a yard. In this state we lay for nearly an hour, unable to move from our ground, or offer any opposition to those who kept us there ; when a straggling fire of musketry called our attention towards the piquets, and warned us to prepare for a closer and more desperate strife. As yet, however, it was uncertain from what cause this dropping fire arose. It might proceed from the sentinels, who, alarmed by the cannonade from the river, mistook every tree for an American ; and till this should be more fully ascertained, it would be improper to expose the troops, by moving any of them from the shelter which the bank afforded. But these doubts were not permitted to continue long in existence. The dropping fire having paused for a few moments, was succeeded by a fearful yell ; and the heavens were illuminated on all sides by a semi-circular blaze of musketry. It was now clear that we were surrounded, and that by a very superior force ; and, therefore, no alternative remaining, but, either to surrender at discretion, or to beat back the assailants.

"A body of from twelve to fifteen hundred men had gained the rear, and would have cut off all communication with the boyau, when most fortunately Colonel Paterson arrived with about two hundred of the 21st. As they debouched, the enemy took them for the head of a column, threw down their arms—some surrendered, others fled ; but they soon discovered their mistake, and finding the force to which they had yielded themselves prisoners so small, they en-

“ deavoured to resume their arms. My poor friend Couran collared
“ an officer in the act, and was stabbed by him to the heart with a
“ scalping knife, a weapon which the Kentucky men wear in imitation
“ of their less savage neighbours. The fellow had not an instant to
“ enjoy his triumph; in a moment a dozen bayonets were buried to
“ the hilt in his body; his corpse was the most dreadful sight I ever
“ saw: it appeared to have stiffened in the last convulsion, and was
“ most strangely distorted; but horrid as it was, we viewed it with
“ something like satisfaction, (no officer in the regiment was so uni-
“ versally beloved as poor Couran,) and for two or three days no man
“ was found who would give it burial. - - - Paterson did not get
“ the credit he deserved on this occasion: he was a good soldier, but
“ too retired to make his own way where men of less merit were
“ pushing forward their pretensions.”—*Rough Notes, MSS.*

The whole detail of this action is given in our author's best manner. The loss sustained in it amounted to about 500 men, most of whom might have been saved, if General Keane had not moved from his position in the wood until his force would have enabled him to advance at once against the town: but this was not the end of the evil; punished most severely for his rashness, the general fell into the contrary extreme; nothing was done on the 24th, the greater part of the troops laying inactive, under cover of the dyke or levè, as the Americans call it; for it must be observed, that the land of the isthmus was considerably lower than the surface of the river, a circumstance which greatly increased the peril of the position, as was soon evinced by an attempt of the enemy to cut the bank and inundate the country. It is evident, however, that the dyke, which was high enough to shelter the halt of our troops, might have protected their advance; but Sir John Keane remained spell-bound; the Rattlesnake schooner had fascinated him to the spot, and the enemy were allowed time to erect the works which ultimately foiled every effort to force them. On the 25th, Sir Edward Pakenham and General Gibbs joined the army; it would have been fortunate if they had arrived sooner. On the morning of the 26th our batteries opened on the schooner; but here a capital error was committed, which was the more remarkable, as several naval officers were serving ashore, who should have corrected the error. A large ship had dropped down the river and anchored in front of the position, about a mile above the schooner; had the batteries been, in the first instance, erected against her, her consort would have been obliged, either to pass our batteries in order to get up to the town, which against the stream of the Mississippi would have been no easy task, or she must have dropped down the river, in which case no future annoyance could have been anticipated from her. The schooner was blown up—the ship escaped; and though it does not appear that any actual mischief was done by her, yet her subsequent position, flanking the enemy's lines, added materially to their apparent strength, intimidating our troops, and giving courage to the adversary.

On the 27th the whole army advanced towards the town; but after a slight skirmish again retired.

We remained inactive during the 28th, 29th, and 30th; but not so the enemy. Day and night we could observe numerous parties employed in strengthening his lines; while from the increased number of tents, which almost every hour might be discerned,

it was evident that strong reinforcements were continually pouring into his camp. Nor did he leave us totally unmolested. By giving to his guns a great degree of elevation, he contrived at last to reach our bivouac; and thus were we constantly under a cannonade which, though it did little execution, proved nevertheless extremely annoying. Besides this, he now began to erect batteries on the opposite bank of the river; from which a flanking fire could be thrown across the entire front of his position. In short, he adopted every precaution which prudence could suggest, and for the reception of which, the nature of his post was so admirably adapted.

Under these circumstances, it was evident that the longer an attack was delayed, the less likely was it to succeed; that something must be done immediately every one perceived, but how to proceed was the difficulty. If we attempted to storm the American lines, we should expose ourselves to almost certain destruction from their artillery; to turn them, seemed to be impossible; and to draw their troops by any manoeuvring from behind their entrenchments, was a thing altogether out of the question. There seemed, therefore, to be but one practicable mode of assault; which was, to treat these field-works as one would treat a regular fortification; by erecting breaching batteries against them, and silencing, if it were possible, at least some of their guns. To this plan, therefore, did our leader resort; and, in consequence, the whole of these three days were employed in landing heavy cannon, bringing up ammunition, and making such preparations as might have sufficed for a siege.

Batteries of their own *sugar hogsheads*! were therefore erected against the enemy, (the subaltern values this costly material at many thousand pounds;) but they had their revenge: our engineers had yet to learn that sugar and sand possessed very different powers of resistance. The shot passed through our works and killed many of the artillery. On the enemy's side, however, little impression was made, and from a cause as singular; for it is said that the cotton bags, the capture of which had provoked the attack, contributed to the defence of New Orleans. Certain it is, that the idea of regular approaches and breaching batteries was immediately abandoned.

All our plans had as yet proved abortive; even this, upon which so much reliance had been placed, was found to be of no avail; and it must be confessed, that something like murmuring began to be heard through the camp. And, in truth, if ever an army might be permitted to murmur, it was this. In landing, they had borne great hardships, not only without repining, but with cheerfulness; their hopes had been excited by false reports, as to the practicability of the attempt in which they were embarked; and now they found themselves entangled amidst difficulties from which there appeared to be no escape, except by victory. In their attempts upon the enemy's line, however, they had been twice foiled; in artillery they perceived themselves so greatly overmatched, that their own could hardly assist them; their provisions being derived wholly from the fleet, were both scanty and coarse; and their rest was continually broken. For not only did the cannon and mortars from the main of the enemy's position play unremittingly upon them both day and night; but they were likewise exposed to a deadly fire from the opposite bank of the river, where no less than eighteen pieces of artillery were now mounted, and swept the entire line of our encampment. Besides all this, to undertake the duty of a piquet, was as dangerous as to go into action. Parties of American sharpshooters harassed and disturbed those appointed to that service, from the time they took possession of their post, till they were relieved; while to light fires at night was impossible, because they served but as certain marks for the enemy's gunners. I repeat, therefore, that a little murmuring could not be wondered at. Be it observed, however, that these were not the murmurs of men anxious to escape from a disagreeable situation by any means. On the contrary, they resembled rather the growling of a chained dog, when he sees his adversary, and cannot reach him; for in all their complaints, no man ever hinted at a retreat, while all were eager to bring matters to the issue of a battle, at any sacrifice of lives.

Nor was our gallant leader less anxious to fight than his followers. To fight upon something like equal terms, however, was his wish; and for this purpose, a new scheme was invented, worthy, for its boldness, of the school in which Sir Edward had studied his profession. It was determined to divide the army, to send part across the river, who should seize the enemy's guns, and turn them on themselves; while the remainder should at the same time make a general assault along the whole entrench-

ment. But before this plan could be put into execution, it would be necessary to cut a canal across the entire neck of land from the Bayo de Catiline to the river, of sufficient width and depth to admit of boats being brought up from the lake.

Against the useless labour of making this canal, the author of the *Rough Notes* very vehemently protests, and we think with reason. Boats certainly are of easier transport than ships' guns; and as the latter had been landed, and brought into battery without the aid of artificial water carriage, there appears to have been no reason why the former should not have been dragged to the river on rollers; had that been done, the falling of the canal banks would not have frustrated the enterprize.

The canal, as I have stated, being finished on the 6th, it was resolved to lose no time in making use of it. Boats were accordingly ordered up for the transportation of 1400 men; and Colonel Thornton with the 85th regiment, the marines, and a party of sailors, was appointed to cross the river. But a number of untoward accidents occurred, to spoil a plan of operations as accurately laid down as any in the course of the war. The soil through which the canal was dug, being soft, parts of the bank gave way, and choking up the channel, prevented the heaviest of the boats from getting forward. These again blocked up the passage, so that none of those which were behind, could proceed; and thus, instead of a flotilla for the accommodation of 1400 men, only a number of boats sufficient to contain 350 was enabled to reach their destination. Even these did not arrive at the time appointed. According to the preconceived plan, Colonel Thornton's detachment was to cross the river immediately after dark. They were to push forward, so as to carry all the batteries, and point the guns before day-light; when, on the throwing up of a rocket, they were to commence firing upon the enemy's line, which at the same moment was to be attacked by the main of our army.

In this manner was one part of the force to act, while the rest were thus appointed. Dividing his troops into three columns, Sir Edward directed, that General Keane, at the head of the 95th, the light companies of the 21st, 4th, and 44th, together with the two black corps, should make a demonstration, or sham attack upon the right; that General Gibbs with the 4th, 21st, 44th, and 93d, should force the enemy's left, while General Lambert with the 7th and 43d remained in reserve, ready to act as circumstances might require. But in storming an entrenched position, something more than bare courage is required. Scaling ladders and fascines had, therefore, been prepared, with which to fill up the ditch and mount the wall; and since to carry these was a service of danger, requiring a corps well worthy of dependence, the 44th was for that purpose selected, as a regiment of sufficient numerical strength, and already accustomed to American warfare. Thus were all things arranged on the night of the 7th, for the 8th was fixed upon as the day decisive of the fate of New Orleans.

While the rest of the army, therefore, lay down to sleep till they should be roused up to fight, Colonel Thornton with the 85th, and a corps of marines and seamen, amounting in all to 1400 men, moved down to the brink of the river. As yet, however, no boats had arrived; hour after hour elapsed before they came; and when they did come, the misfortunes which I have stated above were discovered, for out of all that had been ordered up, only a few made their appearance. Still it was absolutely necessary that this part of the plan should be carried into execution. Dismissing, therefore, the rest of his followers, the Colonel put himself at the head of his own regiment, about fifty seamen, and as many marines, and with this small force, consisting of no more than 340 men, pushed off. But, unfortunately, the loss of time nothing could repair. Instead of reaching the opposite bank, at latest by midnight, dawn was beginning to appear before the boats quitted the canal. It was in vain that they rowed on in perfect silence, and with oars muffled, gaining the point of debarkation without being perceived. It was in vain that they made good their landing and formed upon the beach, without opposition or alarm; day had already broke, and the signal rocket was seen in the air, while they were yet four miles from the batteries, which ought hours ago to have been taken.

In the mean time, the main body armed and moved forward some way in front of the piquets. There they stood waiting for day-light, and listening with the greatest anxiety for the firing which ought now to be heard on the opposite bank. But this attention was exerted in vain, and day dawned upon them long before they desired

its appearance. Nor was Sir Edward Pakenham disappointed in this part of his plan alone. Instead of perceiving every thing in readiness for the assault, he saw his troops in battle array, indeed, but not a ladder or fascine upon the field. The 44th, which was appointed to carry them, had either misunderstood or neglected their orders; and now headed the column of attack, without any means being provided for crossing the enemy's ditch, or scaling his rampart.

The indignation of poor Pakenham on this occasion may be imagined, but cannot be described. Galloping towards Colonel Mullens, who led the 44th, he commanded him instantly to return with his regiment for the ladders; but the opportunity of planting them was lost, and though they were brought up, it was only to be scattered over the field by the frightened bearers. For our troops were by this time visible to the enemy. A dreadful fire was accordingly opened upon them, and they were mowed down by hundreds, while they stood waiting for orders.

Seeing that all his well-laid plans were frustrated, Pakenham gave the word to advance, and the other regiments, leaving the 44th with the ladders and fascines behind them, rushed on to the assault. On the left a detachment of the 95th, 21st, and 4th, stormed a three gun battery and took it. Here they remained for some time in the expectation of support; but none arriving, and a strong column of the enemy forming for its recovery, they determined to anticipate the attack, and pushed on. The battery which they had taken was in advance of the body of the works, being cut off from it by a ditch, across which only a single plank was thrown. Along this plank did these brave men attempt to pass; but being opposed by overpowering numbers, they were repulsed; and the Americans, in turn, forcing their way into the battery, at length succeeded in recapturing it with immense slaughter. On the right, again, the 21st and 4th being almost cut to pieces, and thrown into some confusion by the enemy's fire, *the 93d pushed on and took the lead*. Hastening forward, our troops soon reached the ditch; but to scale the parapet without ladders was impossible. Some few, indeed, by mounting one upon another's shoulders, succeeded in entering the works, but these were *instantly* overpowered, most of them killed, and the rest taken; while as many as stood without were exposed to a sweeping fire, which cut them down by whole companies. It was in vain that the most obstinate courage was displayed. They fell by the hands of men whom they absolutely did not see; for the Americans, without so much as lifting their faces above the rampart, swung their firelocks by one arm over the wall, and discharged them directly upon their heads.

When the subaltern relates incidents which he himself witnessed, we cannot doubt his authority; but as he was engaged on the opposite side of the river with Colonel Thornton, we should rather follow the notes of his comrade as to the main attack. After detailing, as our author has done, the misconduct of Colonel Mullens, (whom however he vindicates from the imputation of personal cowardice,) he states that at day-break Gibbs gave the word to advance from the ground, where, within musket shot of the lines, the troops had halted for the fascines and ladders.

" We advanced at double quick time, but we had scarcely proceeded
" a hundred yards when the most dreadful fire of grape and musketry
" was opened upon us—at one moment a regular lane was cut from
" front to rear of the column. (I afterwards found it was from the
" discharge of a thirty-two pounder, loaded to the muzzle with bags
" of musket-balls.) I will not deny that the regiment was thrown
" into confusion; but there was no sign of fear, at least I saw none,
" except, indeed, that the men in front commenced firing. I en-
" deavoured to stop it; but before I knew where I was, I found my-
" self in the enemies' ditch, immediately under the fatal battery—this
" was in some respects a good position; and, if the reserve had come
" up, might have been turned to account; why this was not done, or
" how it could have happened, that the rear did not know of our
" situation, I never was able to understand. We gained the ditch

“ (as I have since learnt) about 200 strong; M’Haffie, the senior officer, Stewart and Leavock were close to me. I heard Brady’s voice at a little distance, and thought that the greater part of the regiment was with us; but I was too soon undeceived—we made several attempts to mount the parapet, but without success; not that the works were high or the ditch deep, but that the earth gave way, and we wanted numbers for mechanical support. It was in one of these trials that I glanced my eye back upon the field, I could not see far, for there was a thick mist with rain, and the smoke hung heavy on the ground; but the sight was horrid—the dead lay thicker than I could have counted them; then looking down into the ditch, I perceived the smallness of our party, now reduced to about seventy; still we believed that we were supported, and by another effort actually crossed the works; an American officer surrendered his sword to me within their lines. I joined Leavock for some minutes in trying to make the men lay down their arms, (warned by poor Couran’s fate, and conscious of our want of power, we did this cautiously,) I was astonished however to see M’Haffie in parley with a superior officer of the enemy: each demanded the other’s sword; the altercation was not long—we were prisoners.”—*Rough Notes, MSS.*

Hence it is evident that the 93d did not take the lead, and that if General Lambert had pushed on the 7th and 43d, a lodgement might have been made within the enemies’ lines—for their confusion is evident, and irregular troops once broken cannot rally.

Our loss in this disastrous affair is computed at from fifteen hundred to two thousand men, including two generals, Pakenham and Gibbs, and many celebrated field officers. The plan of the action appears to have been well arranged, but its execution was faulty; we unhesitatingly adopt the opinion that Sir R. Pakenham ought to have postponed the attack to the following day, when he found that he had not boats enough to convey Colonel Thornton’s corps to the opposite bank; for it is evident that the whole merit of the design consisted in the flank attack; by which, had it been made an hour or two before the other, the attention of the enemy would have been distracted from the main object, and their guns on the other side of the river would not only have been turned upon them, but would have been directed in their unsheltered flank and rear.

We would willingly give more numerous extracts from the subaltern’s most interesting details of these transactions, but we have already exceeded our boundaries; the reader however, may rest assured, that however copious our quotations may appear; we have left him, untouched, an ample fund of amusement and instruction in the work itself.

DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH'S LECTURES

ON

COMPARATIVE AND HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.

PARTLY by the interest of the subject, and partly by our estimation of the talents of the Lecturer, we have lately been drawn into a very unusual haunt of literature, and at most unseasonable hours. In Webbe-street, in the Borough, at Grainger's School, a kind of high 'Change for bones and muscles, and tissues, and at half-past six in the evening of every Thursday, have we regularly found Dr. Southwood Smith, in the centre of a knot of students; animated by, and giving animation to, one of the most delightful and most elevating studies in nature. We are anxious not merely not to lose, but to propagate the benefit of our industry, in having thus sought science in a distant corner, unvisited by any but medical, or rather unmedical boys, their teachers, their *subjects*, and their patients. We propose, therefore, to give, for the information of those of less vigorous habits, and of later dinner hours on Thursday, the benefit of our Note-book. We shall begin with a few facts which we have learned, relative to the history of the teaching of this science in this country.

Natural history and physiology have hitherto been much neglected in England. Particular branches of physiology have indeed been cultivated with great success by several distinguished men, and to British philosophers and physicians we are indebted for some of the most valuable knowledge we possess relative to the science. But still, as a science, it has been little cultivated. It has been taught in a few of the medical schools. The late Dr. Gordon of Edinburgh, gave a very extensive and scientific course. A more limited course was commenced by a physician at Guy's or St. Thomas's Hospital, in London, and has been continued by Dr. Blundell. Dr. Roget has also delivered on two or three different occasions, an interesting and instructive course on comparative physiology to a popular audience. This comprehends, as far as we know, all the attempts which have hitherto been made to extend this science by lectures. Until the late, and still unfinished work of Dr. Bostock, there was no systematic treatise which could be consulted on the subject, excepting some translations of the works of the Continental physiologists. Physiology has been thought to be sufficiently taught to the medical man by the professor of anatomy, who has barely time to communicate what is essential to be known of his own art; while no provision whatever is made for any degree of instruction in this science of any portion of the unprofessional public. Yet physiology is one of the most interesting of the natural sciences. It teaches the mechanism and action of the animal being, its structure and function. It opens a new source of valuable knowledge to the man of literature and science; and if the physiology of the mind be included, the study of it then becomes of the highest importance to every one who would instruct or govern—who would benefit or influence men.

We are glad, therefore, to see that another person of very distinguished attainments, both literary and scientific, has come forward to direct the attention of the public to this interesting subject.

Though Dr. Southwood Smith's Lectures were written expressly for medical students, yet it was also his avowed object to adapt them to the scientific and literary public. While the most important facts of the science are communicated, we think he has succeeded in expressing them in such language, and exhibiting them in such a manner, as to render them perfectly intelligible to the unprofessional. The peculiar advantage of this course seems to be, that the subject is simplified, and the most general, important, and interesting principles of the science are brought forward prominently—exhibited distinctly—illustrated fully. The plan of the course is itself new: it is truly scientific: it is calculated to convey the knowledge to be communicated by the easiest, the shortest, and the completest process. He begins with the consideration of the simplest examples of animal existence: examines the organs and functions of the simple beings which are thus placed at the bottom of the scale, in order to exhibit a distinct view of the phenomena of life in its simplest condition; then traces through all the gradations of the scale, the gradual complication of organs and functions up to man, who, according to a general law of the animal economy, by possessing the most complicated organization, becomes the most perfect of all animals.

As the knowledge which is conveyed in the prosecution of this plan is very interesting in itself, and perfectly intelligible to the general reader, we purpose to give in the present paper an outline of the course, so far as it has yet been delivered. We trust next month to be able to carry on this sketch, or at any rate, at no distant period, to give a further view of Dr. Smith's valuable contribution to the spread of science.

There is a certain structure, there are certain functions, which are common to all living beings: before entering into any details which must comprise particular modifications of life, Dr. Smith commenced with a statement of what life is, and exhibited a general view of the phenomena which are common and essential to all the beings endowed with it.

All objects in nature, said the Lecturer, are either unorganized or organized. The sciences which treat of unorganized bodies, receive different names according to the kind of properties which it is their province to investigate. The sciences which treat of organized bodies are two only, viz. anatomy, which exhibits their structure; and physiology, which investigates their functions.

Organized bodies are distinguished from all others, by the exhibition of peculiar phenomena, the whole of which taken together, are designated by the term life. The science which treats of these phenomena is called physiology. Physiology then is the doctrine of life; or the science which investigates the functions of living beings.

Life is not, as has been considered by many physiologists, a principle, a power, or any single thing. It is a general term used to express a certain series of phenomena, the combination of which constitutes the true notion of life. In order therefore to form an accurate and complete conception of life, it is necessary to consider what these phenomena are.

1. The first phenomenon of life, is the property which all the beings endowed with it possess, of resisting, within certain limits, the operation

of the ordinary laws of matter. The physical agents which subvert the existing combinations of unorganized bodies—air, moisture, heat, for example, not only do not within a certain range disturb, but are indispensably necessary to *maintain* the organic structure peculiar to a living being. The human body, while living, will resist a temperature higher than that of boiling water, without receiving the slightest injury; while the same body, deprived of life, would be rapidly and entirely destroyed by it. The manner in which it resists the operation of these agents is extraordinary. Physical and chemical changes are effected by the change of place and combination of the elementary particles of which bodies are composed: it might therefore be supposed, that the manner in which life resists the operation of the ordinary laws of matter is, by retaining in one unvarying relative position the identical particles of which the body consists; on the contrary, this counteraction is effected by changing these particles and their place with great rapidity, and without ceasing. Motion thus constant and rapid, is the means by which the decomposition of the living body is prevented.

2. The second phenomenon of life, is the property which the body endowed with it, possesses of assimilating proper matter to its own substance. Unorganized bodies consist of particles which are held together by mutual attraction: they increase by the juxtaposition of new particles, which are merely superimposed upon the pre-existing mass. The living body is endowed with the power of converting materials, of very different natures, into the homogenous substance, and of elaborating from that substance the various solid and fluid parts of which it is composed. The plant absorbs nutritive particles from the soil, and converts them into its proper substance, and into its different juices. The animal receives its aliment into its *interior*; digestion decomposes it, recombines its elements in new proportions and in different modes, and thus forms all the tissues and all the organs of which its complicated structure consists. The process by which these changes are effected, is termed in the vegetable, imbibition—in the animal, digestion: the conversion of the digested matter into the substance of the body, is denominated assimilation, and because the materials are received within the body, and undergo in its interior the changes that are necessary, it is said to be by *intus-susception*.

3. The third character by which the living body is distinguished, is that the materials of which it is composed have a peculiar arrangement. This arrangement is termed structure: the process by which it is effected is denominated organization; and the body in which it is formed, is said to be organized.

4. A fourth character is, that it derives its origin from a pre-existing living being. Life is the source of life. Every living being formed, at some period, part of another living body, from which it was subsequently detached: every living body participated in the life of some other living body before it was capable of carrying on living motion by itself; and from the living power of the body to which it originally belonged, it derived this degree of development, which rendered it susceptible of independent life. To this there is no *ascertained* exception throughout nature. Recent microscopical observations, have led to the discovery of some facts, which seem at

first view to render the position doubtful, but it is probable that when the economy of these curious beings becomes better known, it will be found that the general analogy of nature remains unrelated. Hence an origin by geniture is one of the most striking characteristics of life. And so

5. Finally is a termination in death. After continuing in life a certain period, changes inevitably take place in the structure and functions of every living body, by which its existence is brought to a close. Unorganized bodies, on the contrary, would preserve their existence for ever, were no *extrinsic* force applied to them. Some mechanical agent must separate their particles—some chemical power must alter their composition, before they can be destroyed. But no mechanical or chemical agent disturbing the arrangement of its particles, the living body, after a certain period, ceases to live, from some internal cause. Hence a termination by death, forms one among the series of events which constitutes the condition of life.

The phenomena which have been enumerated, constitute a series: they may be truly said to form a train: they are invariably associated together. The term life, therefore, designates a *complex* idea, which, when analyzed, embraces several separate and more simple ideas: the combination of the whole constitutes the general notion. To say that a being possesses the power of resisting the operation of the general laws of matter, within certain limits—that it is nourished by assimilating foreign materials into its own substance—that it is organized—that it derives its origin from a pre-existing living being—that its termination is in death—is to say that a body lives; and philosophically to answer the question, what is life, is to enumerate these phenomena.

After exhibiting this general view of the phenomena of life, Dr. Smith proceeded to state the order in which the science of physiology ought to be studied, and entered into the detail of the plan of the present course. By fixing the attention on the class of objects of which it is the province of this science to treat, he endeavoured to show why it is that it possesses so peculiar an interest. He stated, that it is distinguished from every other science, by introducing into it, as an essential part of its object, the discovery not only of physical but of final causes. It is its aim not only to ascertain *by* what any given phenomena of the living body is produced, but *for* what it exists. This, it is obvious, leads the inquirer into a kind of investigation which is peculiar to this science. It is the part of the physiologist to investigate, not merely by what agents the function of respiration, for example, is performed, but also for what use it is appointed in the animal economy. The adaptation of means to ends, the difficulty, yet the necessity of the object to be effected, the beauty of the contrivances chosen to secure it, are in many cases so curious and so exquisite, that there is nothing in the whole circle of human knowledge calculated to awaken in a well-constituted mind, a deeper interest or a more lively pleasure.

In the truest sense, the knowledge acquired in these investigations may be said to be the knowledge of ourselves: of ourselves, in the most comprehensive view that can be taken of our nature. Psychology is a phantom, but in so far as it is founded on physiology. The moral

philosopher, who is not a physiologist, labours under a disadvantage in his investigations, which scarcely any acuteness can compensate; while a knowledge of this science will most essentially aid the highest powers of analysis and classification with which he may be endowed.

A thorough acquaintance with this science was then shown to be indispensable to those who are to engage in the practice of medicine; for if the philosopher cannot understand the laws of the mind without having studied the physiology of the body, how is it possible that those whose office it is to rectify the disordered functions of both, can proceed a single step in the performance of their duty without any precise knowledge of either. What! it was asked, is a physician ignorant of physiology at the bed-side of the sick? He is to discover some corporeal or mental disease; he is to ascertain its seat, its nature, its degree; but the only indication of disease is disorder of function. The affected organ cannot be seen: what is going on within it, is not an object of sense: it can be inferred only from the observation of the derangement which takes place in its healthy action: but how can he comprehend its disordered, if he know not its healthy function. He who without this knowledge *presumes* to take a single step in the treatment of any serious disease, can be saved from shame and remorse only by a moral insensibility, which, though it may be an appropriate punishment for his conduct, unfortunately can be no security against the mischief of which it is the cause.

It was then observed, that a knowledge of human nature, acquired by the study of the physiology of the human body and of the human mind, would be pre-eminently real, exact, comprehensive, and practical, and would therefore be of the highest possible value to those who have to instruct, to govern, or to influence in any way the opinions and conduct of men. It would give to the philanthropist, the legislator, and the statesman, more real power than mines of gold, than a thousand prisons, than millions of armed men. To attempt the improvement of the physical, the mental, the moral, and the social condition of man; to endeavour to call forth his most powerful and noble energies, and to direct them to the public good, without a knowledge of his mental and moral constitution, is not only a vain, but a perilous, and as experience too uniformly teaches, a most precarious undertaking.

Yet the ignorance on this subject of those in whose hands the destinies of mankind are placed, is profound and almost universal. No provision whatever is made for the communication of this kind of knowledge. The consequence is, that some of the most severe and intolerable of the evils that afflict mankind arise from the very efforts of benevolence—from the very measures of legislation, while both labour, sometimes with the utmost sincerity, to promote the prosperity and to counteract the misery of the social state. In the physical and the mental weakness of man without doubt will evermore spring up, even when these efforts are the most enlightened and the best directed, abundant sources of unhappiness; but there can be no question that that unhappiness has been, and continues to be, increased a thousand fold by the wonderful ignorance that prevails of man's real, that is, of his physical and mental constitution. In the science which would remove this ignorance, and supply its place with the most beneficial knowledge, there is nothing singularly difficult—nothing peculiarly

technical—nothing which might not be explained in the common language of mankind, and communicated with the utmost ease as a part of general education in the higher schools, and in the later courses of instruction. The philosopher, who has studied man by making himself acquainted with the structure of his body and mind, and with the laws to which both are obedient, has long seen and lamented the consequences of this ignorance in the misdirected energies, the disappointed expectations, and the counteracted efforts of the philanthropist and patriot: but he who shall succeed in so directing the public attention to it as to lead to its removal, will deserve, and will receive, the gratitude of his country as one of its benefactors.

After explaining certain terms, which are often employed in physiology, and to which a precise and correct notion is not always attached, such as phenomena, their quality, order and succession, analysis, cause, effect, power, law, hypothesis, theory, the Lecturer proceeded to discuss the interesting and important subject of organization.

Life, it was stated, depends on certain conditions: these conditions consist in certain arrangements of material substances: such arrangements of material substances constitute organization: it follows that organization is the essential condition of life. If without attending to the controversies which have been agitated on this subject, we carefully study phenomena, and mark their order, the first thing we observe in a living being is a *peculiar* arrangement of particular textures; that is, a specific organization: the second thing we discover is, that the textures thus arranged exercise peculiar actions; that is, this peculiar organization performs a specific function. A determinate organization constitutes what is called an organ: the action of every organ constitutes what is denominated its function. Without the organ there is no function; for the plain reason, that without the agent that acts there can be no action. In the order of phenomena, therefore, organization, which is the primary condition of life, must necessarily precede the actions of that organization in which the functions of life consist. Organization is the antecedent; function is the sequent.

If it be asked what is the origin of the organization to which function is related as the sequent; it is replied, a pre-existing organization, constituted similarly to itself, and exercising functions in all respects the same as those it communicates. Organization is not self-existent: but it is invariably pre-existent. Matter neither organizes itself, nor is organized, as far as is yet ascertained, by any cause but one—a pre-existing organization. To inquire into the primitive formation of this pre-existing organization, is to inquire into the first origin of animal existence; an inquiry which, as there are no means by which it can possibly be answered, is not a legitimate object of human investigation. To confound with this inquiry that of the order of the phenomena of life, we should have deemed impossible, had not experience taught us how constantly the error is committed; and did we not know, that to this very identification of subjects so widely and so obviously different, are to be traced the vague fears sometimes entertained respecting the tendency of these investigations, and the real credulity discernible

through the boasted scepticism which pretends that every thing relating to life can be explained by the ordinary laws and affinities of matter. The first origin of life—the production in every particular species of living beings of a germ on which the perpetuation of its own peculiar mode of life depends, is indeed most wonderful—most mysterious; but no more wonderful or mysterious than the constitution of any other part of nature. It is only one of a general class of facts. For if any thing analogous to that species of knowledge of which philosophers have endeavoured to conceive, and of which they have spoken under the name of the intimate, or the essential constitution of things, we are entirely destitute, and our ignorance must always remain just as profound as it is. Human knowledge must always be limited to an acquaintance with the number, the quality of the order of phenomena, and their mutual influence.

It has been stated that every particular organ is the seat of some special function. A function consists of certain phenomena, which have a peculiar relation to each other, and which concur in the production of a definite object. In general these phenomena compose a series; their *succession* in the series is always fixed and invariable. The phenomena which occur in respiration, for example, such as the motion of the muscles which raise the ribs and depress the œsophagus—the increase of cavity in the cells of the lungs—the ingress of atmospheric air into that cavity—the change produced in the qualities of the blood during its passage through the lungs, and so on, compose a train of events, the whole of which when taken together constitute the process or the function termed respiration. In this series, the phenomena invariably follow each other in a certain order: all concur in the production of a definite object. The same is true of every function of every living being.

The consideration of function leads directly to the observation of the characters by which the two great classes of living beings, vegetable and animal, are distinguished from each other. These characters consist of certain faculties which are exercised by the one, but of which the other is destitute.

The vegetable is the most simple of organized bodies. It possesses only those faculties which are indispensable to life, and which are therefore common to all living beings. Strictly speaking, this consists of one faculty only, namely, that of nutrition. Every living being must possess the power of assimilating foreign materials into its own substance; but because it is conceivable that a living being *might* continue to exist for an indefinite period without exercising any other function, therefore this must be considered as the only one which in strictness is absolutely indispensable to life. Since, however, it is a law of the animal economy, that life springs from life only, a class of beings unendowed with the power of communicating to their descendants a nature similar to their own, must perish with the primitive race. The faculty of reproduction is therefore invariably added to that of nutrition. The plant absorbs nourishment and develops a germ, the evolution of which constitutes a being which possesses a similar organization, and which performs a similar function. To these two are limited all the functions exercised by this extensive class of organized bodies.

On the other hand, animals possess at least two additional faculties; namely, sensation and voluntary motion. All animals are capable of

some degree of sensation, and all (with few exceptions) are able to move from place to place according to the impulse of sensation. The functions of animals consist therefore of two great classes. First, of those which they possess in common with vegetables, and which are therefore termed vegetative; on which, because they are absolutely essential to the maintenance of life in the individual, and to the perpetuation of it in the species, are sometimes denominated vital: these are *mutation* and *generation*. The second consists of those which are peculiar to animals, which, because they belong exclusively to this division of living beings, are called *animal* functions: those are *sensation* and *voluntary motion*.

The proof that those characters are real, invariable, and universal, (for such characters alone can mark with philosophical accuracy the distinction between these two divisions of living beings,) is derived chiefly from observing the difference in the kind of motion which is made by the vegetable and the animal. Mere motion is not a distinctive property of animal life: for though the vegetable is in general confined to one spot, and is incapable of any thing that bears the least resemblance to spontaneous motion, yet there are several apparent and very striking exceptions to this rule. The sensitive plant shrinks from the touch, and instantly folds up its leaves. The flowers of innumerable plants alter their direction according to the circumstances in which they are placed. The roots of all plants have the power of discovering and of proceeding towards that situation which is the best adapted to afford them nourishment. A plane-tree which grew on the top of a wall among the ruins of New Abbey, and which became exceedingly straitened for nourishment in that situation, was observed to direct its roots down the side of the wall, till they reached the ground, which was ten feet below. If the root of a tree meets with a ditch in its progress, by which it is in danger of being laid open to the air, it alters its course, plunges into the ground, surrounds the ditch, rises on the opposite side to its wonted distance from the surface, and then proceeds in its original direction.

If a wet sponge be placed near a root exposed to the air, the root will direct its course to the sponge: if the place of the sponge be changed, the root will vary its direction. If the branch of a tree be twisted so as to invert its leaves, and it be fixed in that position, only still left in some degree loose, it will untwist itself gradually, till the leaves are restored to their natural position. Curious and interesting as these and other examples of the movements of plants are, they afford no real indication that such movements are spontaneous; that they proceed from volition excited by sensation: because there is no evidence that any plant is capable of sensation. Motion itself cannot be considered as any proof of the possession of this faculty. Even unorganized matter, (an electrified silk thread, for example,) is capable of a greater variety of motion than any species of sensitive plant. If a bit of silk thread be dropt in an electrified metal plate, it will erect itself, spread out its small fibres like arms, and if not detained, will fly off. If a candle be made to approach it, it will clasp close to the plate, as if afraid of it;—yet when we observe the whole of the phenomena, we perceive that it affords no indication that it possesses sensation. A human being knows from consciousness that he himself possesses sensation: that any other human being, that any other animal possesses it, is to him a matter of

inference only. By what means does he arrive at the conclusion? by observing, that his fellow beings, and that other animals, act in all similar circumstances in a manner similar to himself. From this fact he deduces the inference, that in similar circumstances other animals feel similarly.

Now vegetables afford no indication whatever that they feel like animals, because when placed in similar circumstances they do not act similarly. All animals whose possession of sensation is certain, not only move when danger approaches, but the motion is indicative of a desire and an attempt to escape from the danger. But the electrified thread, though it fly from the candle to cling to the metal, allows itself to be burnt there without offering to stir. The sensitive plant, though it contracts on being touched, permits itself to be cut in pieces without making the slightest motion indicative of an effort to escape. On the contrary, the lowest animal, the oyster or the muscle, not only contracts when touched, but its contraction places the animal in comparative security; and the animal obviously makes the *kind* of motion it does, in order to avail itself of the means with which nature has furnished it to avert impending danger. Though, therefore, motion be common to the thread, to the plant, and to the animal, yet from circumstances connected with the motion, we conclude that in the latter it results from volition, while in the former it is unattended with consciousness.

Though this reasoning would be sufficient to satisfy the naturalist and the philosopher, yet there is one other proof which, though negative, is obvious to every one, and is quite decisive. Man, in common with all other animals, possesses both animal and vegetable life. By the observation of what passes within ourselves, we know that there is no connection whatever between mere vegetation and sensation. We are conscious that we exist: we are not conscious of the operation of the vegetative functions by which we exist. Of all the processes by which the aliment is converted into blood, and the blood into the proper substance of the body, complicated as those processes are in an animal so high in the scale as man, as long as they continue healthy, we are wholly insensible. Why then should we imagine that these functions are attended with consciousness in the vegetable in which the processes themselves are so much more simple. If a wound be made in any part of the body, attended with the loss of substance, and the loss be repaired, new fibres arrange themselves, not only as if they were animated and intelligent, but the degree of wisdom with which they are disposed is absolutely perfect; yet all this is effected, not only without our having the least knowledge of the mode in which it is done, but even without our being sensible that it is done at all. We have therefore in ourselves a demonstration that vegetable life exists and acts without consciousness.

Notwithstanding, therefore, the labour which ingenious men have taken to perplex this subject, the faculties of sensation and voluntary motion do afford characters sufficiently real, invariable, and universal, to constitute a broad line of demarcation between these two great divisions of living beings.

We find that we have arrived at the end of our time and space without establishing ourselves much deeper than in the vestibule of these lectures. In our subsequent notices, having laid the foundation, we shall take a more rapid sketch of Dr. Smith's views. H.

ADVENTURES OF A FOREIGNER IN GREECE.

No. V.

CAPTURE OF THE CORSAIR BASSANO—DISCUSSIONS BETWEEN THE PACHÀS
—CHARACTER OF THE ALBANIANS—MOVEMENTS OF MAVROCORDATO—
TREACHERY OF VERNAKIOTIS AND MACRI—FIRMNESS OF MAVROCOR-
DATO—ESCAPE OF GUBERNATIS—CONDUCT OF THE MISSOLONGHITES—
DESCRIPTION OF MISSOLONGHI—PREPARATIONS FOR THE SIEGE—
CONVERSATION BETWEEN MARCO BOZZARIS AND THE PACHÀS—
JEALOUSIES OF THE THREE PACHÀS—SIEGE OF MISSOLONGHI—DEATH
OF GENERAL NORMANN—ASSAULT—DEFEAT OF THE TURKS.

At the time of our defeat at the battle of Peta, Bassano, as I have already said, was lying with two gun-boats in the Ambracian gulf, and had captured some vessels laden with provisions for Prevesa. The Turks were well acquainted with the name of this corsair, who had taken a great many English ships in the time of Napoleon. He had also rendered essential services to Ali Pachà. He was a man of the most dauntless courage, and universally feared, but more particularly by the Turks. At the commencement of the Revolution he went to Greece with a large sum of money, and engaged seamen, both Europeans and Greeks. He collected a body of two hundred men, with whom he hoped to do good service, both on shore and at sea. So long as he had money to maintain his men, all the Greeks were extremely cordial with him, and full of gratitude for the enthusiasm he displayed in their cause. But as soon as he was obliged to apply to the government for pay and rations, they began, with one accord, to treat him as an enemy, and actually to *reproach* him, for forming a company without resources for their support. My readers will, I am sure, hardly believe this to be possible. It is, however, perfectly true. Though Bassano saw that nothing was to be expected from these wretched people, he was so strongly attached to the cause of freedom, that he bought two gun-boats, armed them at his own expense, picked out all the best and bravest seamen from his company, and resolved to act as a corsair against the Turks. He stationed himself in the Ambracian gulf, where he captured all the ships bound for Prevesa. After many captures of some importance, he one day, in very bad weather, took a small vessel under British colours, laden with wine. Bassano and all his crew having drunk pretty freely, and being in high spirits, he proposed to them to go and take the Turkish brig which was stationed near the coast. He thought she had but few men on board, and hoped that a Turkish goletta which lay at anchor within the port of Prevesa would not be able to get out to her assistance in time. He accordingly advanced with his two gun-boats, and made a very gallant attack on the brig; and although her numbers were much larger than he imagined, he thought himself sure of success. While they were hotly engaged, the goletta, who had seen the attack upon the brig, had weighed anchor, and come to her assistance. Notwithstanding this, Bassano would not fly, but continued fighting bravely. The Turks on board the brig, however, seeing succour at hand, took

courage, and defended themselves until the goletta came up, and put Bassano's gun-boat between them. The other, seeing there was no chance, fled, and Bassano was taken prisoner, after losing ten men and having five wounded. The commander of the goletta put him into irons, and brought him into Prevesa, where he hanged all his crew. Bassano was taken before Giocatore Pachà, who received him very courteously, ordered his chains to be taken off, and complimented him on his courage. The pachà had known him in the time of Ali Pachà, and knew that he was a man of talent, and a good soldier. He told him that his life was in no danger, and that he would assign him a good house as a prison, until he could receive orders from Arta. Bassano was conducted to a house where he was guarded by only two soldiers.

At the expiration of a fortnight, orders came from Reschid Pachà to conduct him to Arta. Reschid received him with great respect; he knew that Bassano could furnish him with plans for the attack upon Missolonghi. Bassano's inclinations were constant on the side of freedom, but he thought that, probably, if he took service under the Turks, he might still be able to be of some use to the Greeks, by giving false intelligence. The pachàs immediately consulted him, and in a short time he became their principal confidant, and inspected their artillery, which was to be employed in the siege of Missolonghi.

Reschid Pachà had now minutely interrogated Bassano, and thought he had attached him to himself by saving his life; besides which, he imagined that Bassano must hate the Greeks for their treatment of him. He was aware that Bassano could be extremely useful to them at the siege of Missolonghi, as he was acquainted with the management of artillery. The pachàs unanimously declared him commander-in-chief of the artillery, and placed all the men attached to the guns implicitly under his orders. His prospects were thus rapidly changed from, apparently, certain death, to a high command. His hope was, that whenever the Greeks took any Turkish prisoner of distinction, he might be exchanged. We shall see hereafter, how well he behaved at the siege of Missolonghi, when he had it in his power to batter down that city, and thus revenge the injuries and insults he had received from the Greeks.

I must now return to the subject of the dissensions between Reschid Pachà and Omer-Vrioni, the latter of whom opposed the former in his endeavours to engage the Albanians in his service. It must be acknowledged that he had considerable reason for this. It was evidently the interest of the Albanians to protract the war, as they might be sure that, if the Turks subjugated Rómelia, it would not be long before Albania again fell into their power, in which event the Grand Signor would most assuredly have cut off the heads of all the Albanian chiefs, and filled their places with men upon whom he could rely. The Albanians are vindictive, fickle, and faithless in their treaties—enemies of all order and subordination. They, nevertheless, enter the service of any Pachà who will engage them, but always under the conduct of their own chiefs. They are always ready to change their master for any one who offers higher pay;—they are of no party—have no attachment to any

religion, and are Turks or Christians, indifferently, as it happens. Under Ali Pachà several entire districts abjured Christianity, and embraced the Musselman faith. After having sustained Ali Pachà in his revolt with great firmness, the Albanians attached themselves to the Turks, because they knew that the treasures of their late chief had fallen into their hands. They were somewhat undecided, whether to enter their service, but were at length prevailed on by their promises, to let themselves to hire to them, without any regard to their future and permanent interests.

While this dispute was going on between the two Turkish chiefs, Mavrocordato having received farther reinforcements, had collected fifteen hundred Greeks. Having sent the regiment and the European officers on to Missolonghi, he had taken up the position of Catouni, to guard the passage leading to the plain of the Acheloiüs. As he saw that his presence was very necessary at Vracouri, where he could more readily obtain information of the enemy's movements, both by land and sea, he entrusted the command to General Vernakiotis. Not a day passed without frequent skirmishes, in which the Greeks generally obtained some slight advantage. General Vernakiotis showed great coldness about attacking the enemy, and constantly procrastinated, alleging reasons which were manifestly mere pretexts. Nevertheless, he enjoyed so high a reputation, that Mavrocordato could not venture to remove him from the command. The affairs of Greece have uniformly been in the hands of traitors, because they were the men who had money, and the government was always too feeble to enforce obedience. Even the soldiers began to complain that the General kept them there doing nothing, when the path to victory was open before them.

At length, on the 17th of August, the Greeks intercepted some Turks, who were carrying letters to General Vernakiotis, from Reschid Pachà, requesting that he would give up certain Turkish prisoners, and offering pardon to the Greeks if they would submit. Mavrocordato, indignant at this conduct, wrote a letter to Vernakiotis, in which he reproached him with his baseness, and told him he should rather have died than have admitted any propositions of surrender. He concluded by urging him to act with more loyalty and patriotism for the future, unless he wished to be regarded as a traitor. Vernakiotis, who was insensible to shame or remorse, seeing that there was no hope of making advantageous terms with the enemy, and that all his plans were likely to end in nothing, determined to go all lengths in treachery, and promised Reschid Pachà to induce all his men to lay down their arms, on condition of receiving a large sum of money. In pursuance of this promise, he sent proclamations into all the provinces, exhorting the people to return to reason, and to their allegiance to the Turks, who would forget the past, and pronounce a general pardon. These proclamations alarmed the people in the neighbourhood of Valtos and of Xero-Meros. Those who did not choose to follow Vernakiotis, abandoned the position of Catouni.

After some insignificant skirmishes at Malacha, the Greeks were forced to abandon the right bank of the Acheloiüs; their only remaining hope then was, that they might be able to defend the passage of that river. Mavrocordato had left this position to Captain Macri, with

six hundred men, exhorting them to exert themselves to the utmost, like good patriots. He himself went, with three hundred men, to occupy the passage of Lepenou, a village situated near the mines of Stratos, in order to keep the Turkish cavalry in check, until the inhabitants of the plain of Vracori could escape with their flocks and herds into the mountains. The water of the river being low, the Greeks could not suppose that the enemy would remain long without trying to force a passage. Two hundred more Greeks, Crevariots, who had come to our assistance, were posted at the pass, between the lake and the mountains of Apokouro. By these means the time necessary to secure the escape of so many poor families, (who had nothing to do with these traitors,) to a place of safety, was gained.

Omer-Vrioni was now reconciled to Reschid Pachà, after passing two months in continual altercations, arising from mere jealousy; nevertheless, Mavrocordato, knowing the inertness of the Turks, hoped that they would delay until the rains would set in, and render the river impassable, and that he should thus been able to keep them in check. He little imagined that he should discover still farther treachery.

Captain Macri deserted his post, and led off his men to the mountains of Zigos. He afterwards alleged in his defence, that he had received intelligence that the enemy had effected a passage, with all his cavalry, above Stamma. But not one word of this was true. Macri had a personal enmity to Mavrocordato and to the Missolonghites. He had betaken himself to a place of safety, not caring the least whether Romelia fell into the hands of the Turks or not; or, indeed, I might say with greater justice, he had deserted his post purposely, to gain favour in their eyes, and get well paid for his treachery. If the enemy had instantly taken advantage of the flight of Macri, they might have seized Mavrocordato and all his men in the twinkling of an eye, and marched on to Missolonghi. But from what I have already said of their indolence and tardiness, my readers will not be surprised to hear that they gave him time to retire to the passage of Gerasono. He endeavoured to defend Mount Aracynthus, but by that time the enemy's cavalry had passed the river, halted one day at Stamma, and was now on its march towards the plain of Nataliko. Notwithstanding all these adverse circumstances, Mavrocordato never lost his courage. Not even the treachery of three of his captains in succession could shake his firmness. The situation in which he was placed was terrible; he was worn out with every kind of suffering and privation, from which he had reaped not the least advantage for himself or his country. Yet what afflicted him most was the perfidy, and baseness, and sordid selfishness, by which he was surrounded.

It was now absolutely necessary for him to decide, without loss of time, to what place he should retire. He might return into the Peloponesus by way of Salona, as the isthmus was not yet occupied by the enemy. He could no longer prevent the Turks from marching wherever they pleased. He knew that his presence would be very useful in the Peloponesus; nevertheless, after mature consideration of the situation in which he would leave Romelia, he said, "The inhabitants of this province do not deserve that we should sacrifice ourselves for them, but if I leave them they will instantly submit, and

the enemy's power will reach to Patras. The Peloponesus, which, now, can scarcely resist the army of Curchid Pachà, will be invaded by the army of Romelia, which will assist in subjugating it, and then what will become of the independence of Greece? No, we must die here." These are the very words he uttered, swearing that he would one day be revenged on the betrayers of their country. This resolution was unfortunately formed too late. He ought to have prevented their treachery at a time when it was in his power to rid Greece of such monsters.

The few officers who remained in the two sacred companies went off in different parties, determined no longer to endure the miseries to which they had been exposed. As I had gone to Greece full of enthusiasm for her cause, I would not leave the country without giving one more proof of my zeal and attachment. I determined, therefore, to remain with Mavrocordato, for whom I had always entertained the highest esteem. In this resolution I was joined by three other European officers. Mavrocordato was greatly mortified at the departure of the others, from whom he promised himself the most effective assistance at the siege. But how could he maintain them, when the Missolonghites had all abandoned their houses, carried off their property, and fled into the Peloponesus, where they thought they should be more secure, perfectly indifferent about the defence of their country.

The regiment still consisted of two hundred men, and had received its orders from Captain Gubenatis, who was appointed colonel. He had escaped from the battle of Peta, by remaining two days concealed in a bush of thorns, where he continually heard the enemy talking close to him. The Turks having at length quitted the spot, Gubenatis crept out, covered with blood; he had been unable to move in his concealment without being wounded in some part or other by the thorns. After enduring great fatigue, he rejoined his companions; who concluded he had been taken prisoner. When he heard of the acts of treachery that had been committed, and of Mavrocordato's determination to stay and perish in Missolonghi, he offered to stay with him if the Missolonghites would engage to pay the regiment, and allow them rations. As soon as the Missolonghites heard they should be required to furnish money, they advised the colonel to go to Salona, where he would find rich people who could maintain him; but that, as for themselves, they had not a penny. Mavrocordato told them how important it was for their interests to retain the regiment, as he had not forces to make head against so numerous an enemy. They were deaf to all his arguments, and turned their backs on him, saying, "You may do as you like; we shall abandon our country." Mavrocordato did not lose his patience, but arming himself with philosophy, told the regiment that he had no means of maintaining them, and that they must go to Salona, where he had no doubt they would find means to make themselves useful.

On the 5th of November, we once more entered Missolonghi, with two hundred men. The brave Marco Bozzaris had joined us with twenty-two Suliots. The Missolonghites had deserted their houses, utterly regardless of the future. Mavrocordato had taken the precaution to drive a large quantity of cattle into the town, with the

intention of salting the meat, in case our communication with the Peloponesus should be cut off.

The siege of Missolonghi deserves to be for ever celebrated in the history of Greece. I think nothing like it ever occurred in the whole world. To keep off fourteen thousand men by land, without arms, without walls, without men—only by talk; while, by sea, we were strictly blockaded by three ships, is, I think, unprecedented; nevertheless we did resist all this force, as will hereafter be seen. Often, when describing this siege, I have been unable to refrain from laughter at the recollection of this signal specimen of Turkish stupidity. I know I shall appear to exaggerate, but it is the naked truth.

Such was the situation of Missolonghi at that time, and the manner in which the walls were constructed, that I am certain that five hundred Europeans would have more than sufficed to carry the town the first day. The city had been slightly fortified at the beginning of the war, by means of a ditch eight feet wide and six deep, and a wall of earth, five feet high. The space within the wall was very large, for the convenience of the country people and their cattle. As soon as Mavrocordato had inspected the wall on all sides, he was perfectly aware that it was not in a state to resist fourteen thousand men, who were at a distance of not more than two hours' march. In many places fragments of the wall had fallen in from the rain. On examination, it was found that it was merely superficially placed on the earth, and had no foundation whatever. We immediately began to consider means of strengthening it with timber in the inside, as the rains had set in; and without some prompt repairs, it would have fallen in of itself. Mavrocordato gave orders to break open the houses of all the Missolonghites who had deserted the town, and to take casks, vats, and any loose timber they could find for the purpose, and even to pull down the houses for the materials. He hoped that if we were able to hold out against the Turks, when the Missolonghites returned and found their houses sacked and ruined, it would operate as a wholesome lesson to them and others, not to abandon their country when she most needed their assistance. There were three pieces of artillery in Missolonghi; they were posted at the point where we thought we had most to fear from the enemy. We constructed false batteries to deceive them with an appearance of a number of guns. We found three hundred bayonets in a magazine, belonging to the muskets which Mavrocordato had brought to Greece. The Greeks had taken away the muskets and left the bayonets, which they thought of no use. Had it not been for these bayonets, I think we should hardly have been able to impose on the enemy. Marco Bozzaris, knowing that the Turks had the greatest dread of the Europeans, particularly since the battle of Peta, (where, but for treachery, they would have been exterminated by them,) conceived the project of having the bayonets highly polished, that they might glitter as much as possible in the sun, and then fastened on poles and fixed at intervals round the walls, so as to present to the Turks the appearance of numerous sentinels on guard, which would lead them to conclude that the numbers within the walls were much more considerable than

they really were. There were two old broken drums, but nobody who knew how to beat them. We did our best, however, to make them believe we had troops continually exercising. While we were racking our inventions for stratagems, our men were all constantly employed in pulling down houses for the materials. We found some wine in the canteens, with the aid of which the soldiers worked with great spirit. Indeed, they were delighted at having leave to break into all the houses of the fugitives. Near the walls were two lofty churches, which were fitted up as batteries.

On the 7th of November Omer-Vrioni and Reschid Pachà opened the siege with fourteen thousand men, who were stationed round Missolonghi out of the range of our guns. There were two small churches which we had not had time to demolish;—these were fitted up as quarters for the pachàs.

Meanwhile Jussuf Pachà commanded at Patras, which he was blockading with two brigs and a goletta. We were under no fear of a descent from these vessels, because the shoals before that place are such as to render it impossible for even the smallest boat to come in to shore. To be perfectly secure, however, one piece of cannon was posted on the little island of Vassilato, which commands the entrance of the small stream which communicates with Missolonghi. Upon this island, though not more than a hundred paces in circumference, an immense number of families had taken refuge, and were waiting for an opportunity of passing over to the Peloponesus, which they were prevented doing by the enemy's ships. By night, however, under favour of the darkness, a few little boats, laden with families, occasionally got out, while the Turks, instead of being on watch, were all asleep.

If the Turks had made an attack on the town the moment they arrived before it, they would have met with no resistance whatever, and would have been masters of Missolonghi without firing a shot. Instead of this, they had hardly come within sight of it, when Omer-Vrioni, who commanded the Albanians, and took up his position on the right wing, thought proper to establish himself there, and for that purpose to fit up the church, which served him for a residence. He ordered barracks to be built for the men, instead of tents, to shelter them from the rain, and constructed raised batteries for the purpose of manœuvring the guns and mortars to more advantage. Bassano, the corsair, who had the command of the artillery, took care to post them in such a manner as to do but little injury to Missolonghi. Reschid Pachà, who commanded six thousand Asiatics, posted himself on the left wing. He also commanded barracks to be built, as if he intended to remain there for years. Bassano contributed greatly to the adoption of this plan, by insisting on the inclemency of the weather.

As soon as we saw the Turks approach, we opened a fire upon them. We had no ammunition, and were obliged to break up anchors, mortars, &c. as the best substitute we could find. The Turks hearing a continued fire, and seeing bayonets, believed we were some thousands strong, which strengthened them in their resolution to establish themselves in quarters, and to remain before the town till they

brought us to terms. What we had chiefly to fear was an immediate attack ; so that when we saw them busy constructing batteries, and pitching their camp, we took courage, and worked away at the repair and fortification of our walls. Occasionally the Turks advanced, under cover of some olive trees, within half musket shot, and fired upon us. We returned a brisk fire, and obliged them to retire, which they did with great speed whenever they heard the sound of our drum. After several days spent in skirmishing, with no important results, the pachàs thought that if they offered us terms, we should be sure to accept them. They accordingly sent a trumpet, to whom Mavrocordato and Marco Bozzaris replied, that they would hearken to no proposition of the kind ; but that they would consent to an armistice of a few days. The enemy granted eight days, and asked to confer with one of our chiefs. Marco Bozzaris replied, that upon their word of honour, he would quit the town and go into their camp. The pachàs promised that his person should be respected. This brave and excellent chief then, without the slightest hesitation, scaled the walls, and directed his course, entirely alone, towards the Turkish camp. The Turks, to prevent his seeing their batteries, came out to meet him, and, after many mutual compliments, they sat down on carpets, brought by the servants of the pachà. The attendants being dismissed, they remained three hours in conference, after which they rose, and having once more interchanged civilities, Marco Bozzaris returned to Missolonghi, and the pachàs to their camp. We had mounted the churches which we had converted into batteries, whence we could see this scene, and were waiting with the utmost impatience to hear the result. We went to meet the brave Marco. "Courage, my friends," said he, gaily, "the enemy thinks we are in great force, therefore we have nothing to fear." The following is the conversation between the pachàs and our brave chief, as I heard it from his own lips :

Omer-Vrioni.—How are you, Marco ? At length I hope we are about to be friends.

Bozzaris.—I should be extremely happy, provided it be on honourable terms.

Reschid Pachà.—You must submit to any terms we please.

Bozzaris.—If that is your opinion, I have only to return to Missolonghi, and let the fortune of arms decide.

Omer-Vrioni.—No ; I wish to be the father of the good, and the judge of the bad ; the terms I am going to offer you, are advantageous to yourself ; therefore, answer my questions truly. How many Franks have you in Missolonghi ?

Bozzaris.—Eight hundred.

Omer-Vrioni.—How many Greeks ?

Bozzaris.—We have about two thousand Greeks, and twenty-four pieces of artillery.

Omer-Vrioni.—Well, I will give you the command of any city in Romelia you choose ; subject, of course, to my orders. I will give the Europeans fifteen thousand Turkish piastres per man, and will provide vessels to convey them back to Europe. All your Suliots shall be at liberty to accompany you to whatever city you may choose.

to have the command of. As to the Missolonghites, and Mavrocordato and his followers, leave them to me; I will teach them to rebel.

Bozzaris.—Nothing can be more generous than your proposals, and I cannot find words to express my gratitude for your conduct towards me. You must be sensible, however, that this is a very delicate business, and that considerable time will be necessary to reconcile the minds of all. If I go back to Missolonghi and show any leaning in your favour, they will instantly put me to death; but with time and prudence, I have no doubt of being able to bring it about.

Omer-Vrioni.—I have full confidence in you; you will one day know Omer-Vrioni, and how he can reward.

Marco added, that after the few words at the beginning of the conversation, Reschid Pachà did not open his lips; but exhibited evident signs of displeasure at what passed.

During the few days of truce, we made a counter-foss within the other, as a precaution against an assault. We were now joined by two hundred men from Vassilato. This little island was perfectly secure from danger, in consequence of its singular situation. It has nothing to fear from the land on account of the shoals which surround it, and which do not permit even the little boats of the country to approach it.

Marco Bozzaris went out several times to confer with Omer-Vrioni. He constantly procrastinated, on the plea that the Greeks could not yet be brought to listen to terms of capitulation. Reschid Pachà was delighted to find that the Greeks refused to surrender, as he was jealous lest Omer-Vrioni should have the credit of reducing Missolonghi.

The continued rains which had now set in, put the enemy into some disorder. They were obliged to repair all their barracks, by which we again gained time. At length, as they saw that we came to no decision, they recommenced hostilities, firing twenty-four pounders at our wretched walls. Their shells fell without doing us the least harm; the match went out, and they did not burst. For this we had to thank Bassano, who contrived the matches in such a manner as not to burst the shells. Two or three did burst by accident, but even these did no harm. One fell down the chimney, into the midst of a number of people, who were warming themselves. The match immediately went out, and the people all stood as if they were petrified.

We soon discovered that the besiegers did not act unanimously, and that the greatest discord prevailed between the pachàs, each wishing to appropriate the whole credit of reducing Missolonghi. They were continually sending letters to Marco Bozzaris; every letter containing a different project and offering more advantageous terms than the last, to induce us to surrender. Though our situation was a most critical one, we could not help diverting ourselves at the stupidity and absurd conduct of the Turks. Mavrocordato had written most pressing letters to Hydra, describing his situation, and representing that, without prompt assistance by sea, he should be compelled to surrender. Jussuf Pachà being informed of the terms offered by Omer-Vrioni, and knowing the bad understanding which

reigned between the two pachàs, thought a fine opportunity presented itself for him to send the most indulgent proposals to induce the Greeks to submit to him. He promised a general pardon, and permission for all the Missolonghites to return, with entire security to life and property. He only required them to deliver up to him twenty individuals, whose names he mentioned. Mavrocordato was at the head of the list; but, he added, that probably he and all the others would be pardoned, if they would repose full confidence in him, and that the Missolonghites would find, in him, a tender father. Mavrocordato thought he might derive some advantage from this letter, by showing it to the besieging chiefs. This would be sure to create new dissensions, and would probably prolong the time till the arrival of the Greek ships, which had promised to come to his assistance. Marco Bozzaris, in his usual daring and gallant manner, went to the pachàs, and showed them what were the designs of the Pachà of Patras. As might be expected, they showed the greatest indignation at this discovery. "What!" exclaimed they, "the Pachà of Patras, with only three little ships which cannot move, wants to have all the honour of reducing Missolonghi while we are at its gates with fourteen thousand men, and can take it whenever we like? Our only reason for delaying is to spare, if possible, the effusion of blood." Marco Bozzaris seized this moment to say, "Well; offer us better terms than the Pachà of Patras, and most likely we shall accept them." Upon this the Turks promised to suspend hostilities again, and to resume their negotiations. Omer-Vrioni said to Bozzaris, "You must decide immediately. You must not pass months without coming to any resolution; otherwise my kindness will be changed into the most violent displeasure." Marco Bozzaris returned, however, fully determined to keep them in the same state of suspense, by means of letters.

He would not go without the walls any more, lest, as the pachàs were at variance, he should expose himself to some ill treatment. Letters were daily received from the enemy, directed to Marco Bozzaris, whose constant policy was to return such answers as kept up their hopes. It seems incredible that fourteen thousand men could be kept off by mere stratagem, and deterred from risking a general attack: but this is easily accounted for, if we consider that jealousy often induces men to forget the duties they owe to their sovereign. It was almost impossible to amuse them any longer with promises, as they themselves began to suspect Marco Bozzaris. On the 20th we saw eight Greek vessels sailing towards Missolonghi. The three Turkish vessels had received intelligence of this two hours before, by means of a small ship from the Ionian Islands; had it not been for their spies, the enemy's vessels would have been taken, but they were now enabled to make their escape into the Gulf of Patras. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by the appearance of the vessels; our only hope rested upon receiving succours from the Peloponnesus. The pachàs wrote again to Marco Bozzaris; but he would not even answer them; so that hostilities were renewed, though without any injury to us. The vessels carried eight guns; one of them was a thirty-six-pounder, which we placed upon one of the churches, and posted the others where we thought them most useful. Generals

Beliani, Mavromichale, and Andrea Zaione, from the Peloponesus, joined us with a thousand men. A great number of Missolonghites, who were in the Peloponesus, returned to Missolonga, in consequence of the arrival of the Greek vessels. But what was their surprise when they saw their houses levelled to the ground; whilst those who were fortunate enough to have saved their houses, found them open, and their property stolen. They applied to Mavrocordato, representing the situation in which they were placed, destitute both of home and property. He replied—"Had you remained in your houses, to defend your country, or left sufficient funds to maintain an efficient army, you would have preserved your property: you abandoned them: I therefore thought it expedient to fortify them, and thus convert them into means of defence to prevent your country falling into the hands of the enemy. If my soldiers have taken your provisions, and seized your effects, this is but a scanty reward for the toils they have endured; and if they have gained any thing by your desertion, you ought to be glad that it fell into the hands of your countrymen rather than of your enemies. You had much better have staid in the Peloponesus, than have returned to your country as base and cowardly as when you left her."

The Albanians several times approached the walls by day, without arms, to talk to us. They told us that the sorties made by the Asiatics, under the command of Reschid Pachà, were only for the purpose of trying what chance they had of success. Not a night had passed since the renewal of hostilities in which they did not attack us on some point; they were, however, always repulsed with loss. The enemy had more than two thousand horses, but without any other provender than what they found in the fields into which they were turned loose. They often came under the walls, where the grass was long, and we amused ourselves in shooting them; but as some hundreds of them died, the contagion with which they infected the air was eventually very injurious to us. We had, however, on the whole, reason to be satisfied, as the enemy were unable to recover the time they had lost. We lived, indeed, a life of toil, being obliged to remain every night upon the walls, exposed to an incessant rain; but we cheerfully submitted to a fatigue which has been productive of good consequences. Poor General Normann, the companion of our misfortunes, died at Missolonga in extreme distress, and almost in a state of nakedness. He had been deeply affected by the loss of so many brave men at the battle of Peta. Many of the Greeks said it was his own fault, since he had foreseen what the result would be, as his letter to Mavrocordato proved. He had been utterly destitute: no one would give him any money; he was no longer respected by the Greeks; and had fallen even in the estimation of Mavrocordato, in consequence of the mistake he was said to have committed. These miseries and mortifications brought him to the grave. In his last moments, he was continually calling upon his beloved wife. When he died, all the Greeks who were present began to weep, and some women of Missolonga brought him a shirt, a coat, and other articles of dress. The only persons to whom the Greeks ever offered their assistance, were those who could no longer profit by it. I often mentioned to Mavrocordato the general's situation. He replied, that he was sorry for him,

but could not relieve him. Such is the reward he received, and yet he was an officer of rank. Officers or other men disposed to go to Greece, may infer from this instance the treatment they have to expect, and the recompence which awaits them. I shall never forget the day on which the general was carried to church to be buried. He was attended by us Europeans, and by a great number of Greeks of both sexes, who did nothing but weep. They now made great lamentation over the deceased. All spoke in praise of his good qualities, of the services he had rendered to their country, and of the assistance he had brought to Greece. I could not help observing to some of the Missolonghites—"Why do you weep for him now that he is dead, and in a much better condition than yourselves, being released from his sufferings? You should have sympathised with him during his illness, and have procured him what he wanted, instead of deserting him." To this some of them replied, "How do you know that he is released from his sufferings? If we had not lighted up candles, and offered up our prayers for him, and if the bishop had not pronounced a benediction over him, he would now be in hell." To this I made no reply, but turned away from persons whom I thought unworthy of farther notice. I have reason to reproach Mavrocordato with the death of General Normann. Being ill after the battle of Peta, the general solicited a sum of money to enable him to go to the Ionian Islands for the recovery of his health. This was refused by Mavrocordato, who replied that he had none, which was probably true, but all his suite, consisting of Greeks, had abundance of money; the proportion of their expenditure, as compared with what they charged their country with, was about as two to ten. As for us three Europeans, we had very humble fare, and only nominal pay. How often have I heard the general say—"I am ill, and have not the means to go away; I must die among these ungrateful men!"

The continual rains were greatly in our favour. A destructive sickness broke out in the enemy's army; the horses died for want of food; the mud was knee deep, and the barracks and tents gave way, from the quantity of water. Reschid, seeing that the bad weather precluded all hope of success at present, and that his men were daily perishing, took up his quarters in the villages of Galata and Brocori, in the expectation of a change of weather, and for the purpose of restoring the health of his troops. It has been already said, that we had placed a thirty-six pounder upon a church. It was directed against the small church in which Omer-Vrioni resided. One of our balls went directly through the wall on one side, and fell near the pachà, who was smoking. He quitted his pipe with unusual alacrity, and retired to the distance of a mile, as he had no inclination to try the effect of a second shot.

There was a fisherman of Missolonghi, who spoke the Turkish language very well. He carried fish every day to the pachàs. On his return to Missolonghi, he faithfully related all that he had heard. He one day told us that the enemy were tired of the wretched life they led; that the Albanians threatened to revolt, and accused the pachà of having suffered the favourable moment to escape; that the pachà had received letters from the Porte, urging him to act with decision,

and make an attack. Omer-Vrioni had a conference with Reschid Pachà, in which they laid aside all their jealousies, and agreed on an immediate attack. Omer-Vrioni offered a reward of five hundred Turkish piastres to be immediately distributed among the men who would volunteer to lead the assault. Eight hundred soon presented themselves for this enterprise. The night fixed upon for the attack was the 5th or 6th January (O. S.) because, as it was the time of the Christmas festival, the pachàs thought that all the Greeks would be at church, according to their established custom. We knew all this plan eight days before. Mavrocordato sent letters to the Annatolite captains, who had taken refuge in the mountains, urging them to return to their duty, and not to follow the example of Gogo and Vernakiotis. He exhorted them to prove their attachment to their country by instantly marching with one accord against the enemy, whom they might surprise in his rear, whilst we attacked him in front. The Crevariots were to second this plan: Mavrocordato ordered on shore one hundred and fifty seamen from the Greek vessels, to augment our number, and added twelve pieces of cannon, that we might be well protected on all sides. The appointed night was anxiously expected, as that in which we were to reap the reward of all our toils. The duty assigned to us Europeans was to take care that the sentinels were awake. Our nights were spent in going the rounds with Mavrocordato, to rouse the Greeks who were asleep. A thousand times have I seen Mavrocordato cudgelling the Greeks, whom he had no sooner awaked, than they turned themselves round, and fell asleep again. Our only fear indeed was, that we should be surprised in some point where the sentinels were not on guard. In fact, on the expected night, Mavrocordato ordered all to be at their posts. It was four hours after midnight; nothing was heard, not even the firing of the enemy's cannon, as was usual on other nights: we knew not what to think, when, suddenly, we heard horrible cries, and all the enemy's batteries opened a brisk fire. We ran to the part whence the cries proceeded. Eight hundred Albanians had, unperceived, approached the fosse, which a brave standard-bearer had leaped. He had twice climbed the walls, upon which he had placed his standard, and having effected an entrance, killed two sentinels who were asleep. If the Albanians had remained silent, and the enemy's batteries had not fired so soon, the Turks would have taken Missolonghi. Behind were a thousand men, to support the eight hundred who were scaling the walls, and these were followed by the main army. The Greeks thought that the attack would not take place that night, as the morning was fast approaching. Our whole force advanced to the point of attack. The standard-bearer was mortally wounded. The Albanians, who were to mount the walls, were slightly armed with sabres and pistols. Each man carried a fascine to throw into the fosse, to fill it up, as, from the heavy rains, it was very full of water.

The combatants fought man to man; but as the assailants laboured under many disadvantages, and the continuance of the rain prevented their obtaining a firm footing, they were compelled, at the expiration of half an hour's unavailing efforts, to relinquish the attempt. As we drove them back into the fosse, we commenced a destructive fire, which killed a great number of them, while they were endeavouring to pass

to the other side. The troops by whom they were supported were prevented firing upon us, lest they should kill their own companions in the fosse: on the contrary, our fire had its full effect upon both, whilst we lost not a single man from the incessant fire of their batteries. The enemy left in this attack six hundred men on the field of battle, and two hundred wounded. We had only two men killed, whose death may be attributed to their own neglect of duty. The standard-bearer not being dead, Mavrocordato ordered his wounds to be dressed. This brave young fellow would have probably recovered, had he not been assassinated by night in his bed, by two Missolonghites; from what motive I know not. The enemy returned to their camp without firing a single shot. The Greeks descended from the walls to strip the dead, among whom there was not one without money.

Fifteen days passed, and no movement was discernible on the part of the enemy. The morning of the 20th, Marco Bozarris, reconnoitring with his glass as usual, could discover nothing, not even the smoke arising from their fires. Surprised, and scarcely knowing how to believe that they could have thus retreated without any further hostilities, he despatched eight Suliotes to ascertain the fact. After an hour's absence, they returned with the joyful news that the enemy had decamped, leaving all their provisions.

No sooner had the Greeks received this intelligence, than they opened the gates, threw themselves over the walls, and rushed into the enemy's camp, where they found a great many barrels of powder wet with sea water, cases of cartridges, biscuits, and a great number of bales of rice, which, in case they should be poisoned, they threw into the sea. The Greeks, knowing that it is the custom of the Turks to bury what they wish to conceal, searched the earth with their ramrods. Feeling resistance, they began to dig, and found ten pieces of cannon, with their carriages, which, it was subsequently ascertained, had been left there by the enemy, in the hope of soon returning with a reinforcement. The Turks were impressed with a notion that we should attack their centre, and, influenced by this groundless fear, fled as if they had been really pursued. The whole plain of Missolonghi was covered with bodies of men and horses which had been left to the birds of prey. This was intended to show their contempt for the Turks; though the only persons, in fact, injured, were themselves, by the production of a most terrible epidemic. Mavrocordato wisely gave orders for the immediate pursuit of the intimidated enemy, under the persuasion that he should take the pachàs, and put the rest of the army to the sword. The enemy knowing they were pursued, with much difficulty reached Bracori, with almost all their troops in a state of sickness, and horses that could scarcely stand on their feet; some of which having been, for this reason, abandoned by the enemy, were found by us on the way. Omer-Vrioni, knowing that the river Achelous was impassable, from the heavy rains, gave himself up for lost, his troops being incapable of fighting. The error of Mavrocordato, at so critical a moment, was unpardonable. We arrived with fifteen hundred men at the village of Carafola, two miles distant from Bracori, where it was known the enemy had been compelled to stop, with worn out troops, a scarcity of provisions, and horses that, from weakness, were unfit for service; and it was well known that the

Turks are no sooner unsuccessful than they are good for nothing. I think that these reasons combined, should have induced Mavrocordato to compel the Turks either to pass the river or to surrender. Neither the Greeks nor the Turks improved the first victory, to secure a second. Mavrocordato remained almost a month in this position, looking at the enemy without firing a shot. Omer-Vrioni, who was in continual apprehension of an attack, at length passed the river with the loss of fifty men; and a great number of horses were shot and carried away by the current. The physician of Omer-Vrioni, a Greek, who was tired of staying with the Turks, and afraid of being drowned, pretended at the moment of passing the river, that he had forgotten some medicines intended for the use of the pachà, and that he had left them in the house in which he had lodged at Bracori. He then took one of the pachà's best horses, but instead of going to Bracori, came to our camp. He told us that the pachàs had had no doubt but that they would be attacked, and that their destruction would have been total. Mavrocordato was sensible of his error; he, however, urged as a reason, which was in some respects satisfactory, that the officers had opposed him, thinking the enemy stronger than he really was. Thus it has ever been, and will continue to be. No government can maintain its authority, that has not power to enforce obedience.

Captain Macri, although he had abandoned his post, was nevertheless appointed commandant of Missolonghi, after the departure of Mavrocordato in pursuit of the enemy. It is necessary to inform the reader, that Captain Macri, under the Turkish government, was a *butcher* at Patras, which will account for the talents by which he was distinguished. A Turkish vessel was coming from Patras, with one hundred and forty Albanians, who, after some years' service, had amassed a sufficient fortune, and obtained permission to return home. The pilot, not sufficiently acquainted with the depth of the water, ran the vessel a-ground, and a breeze springing up, drove her farther ashore, so that it was found impossible to get her off. Some fishermen went immediately to Missolonghi, and gave information of the state of the vessel loaded with Albanians. The Missolonghites, in great numbers, repaired to the ship in boats, in which they had mounted cannon, and were going to fire, when the Albanians, seeing that there was no other alternative, proposed, by signal, to surrender on terms. Captain Macri ordered two of the Albanian chiefs to come on shore, on parole, to make terms. He promised to spare all their lives, and to send them home, on condition that they gave up all their effects. To this the Albanians, seeing no other means of escape, consented. They were then landed, disarmed, and conducted to Missolonghi. There were twelve superior officers, and two beys. The latter were lodged in a house, and the others in a church. Information was sent to Mavrocordato, for the purpose of receiving the requisite orders. Captain Macri knowing that they were very rich, and that they would produce him a fine booty, would not wait for the instructions of Mavrocordato, who, he was certain, would apply their riches to the benefit of the country. He, therefore, thought it more advisable to seize them himself, and to put to death all the Albanians, that no one might know the extent of their property. The next day, he ordered the

hundred and twenty-eight Albanians to be bound, conducted out of the city, and in the very church of St. Basilic, in which Omer-Vrioni had lodged, caused them to be stripped to their shirts, taking from them all they possessed; not one had less than 8000 Turkish piastres; some had even 20,000. Captain Macri presided over this infamous transaction. At length they were led out by a different door, bound two and two, and compelled to sit down on the ground, that they might all be put to death at once. It is impossible to describe the courage of these Albanians, when they were thus stripped and bound for the slaughter; many of the Missolonghites taunted them, and told them that they would be all massacred in an hour. The Albanians replied: "What a noble act will this be! We take your word of honour, and you rob and murder us; but we must bear it with patience; we ought to have fought to our last breath; and instead of trusting to you, have taught you to know the Albanians." Fifty were already stripped; when an order arrived from Mavrocordato, forbidding any prisoner to be put to death, or his property to be touched; and reserving to himself the power of applying it to public purposes, if he should think proper. Macri then suspended his orders for that day, and sent those who had not been stripped, to the church of Missolonghi; but allowed the people to kill, at their pleasure, the remaining fifty. It is impossible to express the fury with which the people threw themselves upon these unfortunate men, and the terrible sufferings they inflicted in putting them to death. Early the next morning, Captain Macri ordered his men to convey three or four of them at a time into the fields, and dispatch them in the same manner as the fifty. This was accomplished with so much precaution, to prevent opposition, that the Missolonghites were not even aware of it. The twelve superior officers still remained; and as Macri knew that they possessed great wealth, he sent his men to transport all their property to his own house.

This was not seen by the Missolonghites without indignation. They expected their share of the plunder, according to the agreement before the surrender of the vessel: they, therefore, determined to go to Macri's house, from which intention they were not dissuaded without great difficulty, nor till he had promised that he would show them all he had taken, and divide it among them; with this, however, they were at length satisfied, proposing to Captain Macri to spare the lives of the twelve superior officers, and to demand a sum of money for their ransom, or to exchange them for Greek prisoners, and particularly for Bassano, who had conducted himself so well towards the Missolonghites. Captain Macri, to appease the tumult, promised this at the moment; but thinking afterwards, that by saving the lives of these officers, he should be unable to conceal the knowledge of what they possessed, he determined to get rid of them; he therefore ordered his men to take them away, but to leave the two beys, for fear of alarming the Missolonghites. The reason he alleged was, that they had treated the Greeks so ill at Patras, that their death was merited; and, in fact, they were led out of the city, and underwent the same fate as the others. They met death with a haughty intrepidity worthy of men, showing by their looks their scorn of Greek perfidy and cow-

ardice. The Missolonghites would have opposed the death of the two beys, and conveyed them to another house, but Macri, who had resolved on their destruction, ordered a hundred of his men to seize them, and to fire upon any one who should offer to resist his orders. The two beys were, therefore, led out of the gates, when one of the subordinate officers of Macri said to them: "You recollect how ill you treated the Christians at Patras, and the great numbers of them you put to death." The younger of the beys replied: "I then did my duty as commandant of Patras; it is now for you to do yours: strike." With these words he bowed his head to receive the stroke. The other bey said: "Tell Captain Macri, that if all his conquests are like this, I would advise him to return to his former profession."

The treasure of these two beys amounted to an immense sum, as they had boxes full of jewels. Captain Macri, conscious of the atrocity of the act he had committed, and unwilling to be present at the arrival of Mavrocordato, summoned several Missolonghites, to whom he gave two hundred thousand Turkish piastres, to be distributed among the inhabitants, saying that this sum was all he had taken from the prisoners, and that he was now obliged to leave them. The Missolonghites, although they knew that this was not the twentieth part of what he had taken, were compelled to submit. Macri repaired to the mountains to bury the treasures he had acquired, unconcerned for the distress suffered by his country, and particularly Missolonghi, which had sustained the blockade, and was under an engagement to pay the ships, which were daily threatening to quit the service, unless they received the stipulated pay. Such has been the conduct of the heroes of Greece.

One of the fifty Albanians who had received a pistol wound in his arm, and another wound in the shoulder, pretended to be dead, and for three days remained naked and exposed to the rain, among the dead bodies of his comrades. He was driven by hunger to venture among the vineyards in quest of food. Here he remained five days longer with his wounds open. Some Greeks at last took him in, and conducted him to Missolonghi, where he was ordered to be clothed and taken care of, for it was thought almost a miracle that he had survived eight days, during the winter, in so deplorable a state. It will probably be scarcely believed that Macri, being informed that the Missolonghites had saved this Albanian, and cured him of his wounds, sent by night and caused him to be murdered, lest he should reveal what was the extent of his comrades' property. Mavrocordato returned to Missolonghi: he was extremely indignant at Macri's conduct; but he was by this time sufficiently acquainted with the character of the Greek chiefs, to know that they would even sacrifice their own parents for money.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

5th. **THOUGH** we heartily despise the sycophancy and abhor the frequent malignity of the John Bull, we have never concurred with those who consider it as an instrument of unmixed mischief, and we believe that our occasional commendations of it, or qualified censures, have alarmed some of our friends and caused them to look upon us as little better than the ungodly. We would however proceed on the principle of doing as we would be done by, or, to express it more profanely, of giving the Devil his due, and therefore, while we have not been slow to remark on the vices of the Bull, we have been ready to allow it all fair credit on the other hand for its merits. It is our business to be critical; and in order to be that, we must be discriminative: it is our pride to be just, and we have as much pleasure in discovering matter for praise in an adversary, as Mrs. Candour has in finding a flaw in a friend. Lest in saying this it should be supposed that we mean to arrogate any extraordinary merit, we will frankly confess, that the virtue to which we lay claim is mainly attributable to a certain coldness of complexion—*indifference* is at the root of it. Better men are better lovers and “better haters,” and in the warmth of their indignation against the general abuse of an antagonist’s powers, they reproach us for acknowledging them, and further for declaring that they are occasionally properly directed. We think that they are in error here: allowing that the instrument with which they have to cope has generally a mischievous aim, still they gain nothing by denying the glitter of its metal and the fineness of its edge, and it cuts not the less keenly because they pronounce it blunt. The sounder policy is fairly to state its properties, to confess the truth, that it is a sharp tool for slight subjects, but ridiculously inoperative on great ones. We admit its efficiency when we see Mr. — cutting hairs, corns, and pimples with his razor, but we scoff when on the strength of these achievements we see him hewing away with it at the trunk of an oak. His is an instrument for persons, not things. He may trim a quack with it most worthily, or cut a throat with it most basely, but its uses and abuses stop here; they are strictly personal and extend not to things. The attempts at reasoning in John Bull are despicable; his strength lies in persiflage, and he has considerable dexterity in obscenity. Our idea of the writer is that of a man whose grand school has been a dinner table. There is the easy, not ungraceful chit-chat colloquy; the loose argument—mere babble when the disputant is cool; a brawl when he is, or thinks it behoves him to be, earnest—and lastly, the proneness to smut, and adroitness in turning all things to indecency. These are the mahogany features of the John Bull; and some of them are bad in themselves, and some he applies to bad or good account indifferently. His persiflage often makes fools laugh at the expense of worthy and respectable men, but sometimes it falls on a legitimate subject, a quack, to the great joy of our souls. Humbugs in authority are sacred in the eyes of the John

Bull, for he is abject in sycophancy; but it is delightful to see him worrying a genuine, an undoubted humbug, who has not this sanction; and on this talent, and an antipathy to one peculiarly odious description of cant, we have more than once complimented him; and by so doing, have, we are aware, given some offence to the most estimable and esteemed of our friends. But we have always argued that the Bull had its good points as well as its vices, and we rejoice that on this fifth day of November, in the year of our Lord 1826, he has furnished a most honourable evidence of the truth of our opinion, by showing himself free, in one instance at least, from the mean spirit of party animosity, and doing justice to the character of an adversary, placed on his defence under circumstances which rendered him peculiarly obnoxious to prejudice. We must avow that we read with extreme gratification, the article in the John Bull, declaring that the character of Mr. Hume was left *sans tache et sans reproche* by his explanation of the transaction in the Greek Loan which had subjected him to suspicion. Next to the sincere pleasure we felt at seeing Mr. Hume deliver himself from the charges which appeared to bear on him, was that of hearing the verdict of innocence pronounced by his old and most pertinacious assailant.

The above we wrote on the 5th, as Bartley says, actuated by "a sudden impulse." On the 12th, a long article in the John Bull, headed "Mr. Hume," commenced with this paragraph:—

"We are very much surprised that some of our readers have misunderstood our sentiments upon Mr. Hume's transactions in the Greek Loan. We should be mortified indeed, if we thought that Mr. Hume himself, dull as he is, did not justly appreciate the bitter irony of our expressions."

We are silenced. The John Bull has given our friends and its enemies, the laugh against us this time; but we have learned a lesson which will prevent us from ever again being betrayed into a similar error by any kind of faith in the *infidus scurra*.

12th. Some well-meaning individual, who has probably derived his ideas of the world from the pages of the circulating library, has written a letter, rather in the Cambyzes vein, to the editor of the Examiner, on the subject of Seduction, which crime he lays mainly to the account of the higher orders, and for the correction of which he calls for a sturdy moralist "to declaim in accents of severe reprobation," &c.

"Is it enough to tell the world that such things are, unless some bold and sturdy moralist has courage to denounce the state of society as it at present exists; and especially to declaim in accents of severe reprobation on the conduct of those *fashionable sensualists*, who daily boast of conquests which ought to hurl them to perdition, when they reflect that they are followed by such consequences as have lately been brought to light! It is in vain I have examined the modern periodicals for some pen more caustic, more sententious than my own, who would animadvert on the villainy of man as it deserves,—who would expose in glaring colours the perfidy of those promises which

lead the weaker sex astray. * * * * * Must all the odium be cast upon the poor deluded victim of love, while the fell betrayer, unscouted and unexposed, is at liberty to go to the assembly to-morrow, and with unblushing front to talk, to laugh, to dance, as if his fame was white as driven snow? No; let us drag the monster into light, strip him of his peacock mask, and write his crime in characters that never die; or, if we cannot trace his real name, let us at least give such publicity to his guilt, that no man feeling he deserves the stigma shall dare to show his face in public."

The worthy writer proceeds throughout on a false assumption. He lays the main blame on fashionable sensualists, and men "who go to assemblies," and these undoubtedly are the seducers in the tales of the circulating libraries; but those who know the world, know that there is infinitely more seduction practised by clowns than by gentlemen. Your Hodge, your pastoral character, your *simple* peasant, your Damon or Colin of poetry, is the great destroyer of chastity; nor has he ordinarily to encounter any very vigorous resistance, for the parish policy has caused in the provinces an extreme relaxation of female virtue. Girls yield on speculation, calculating that their seducers, having the fear of a sentence of affiliation before their eyes, will be compelled to marry them, and that thus, by surrendering their honour, they will secure a husband—their virtue is the sprat which they readily throw out to catch a herring. For the truth of this representation I appeal to any one who knows the country. It is lamentable in every point of view; but it is true, and the fault is with the administration of the bastardy-laws, which has introduced infinite immorality, and caused a boundless propagation of the very mischief intended to be repressed. It offers a premium to frailty, and though the reward is not obtained perhaps in seven cases out of ten, the frailty is hazarded, and the mischievous consequences of it fall on the party and the public. The idea may shock sentiment, but it nevertheless is true, that if marriages between the seducer and the seduced were discouraged, there would be fewer cases of frailty in humble life. In Flanders, the female peasantry think nothing of having had *one* child, which they phrase a *malheur*—the scandal is in a plurality. I remember being much surprised on first visiting that country, when some very young unmarried girls applying to a lady of my acquaintance for the place of nursery-maid, recommended themselves, by saying, that they had had a *malheur*, and were consequently the better qualified for the situation. This will soon be the case in our provinces; the first child being a mere trading speculation, a venture in the matrimonial lottery, will be considered no dishonour. To have more will probably be accounted infamous, as the consequence, not of the commercial greatness of the organ of acquisitiveness so largely tolerated in this trading country; but of the paw-paw proportions of the bump of amativeness, for which there would not be the same pardon,—as we excuse sins of profit, but not sins of taste.

Next to the clowns, perhaps, the soldiers are most chargeable with seduction. But who are the Lotharios of a regiment? Not the officers, but the privates. For one poor girl seduced by the officers,

there are twenty seduced by the men. Nay, the success of the officer is often only the consequence of the success of his right or left hand file. He but follows those whom he leads. Men of fashion, again, can seldom muster activity enough to be seducers. They are generally content to take their pleasures without much trouble, ready made, as they can get them. There are exceptions. There are accomplished scoundrels, or Lotharios, as they are termed, undoubtedly, to be found among them; and the writer in *The Examiner* conceives, that if the crimes of one of this stamp were properly exposed, "no woman of character would sanction his visits." Alas! he is most egregiously mistaken. These are exactly the men who are most flatteringly received by women. A bad case of crim. con. or seduction, gives the man an interest in their eyes, as they are curious to see what the fellow has about him to make him so dangerous. The melancholy fact is, that women have little sympathy with the fallen of their sex, and consequently they feel little hostility towards their undoers. They will be exasperated to bitterness against a bad husband, a Sir John Brute, but more than tolerant of a Lovelace. A lady who, tripping to her coach, recoils from the passing touch of a starving street-walker, will suffer herself to be handed into her carriage by the very gallant colonel who had reduced the girl to prostitution. These are melancholy moral solecisms; but the declamation of the censor will not cure them. The misery occasioned by the fashionable or genteel libertine is, however, small compared with that chargeable against the peasant; and this latter evil may be in a great degree remedied by an improvement of the law of bastardy, which, as at present administered, directly encourages frailty, and serves as a powerful auxiliary to Hodge in the prosecution of his affairs of gallantry.

8th. All things have their use; even the self-sufficient coxcombrity of the Secretary of the Admiralty has been serviceable. When Sir Humphry Davy discovered a mode of securing copper sheathing from decomposition by sea water, all the small fry of philosophy were in ecstasy, running about and wondering, whether Parliament would vote five, ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand pounds to the scientific baronet for keeping our bottoms clean; fortunately Mr. Croker chose, *pro hac vice*, to be a chemist, and with no better apparatus than his vinegar cruet, (which, as he had just finished an article for the *Quarterly*, was out of use,) saw cause to doubt the great result, much to the discomfort of the little President of the Royal Society, who fizzed and vapoured like his own potassium at the unexpected contact. There was some amusing squibbing on the occasion. The experiment was tried, and has utterly failed. The protectors are to be removed from all sea-going ships; as it is now evident, that the accumulation of shell-fish and weed on the protected sheathing, renders the copper utterly useless. Now if it had not been for the doubts suggested by Mr. Croker's vinegar cruet, Sir Humphry would, in all probability, have pouched his parliamentary reward: there is no precedent for refunding in such cases.

— Nought is for a sinecure, as for love, too high, and nought too low. "Place levels ranks, lords down to cellars bears." Here are some examples of these profound truths: The Reverend R. H. Whitelock is post-

master at Manchester—the *Reverend* G. Lawrence is parish clerk of St. Clement Danes, and executes the office by deputy, taking forty pounds a year himself, and allowing the remaining fees, about twenty-five pounds, to the sexton, who does the duty. I am told, and, considering the propensities of the family, believe it to be true, that a Colonel Beresford is clerk, or sexton, or pew-opener, of St. Andrew's, Holborn. Perhaps the gallant officer does not appear in person—the Beresfords are dead hands at a sinecure.

9th. It would be unreasonable to require consistency of Quarterly Reviewers, throughout the series of their publication, or during a year, or even in one number; but we think we have some right to expect it to be observed in one article. The Laureat, in a review of Sandoval, the Freemason, in the last Quarterly, uplifts his voice, and testifies in these terms:—"As to ourselves, though firmly persuaded that the Spanish religious system, supported even in the constitution of 1812, by the exclusion of all others, has a direct tendency to produce atheism; we feel bound solemnly to declare, that *we never met in that country*—and we are now approaching to the experience of half a lifetime—with an infidel who assumed the cloak of sanctity." This was in vindication of a royalist bishop. Anon, in the same article, the loyal doctor has occasion to speak of a constitutional priest, when mark the change of doctrine:—

"A native of the province of Biscay, whose real name we have not the means to give, resided as a friar of the order of St. Francis, at Cadiz, about the year 1809. Having, as it not unfrequently happens among the Spanish priesthood, become an *infidel*, and being of too bold a temper to continue in that kind of *passive dissimulation which is the common resource in such cases*, he left Cadiz for Mexico, where he expected to enjoy more liberty."—*Quarterly Review*, p. 491—503.

This is a fair specimen of critical impartiality, and ultra-loyal consistency.

By the way, this same number of the Quarterly is beautifully written; and on the subject of hypocrisy it is most especially happy, not only in argument, as we have seen, but also in style. In page 446, I find this elegant passage:—"The man who does not feel that virtue must be respected, has *no call to be* a hypocrite." Surely the man who could perpetrate this grating vulgarism, had "no call to be" a critic.

10th. Some nice legal questions have arisen lately, out of the misdoings of bulls and cows. A bull, the other day, walked into the private passage of a shop, and demanded admission like a knight of old, by winding his horn—winding it, we mean, into the bell, and pulling at the same, whereupon the warder, in the shape of a slut of all work, came to the portal, and seeing so rude an intruder, and feeling herself, as she confessed, no match for a bull, she banged the door in his face, screamed with energy, ran the changes on the four pleas of the crown, and raised the neighbourhood. The bull remained unmoved; and the multitude, seeing the posture of the case, and observing that nature, foreseeing the event, had provided a convenient piece of tackle

for the guidance of the bull's stern, seized him, according to the manifest intention of the goddess, by the tail, and tugged at it till they fairly dislodged him, but in so doing they broke the shop windows. Who was answerable for the damage? Not the mob, for they pulled the bull's tail for the public good: and it was clearly not just that the shopkeeper should suffer the loss. Equity pointed to the owner of the bull as responsible for the perversity of his beast, but he declared that his bull was faultless, and therefore that no liability could fall on him. His bull, he contended, was not intrusive, but near sighted! Here was a difficulty—how would the law decide? It would clearly hold, that the bull should have worn spectacles, and that the owner's *laches* in not remedying the natural defect of the bull's eyes by the resources of art, rendered him liable for all the mischief which occurred from the indistinctness of the bull's vision.

Here is another case of an enraged cow, which, like Billy Lack-a-day, "forgetting all genteel behaviour," losing sight of the decorum of her sex, and the grave demeanour that becomes her species, pursued a gentleman into a pastrycook's shop, and sent him flying over the counter, to the destruction of tarts, jellies, puffs, custards, &c.

"Last evening a cow, apparently enraged, ran up Fleet-street, and pursued a gentleman into the shop of Mr. Leftwich, a pastry-cook. Several ladies who were in the shop at the time were exceedingly terrified, and the gentleman leaped [Ladies don't leap] over the counter to avoid being gored. Tarts, jellies, puffs, &c. were strewed about in great profusion; and the animal, after keeping possession for some time, quietly left the shop. The gentleman was about to follow, when he was stopped by Mr. L., and asked for payment of the loss he had sustained, in consequence of the visit of himself and his pursuer, the cow; the gentleman insisted that he was not liable, and was making off, when Mr. L. took hold of his coat-skirt; but he escaped from his grasp, and Mr. L. was obliged to put up with the loss."

In this case we cannot hold the gentleman liable for the damage. What is a man to do with an enraged cow on one side, and a cold custard on the other? Which shall he shun, the demolition of the custard, or the horns of the cow? Who will regard a calf's foot jelly, when threatened with a cow's heel? The gentleman observed the law of nature in sacrificing the sweets to his safety, and he had an equitable right to resist the demand of the pastry-cook, for he was the last link in a pre-ordained chain of pastry-destroying causes, wherein the cow appears in the light of the main mover. Neither, on the other hand, ought Mr. Leftwich to suffer for the deeds of the cow. The owner of a cow, subject to "sudden impulses," or fits of passion, whether occasioned by love or jealousy, ought to be responsible for her vagaries.

From the cow, I pass once more to the Bull—not the blind bull, but the John Bull, who has got into a posture which requires that he should be pulled lustily by the tail. From the mere love of virtue I pay sevenpence of our Cæsar's money regularly every Sunday morning, for this moral publication; but this I will no longer do, if it persists in

its present courses. In a notice to correspondents to-day, November 19th, I read these words:

"The pamphlet on Mr. Macculloch has been received, and will be properly noticed next week."

The pamphlet here alluded to is, doubtless, that which convicts the Economist of having, as Loader would genteely phrase it, *tipped* the editor of the Edinburgh Review some old traders,—in other words, sold old lamps for new ones,—in other words, turned *duffer*, and dressed the Blue and Buff up in some thread-bare articles, made to look new by the ingenious process of picking out the inverted commas. This device very little mattered, because, as it was never supposed that the articles would be penetrated by the public eye, it did not signify what they were made of—nevertheless, however, it was a Hebrew trick; and the John Bull, of course, is going to rail loudly at it. In the very paper, however, that contains the threatening notice I have quoted, I observe a theatrical article, purporting to be original, but, in fact, made up almost entirely of odds and ends from the daily papers. Here is a passage, for example, which I saw during the week bandied about by the different prints, in their entertaining battledore and shuttlecock manner, till I was weary of encountering it:—

"The Opera opens next week. Mr. D'Egville has returned from Paris, and is preparing a new ballet, called Alcibiades. The new artists engaged for the dancing department are, Messrs. Blazi, (of the theatre at Bourdeaux,) Morante, (brother of the celebrated dancer at Paris,) and Mesdames Fleurot and Buron. The Opera will decidedly open with the masterpiece of Spontini. It will be a piquante novelty to see Madame Caradori in the difficult part of *La Vestale*, and Astley's horses, which are said to be engaged for a certain number of nights. Besides Donzetti and Zuchelli, the management have made proposals to Galli. No answer has been received: but the dangers of the sea are alleged as the reason. Query—Rossini has promised to come: will he keep his promise?"

Now, if it is wrong for a writer to serve up his own old things as new, still more inexcusable is it for one to serve up other peoples' old things for new. It is, as I have before said, a Hebrew trick in either case, and the delinquents will doubtless, in their defence, adopt the protestations of the Jew clothesmen, and insist upon it that their old articles are "*baater as new—baater as new*."*

15th.—I have before observed, that Charles Wright is the only swan of the age who now lays, and boundless indeed is the fertility of his genius,—inexhaustible the fountain whence he draws his inspiration. Every morning as we sit over our breakfast table, we find him at his matins, singing the praises of his champagne, and he makes the evening papers resound too with his notes.

Shameful it is to consider that the Laureat, who has a King full of

* i. e. *Better than new, better than now*—the gabble of the children of Israel in the old clothes markets, the greatest nuisances in London, and almost as impenetrable as Macculloch's articles.

virtues to praise, cannot squeeze out a birth-day ode once in seven years; while the immortal Wright, with a bottle for his theme, can produce two or three stanzas in honour of it every day in the year. Surely the offices of these bards should be reversed—Southey ought to praise gooseberry; and Wright, George. But destiny has cast their lots differently; and we can only lament that the flights of the first poetic genius of the age are confined to the cellar. The world must, however, do justice to his merits, and with that view we propose a publication of the Anthology of the Colonnade, which will be found to abound in every description of excellence. For an example of a rare kind, take the following gem, after the antique manner.

MINSTRELSY of the OPERA COLONNADE.

No. 1001.

The Bard, be sure, was Sillery wise, who fram'd
The Grand new Ballad of Charles Wright's Champagne.

Coleridge's "Sillerine Leaves."

The Kyng hee sytles inn Wyndesore Colwerre,
Drinkyng the foamie Wyne;

"Oh! where dydde yee gette the goode licqoure
Chatte filles thisse glasse off myne!"

App and spake Schyr William Rynghytoun,
Satte attle the Kyng's ryghte knee,

"Charles Wryght's Champayne is the beste licqoure
Chatte ehere crossitt the sea."

— The Laureat has addressed a letter in these terms to the Speaker of the House of Commons:—

"Sir—Having without my knowledge been elected to serve in the present Parliament for the Borough of Downton, it becomes my duty to take the earliest opportunity to request you to inform the Honourable House, that I am not qualified to take my seat, inasmuch as I am not possessed of the estate required in the Act passed in the ninth year of Queen Anne.—I have the honour to be,

"R. SOUTHEY."

This is a shrewd hint to the Laureat's friends that they should have given him the qualifying estate, together with the seat.

25th.—If it be pleasure to see a sinner turning from the error of his ways, and breathing hymns of praise from lips that but now blasphemed; extreme must be the joy of that god-like gentleman, Mr. Martin, on reading this paragraph in the Morning Chronicle, a paper formerly so hostile to his efforts in the humanity line of business, that the gallant Colonel felt himself obliged to swear that it put him in fear of his life, and held the proprietor to bail for a libel, inciting the drovers to murder him—poor lamb!—

"MR. MARTIN AND THE DROVERS.—This honourable gentleman, like all great reformers, has no doubt consoled himself for the jeers

and gibes of his opponents, by reflecting on the success of his efforts in humanizing the Smithfield drovers. The following occurrence seems to afford reason to believe that he has in some measure succeeded, and that that spirit of sympathy, *which he has in vain been endeavouring to infuse into the higher orders*, has actually been communicated to the very lowest classes. A few days since two drovers were driving a flock of sheep through the streets, when one of the animals attempted to quit the rest, and to run up an adjoining avenue. It was stopped by one of the drovers, who struck it two heavy blows over the head. The other instantly remonstrated with his companion, demanding, with an oath, why he could not have turned 'the poor thing, without hitting it them 'ere knocks over the head?'"

There are some worthy members of society who have so exceeding a respect for the law, that they will not stir a step in the payment of their debts without its judgment. There would seem to be some others whose reason is under the control of the law to a remarkable degree: you may argue with them till doom's-day without making the slightest impression, but bring them on the threshold of the Court of King's Bench or Common Pleas, and they are of any way of thinking which your honour pleases—their conviction of error is to be achieved by the apprehension of a conviction before our lord the king at Westminster. Some few months ago the Chronicle attacked Mr. Martin for his proceedings under his Act. The Utilitarian friends of the paper, who thought it wrong in this instance, were grieved at its heresy, and Mr. Bentham wrote a letter of remonstrance, imploring it to forbear, and labouring most strenuously and earnestly to refute its arguments against the principle of the Act. The Chronicle assumed a high tone, and persevered. Mr. Martin brought an action for libel, and on the very threshold of the court of justice, the Chronicle discovered that it had been in error, and cried peccavi. This conviction having been achieved, the blasphemer of old, now, as we see, takes the first part in songs to the honour and glory of Martin! Surely there is something beside a spaniel and a walnut tree, which is the better for beating. It grieves me that this filthy stain of pusillanimity should attach to such a paper as the Chronicle, and that while we admire its ability we should have to despise its meanness. The piece of sycophancy I have noted to-day, is one which must make an honest man spit—that is the natural and appropriate expression of disgust. The *nastiness* was particularly ill-timed too, at this period, when a marked improvement is observable in the paper, which has for some days past been showing a vigour and activity, that remind one of its best days. The little nonsenses in the miscellaneous department, with which I have sometimes amused myself, have been less frequent in number, and of a less intense silliness than formerly, while the leading articles of the editor have been particularly happy both in subject and execution; [Mr. Vaughan's sermon for example—an excellent and exquisite hit;] and the general matter various and judiciously selected. Against this is to be set off the disgusting appearances of the bully thrashed into sycophancy. That the Editor has no part in these abject acts, I feel firmly assured, as will every one else that knows the manliness of his character.

— From the apparent unanimity with which Mr. Manners Sutton was elected Speaker of the Commons, no one would have suspected that a certain party had it in contemplation to oust him from that office. His alleged private offence, which in the judgment of the righteous worked his disqualification for public duties, was extreme paw-pawness. How far will this doctrine be pushed? I was in company the other day, with one of the members of the Royal Academy, just after the election of Landseer and Gandy. Having discussed the merits of the successful candidates, I asked why they had not elected *****? “*****” said my friend, “had not a single vote—he is an immoral man, he does not live with his wife.” “The Royal Academy, then,” said I, “would never have admitted Raphael to a participation in their honours, for he did worse than *****; he lived with another man’s wife.”

Folks will not see Kean’s acting because Kean intrigued with Mrs. Cox: had Raphael had the bad luck of living at this plusquam perfect era of morality, and in this plusquam perfect country, people would have refused to look at his pictures. Lord Nelson was only just in time: he had the start of our virtue by a very few years, or we should not have permitted a paw-paw admiral to beat the French at Nile and Trafalgar.

The last refinement is, that Mr. Hume is disqualified for the exposure of extravagance in the public expenditure, because his passion for economy has betrayed him into, at worst, a *questionable* transaction in the Greek Loan! If Mr. Hume should now attempt to show that two and five in the public accounts ought not to make twenty, super-moral people, acting on the recommendation of The Times, will refuse to believe him, and condemn his interference.

EPISODES OF THE DON QUIXOTE.

No. I.

MOST of those who have read the Don Quixote (and who, indeed, has not read it?) will tell you that it is the most laughably humorous of all humorous and laughable books; but ask them what they think of the tragic and pathetic portions of it, and they will be surprised to hear that there is any thing in the work appertaining to tragedy or pathos. The blame of this, I conceive, is in great measure to be charged upon the translators, who, in this instance at least, have verified the Italian proverb respecting them, “traduttore, traditore.” The humour, the wit, and the wisdom of Cervantes, have perhaps suffered least in the English translations; but his pathos and eloquence have been very ill rendered, and his uniform terseness and elegance of diction not at all. When Cervantes’s characters are impassioned, they speak the ever-eloquent and idiomatic *language* of passion—language which cannot be rendered by a cold and literal translation. The verses, too, in all

the editions, excepting perhaps one which I shall hereafter have occasion to mention, are not only mean, but absolutely pitiful; which circumstance must have contributed not a little to lower the estimation in which these portions of the Quixote deserve to be held.

An ardent admirer of the writings of this extraordinary genius, *as he really wrote them*, I have brought this charge at the bar of the public against the English interpreters of his greatest work, from a wish to do justice to his memory and fame; and having brought it, I am bound to substantiate it by evidence. The only two of his translators whom I think it necessary formally to arraign, as being now the only popular ones, are Jarvis and Smollett; to whose versions I shall take occasion to refer in the course of my review of the passages in the Quixote to which I have alluded.

The first in order of these episodes is, the funeral of Chrysostom. One of the excellencies of Cervantes, and one which I think is peculiar to him, is the pleasing manner in which these portions of his work are generally introduced. Here, the first that we hear of Chrysostom and Marcella, is from the goatherd, who is repeating to his acquaintance the news of the rejected lover's death, and the directions left in his will, that he should be interred at the foot of the rock by the cork-tree fountain, the spot where he had first beheld his disdainful mistress. While we are following the vagaries of the knight, this simple piece of intelligence comes upon us all at once, like a strain of melancholy music, and, as it were irresistibly, draws us, with the rest of the spectators, towards the spot so briefly, yet completely described, and around which such an interest is thrown. When on the way to it with the knight-errant and the travellers, a picturesque view is given us of the approaching funeral train, descending between two mountains; and when arrived at the burial-place, we hear from the lips of Ambrosio the following words—far more pleasing than any laboured funeral oration, for they are an effusion of sincere and sorrowing friendship:

“This body, sirs, which with compassionate eyes you are now beholding, was the mansion of a soul which heaven had endowed with its choicest gifts. This is the body of Chrysostom—a man of parts unrivalled—of matchless courtesy and finished politeness—a phoenix in friendship—generous without bounds—grave without assumption, gay without buffoonery;—in short, supreme in all that is good—and unparalleled in all that was unfortunate. He loved, and he was abhorred;—he worshipped, and he was scorned;—he implored a wild beast—he solicited marble—he pursued the wind—he cried aloud to the desert—he served ingratitude;—and the reward he obtained was, to become the spoil of death when midway in the career of life; which was cut short by a shepherdess whom *he* strove to immortalize in the remembrance of mankind. . . .” (a).

Chrysostom's complaint is too long for me to introduce the whole of it here. I will, however, give the first stanza, and the two last, which are a sort of counterpart to the first; and the three may serve the purpose of comparison with the former translations and with the Spanish. I have endeavoured to imitate as closely as possible the *construction* of the Spanish stanza, which appears to me to be of the first consequence in attempting to give our idea of the original.

Since thou desirest, oh disdainful maid,
 Thy cruelty be told from tongue to tongue,
 Thy scorn from clime to clime proclaimed around,
 From hell itself the notes must be conveyed—
 In such alone can such despair be sung,—
 My voice assuming an unwonted sound;
 For what *accustomed* accents can be found
 Thy deeds befitting, and my maddening smart?
 A sound of horror, then, my voice shall form,
 Fit to accompany the raging storm
 That fiercely agitates my bursting heart!
 Oh lend thine ear—to no harmonious tones,
 But to deep sighs and agonizing groans,
 Heaven from the bottom of my frenzied breast—
 Such as despair like mine exulting owns,
 And I have pleasure in, though thou detest!

* * * * *

Oh thou, whose many cruelties have driven
 My life, untimely to this fatal bourne,
 Wringing my bosom in its every nerve,—
 Since my heart's deep and cureless wound hath given
 Thee proof enough how willingly I've worn
 Thy chains, rejoicing tyranny to serve,—
 If, haply, thou discover I deserve
 That the clear heaven of thy beauteous eyes
 Should for my death be clouded,—shed no tear;
 I would not have one piteous drop appear
 In payment for my whole heart's sacrifice.
 No—rather let thy smile my fate attend,
 And show that thou rejoicest in my end.
 But ah! how vainly do I spend my breath,
 Since well I know thy wish will be attained,
 When my complaining shall be hushed in death.

Arise ye, now, from the infernal shade,—
 Thou, ever-thirsting Tantalus, arise,
 And ever-labouring Sisyphus, appear:
 Let Tityus's vulture-torments aid,—
 Ixion's, who in restless anguish lies,—
 And let the busy Fates attend them here:
 Let all their pangs at once my bosom tear,—
 Their deadly power to swift destruction urge,—
 Then, if a victim of despair may crave
 Aught that is given to a holier grave,
 Let their united moanings be my dirge.
 To swell the dismal requiem's discord higher,
 A thousand monsters and chimeras dire
 With hell's three-headed centinel shall join;—
 What better should the love-destroyed require?
 What fitter pomp attend a fate like mine?

Then, song of my despair, thy plaint be o'er,
When death shall chain my tongue for evermore ;—

Nay, since the fair disdainful cause that gave
Thee birth, my wretched fate will not deplore,
Be *thou* not mournful, even in the grave. (*b*)

Lest the images from the classical hell introduced in these verses, and the allusions which Ambrosio, in his address to Marcella, afterwards makes to Nero, Tarquin, &c. should appear to the general reader to savour of pedantry, I would remind him that the two friends were recently come from the University of Salamanca, where they had been fellow students; and that, consequently, when they were speaking metaphorically, such were the images which would naturally suggest themselves.

The apparition of Marcella, at the moment when our pity for her lover, and our idea of her cruelty, have reached their height, is one of our author's felicitous and characteristic strokes of invention. How lively the picture here placed before us!—how striking the contrast of blooming, disdainful, and triumphant beauty, looking down upon the pallid wreck of unrequited passion! In spite of our admiration at the beautiful vision, we are almost involuntarily led to exclaim with Ambrosio, "Comest thou to trample on thy victim?"

(*c*) But she speaks—and how complete is her vindication! It is a perfect code of the passions; and I could recommend it to the most serious perusal of all who are not already so desperately enamoured as to be proof against all argument. In this instance, and in all others where I shall refer to a passage without quoting it, I recommend the English reader to consult Jarvis's translation, as being most faithful both to the sense and the sentiment of the original. (*d*)

I shall dismiss this episode, with directing the reader's attention to a trait in the conclusion of it, slight indeed, but which of itself evinces the master-hand. Our author says, that when Marcella turned away, some of those who had beheld and listened to her, and whose hearts her eyes had conquered, would fain have followed her, notwithstanding her clear and express declaration. Such is the magnetic force of beauty!—so powerless is the dissuading voice of reason, when our senses cry "pursue!" Yet a writer having a less intimate knowledge of the human heart, however accomplished he might otherwise have been, would most likely have omitted this delicate stroke, and have made the shepherdess's auditors remain as quiet when she departed, as they must have been satisfied by her justification. But Cervantes was master of all the springs of human action and passion; and his genius was ever on the alert to touch them with the finest effect.

NOTES.

(*a*) Ese cuerpo, señores, que con piadosos ojos estais mirando, fué depositario de una alma en quien el Cielo puso infinita parte de sus riquezas. Ese es el cuerpo de Grisostome, que fué único en el ingenio, solo en la cortesía, extremo en la gentileza, fénix en la amistad, magnifico sin tasa, grave sin presuncion, alegre sin baxeza, y finalmente primero en todo lo que es ser bueno, y

sin segundo en todo lo que fué ser desdichado. Quiso bien, fué aborrecido, adoró, fué desdeñado, rogó á una fiera, importuno á un marmol, corrió tras el viento, dió voces á la soledad, servio a la ingratitud, de quien alcanzó por premis ser despojo de la muerte en la mitad de la carrera de su vida, á la qual dió fin una pástora, á quien el prunaba eterniza para que viviera en la memoria de las gentes - - -.

"This body, sirs, which you are beholding with compassionate eyes, was the receptacle of a soul, in which heaven had placed a great part of its treasure: this is the body of Chrysostom, who was singular for wit, matchless in courtesy, perfect in politeness, a phoenix in friendship, magnificent without ostentation, grave without arrogance, cheerful without meanness; in short, the first in every thing that was good, and second to none in every thing that was unfortunate. He loved, he was abhorred; he adored, he was scorned; he courted a savage; he solicited marble; he pursued the wind; he called aloud to solitude; he served ingratitude; and the recompence he obtained, was, to become a prey to death, in the midst of the career of his life, to which an end was put by a certain shepherdess, whom he endeavoured to render immortal in the memories of men - - -."—Jarvis.

"This corpse, gentlemen, which you behold with compassionate eyes, was the habitation of a soul, which possessed an infinite share of the riches of heaven: this is the body of Chrysostom, who was a man of unparalleled genius, the pink of courtesy and kindness; in friendship a very phoenix, liberal without bounds, grave without arrogance, gay without meanness; and, in short, second to none in every thing that was good, and without second in all that was unfortunate. He loved and was abhorred; he adored and was disdained; he implored a savage; he importuned a statue; he hunted the wind; cried aloud to the desert; he was a slave to the most ungrateful of women; and the fruit of his servitude was death, which overtook him in the middle of his career: in short, he perished by the cruelty of a shepherdess, whom he has eternized in the memory of all the people in this country - - -."—Smollett.

Here, Jarvis's phrase "the *receptacle* of a soul in which Heaven had placed a great part of its treasure," is a much too literal version, and a most unspiritual mode of talking about a soul and its endowments. Smollett's is rather better, but is also too *material*—"the habitation of a soul which possessed an infinite share of the riches of heaven." *Unico en el ingenio* is made by Jarvis "singular for wit," wherein he has mistaken the sense of the Spanish; and by Smollett, "of unparalleled genius," which expression quite "oversteps the modesty of nature." *Solo en la cortesía, extremo en la gentileza*, Smollett has mangled and vulgarized into "the pink of courtesy and kindness." *Magnifico sin tasa*—this Jarvis has most unaccountably turned into "magnificent without ostentation." Truly, this is inexplicable. *Alegre sin baxeza* is converted by Jarvis into "cheerful without meanness," and by Smollett into "gay without meanness;" but what in the name of common sense does either of these phrases mean? In the conclusion of the same sentence, Smollett has curiously contrived to render *primero* by "second to none," and Jarvis *sin segundo*, also by "second to none;" which

last is to be sure the greater blunder of the two. In the fine exclamation beginning, *Quiso bien, fué aborrecido*, Jarvis has interpreted *rogó á una fiera*, "he courted a savage," which is ludicrous as well as nonsensical. Smollett approaches rather nearer, but still he retains the savage: he has it, "he implored a savage." For *importunó á un marmol*, Smollett has, "he importuned a statue." For *corrió tras el viento*, Smollett has, "he hunted the wind." Jarvis's "pursued" is the proper word. It is quite clear, from their mode of rendering this passage, that neither of the translators felt or understood all its beauty and energy. In the beginning of the exclamation—"He loved, and he was abhorred—he worshipped, and he was scorned—" the speaker has the object of this love and adoration in his mind's eye; but as her cruelty and its consequences work upon his imagination, he loses sight of the *person*, his imagination is busy with the *attribute*, and he uses the strongest metaphors to express it—"he implored a wild beast—he solicited marble—he pursued the wind—he cried aloud to the desert." Here, too, there is an exquisitely constructed climax: but for want of perceiving the transition which I have just now mentioned, the translators have destroyed much of the effect of this fine passage. Thus the Spanish word *fiera*, which means simply *a wild beast*, whether male or female, they have taken for an epithet applied to Marcella; and hence the unlucky expressions, "he courted a savage," and "he implored a savage." In like manner, Smollett's fancy, associating the idea of the shepherdess (instead of that of her deafness to amorous importunity) with that of marble, has produced the very natural result, a *statue*. In this sentence he has, however, stumbled upon one good and powerful expression, which, as being the only thoroughly good one in the paragraph I have quoted from him, I must do him the justice to particularize; the words "cried aloud to the desert" are in his translation, though they have by some means or other lost the accompanying pronoun which is necessary to make this member of the sentence complete. But his very next words are a blunder; for *sirvió á la ingratitud*, he gives us, (still possessed by the same mistaken fancy,) "he was a slave to the most ungrateful of women," which, when considered in its relation to the rest of the passage, is almost as absurd as "he courted a savage." His conclusion of the sentence, too, is remarkably lame and incorrect.

I have selected this passage for the purpose of a minute examination and comparison of the two received translations, as being generally considered by English readers to be one of the most effective in those translations, and as therefore best calculated to show, by being thus scrutinized, how much the English versions have, on the whole, fallen short of the original, in style as well as in meaning. In future I shall limit my strictures to those instances in which the translators have most widely departed from the *sense*, or injured the *effect* of their author's expression.

(b) The reader will bear in mind that these verses were the contents of one of the papers which Chrysostom had directed his friend to "give to the flames, when he should give his body to the earth," which will explain what might else appear obscure in the concluding lines. The Spanish is as follows:

Ya que quieres, cruel, que se publique
 De lengua en lengua, y de una en otra gente,
 Del áspero rigor tuyo la fuerza,
 Haré que el mismo infierno comuniqué
 Al triste pecho mio un son doliente,
 Con que el uso comun de mi voz tuerza,
 Y al par de mi deseo que se esfuerza
 A decir mi dolor y tus hazañas
 De la espantable voz irá el acento,
 Y en el mezclados por mayor tormento
 Pedazos de las miseras entrañas.

Escucha pues, y presta atento oído
 No al concertado son, sino al ruido
 Que de lo hondo de mi amargo pecho,
 Llevado de un forzoso desvarío,
 Por gusto mio sale y tu despecho.

* * * * *

Tú que con tantas sinrazones muestras

La razon que me fuerza á que la haga

A la cansada vida que aborrezco :

Pues ya ves que te da notorias muestras

Está del corazon profunda llaga,

De como alegre á tu rigor me ofresco :

Si por dicha conoces que merezco

Que el cielo claro de tus bellos ojos

En mi muerte se turbe, no lo hagas,

Que no quiero que en nada satisfagas

Al darte de mi alma los despojos.

Antes con risa en la ocasion funesta

Descubre que el fin mio fué tu fiesta.

Mas gran simpleza es avisarte desto,

Pues sé que está tu gloria conocida

En que mi vida llegue al fin tan presto.

Venga, que es tiempo ya, del hondo abismo

Tántalo con su sed, Sisifo venga

Con el peso terrible de su canto,

Ticio trayga su buytre, y ausimismo

Con su rueda Egion no se detenga,

Ni las hermanas que trabajan tanto.

Y todos juntos su mortal quebranto

Trasladen en mi pecho, y en voz baxa

(Si ya á un desesperado son debidas)

Canten obsequias tristes, doloridas

Al cuerpo, á quien se niegue aun la mortaja.

Y el portero infernal de los tres rostros,

Con otras mil quimeras y mil monstruos

Lleven el doloroso contrapunto,

Que otra pompa mejor no me parece

Que la merece un amador difunto.

Cancion desesperada, no te quejes

Quando mi triste compañía dexes ;

Antes pues que la causa do naciste
 Con mi desdicha aumenta su ventura,
 Aun en la sepultura no estés triste.

This complaint both Jarvis and Smollett have termed a *song*; I suppose because it is *cancion* in Spanish. And Smollett, having once called it a song, seems to have determined to make it one, by cutting down the flowing elegiac measure of the original into such barbarous verses as these:—

Since then, thy pleasure, cruel maid!
 Is, that thy rigour and disdain
 Should be from clime to clime conveyed;
 All hell shall aid me to complain!
 The torments of my heart to tell,
 And thy achievements to record,
 My voice shall raise a dreadful yell,
 My bowels burst at every word:
 Then listen to the baleful sound,
 That issues from my throbbing breast;
 Thy pride, perhaps, it may confound,
 And yield my madd'ning soul some rest.

* * * * *

O thou! whose cruelty and hate
 The tortures of my breast proclaim,
 Behold how willingly to fate
 I offer this devoted frame.
 If thou, when I am past all pain,
 Should think my fall deserves a tear,
 Let not one single drop distain
 Those eyes so killing and so clear.

No! rather let thy mirth display
 The joys that in thy bosom flow;
 Ah! need I bid that heart be gay,
 Which always triumph'd in my woe.
 Come then, for ever barr'd of bliss,
 Ye who with ceaseless torment dwell,
 And agonizing, howl and hiss,
 In the profoundest shades of hell;
 Come, Tantalus, with raging thirst,
 Bring, Sisyphus, thy rolling stone,
 Come Titius, with thy vulture curst,
 Nor leave Ixion rack'd alone.

The toiling sisters, too, shall join,
 And my sad solemn dirge repeat,
 When to the grave my friends consign
 These limbs, denied a winding sheet,
 Fierce Cerberus shall clank his chain,
 In chorus with chimæras dire:
 What other pomp, what other strain,
 Should he who dies of love require?

Be hush'd my song, complain no more
Of her whose pleasure gave thee birth ;
But let the sorrows I deplore
Sleep with me in the silent earth.

This *ditty*, as Smollett afterwards calls it, does, I think, need no comment. I cannot, however, help remarking on the singularly ludicrous turn here given to the tragical apostrophe to Tantalus and the rest, by the words, "Nor leave Ixion racked alone." Poor Ixion! According to Smollett, he was to come, not because he was wanted, but lest he should be racked *alone*. And as for the metre, it is like setting a dirge to a hunting tune.

In the edition of Jarvis, published by Miller in 1810, there is a version of this complaint by some later hand, which, as verse, is superior to Smollett's. Its measure, except at the conclusion, is that of the Spanish, (which in these cases is of the greatest importance,) but otherwise, neither the construction of the stanza nor the language is faithful to the original. It runs thus:—

Yes, haughty Fair, this anguish-breathing rhyme
Shall all thy tyrant cruelty proclaim,
From shore to shore, from clime to distant clime,
Where'er is heard the sounding trump of fame.
While shrieks, like those of tortured demons, mixt,
With deep-drawn sighs, and gestures marked with grief,
Shall give, if aught can give, my heart relief ;
And from the bottom of a heart transfix'd
By Misery's rankling shaft, at once shall flow
The tide of life-blood and the plaint of woe :
List then—nor list with inattentive ear—
No tuneful lay, no mirth-inspiring story ;
But a despairing lover's pangs severe,
But an unpitying maid's triumphant glory.

* * * * *

And thou, whose matchless beauty is the cause
That makes my soul this wretched life abhor—
Thou for whose sake I spurn at Nature's laws,
A victim to my heart's internal war ;
If, pond'ring o'er my fate, a tender sigh
Should, unperceived, from thy soft bosom steal ;
Or, at my woes a dewy tear should veil
Awhile the heav'nly azure of thine eye ;
Oh check that sigh, that tear ; for know, I claim
No debt of pity for my ruin'd fame—
But vain the thought ! for thou, proud Nymph, wilt smile,
Wilt hear, unmoved, thy hapless lover's story ;
Thy torch of vict'ry is his fun'ral pile ;
His sorrow-breathing dirge, thy song of glory.
Come, then, ye Demons from the dark profound ;
Come Tantalus, with still-increasing thirst ;
And Sisyphus, whose rock with fierce rebound
Backward recoils ! Come, oh thou wretch accurst,

Whose entrails never-sated vultures tear;
 And thou, Ixion! Come, ye sisters dread—
 Who spin with pitiless hand life's mortal thread!
 Come, and at once your mournful voices rear!
 Howl forth your dismal obsequies aloud,
 O'er the bare corse that lies without a shroud—
 Let three-mouthed Cerberus swell the fun'ral song,
 With ev'ry ghost around his portal shrieking—
 For only horrid rites like these belong
 To self-slain lovers in their life-blood reeking—
 And oh! my love-inspired strain,
 Lament not thou thy master's woe,
 Though torn from all his bliss below;
 For she, the cause of all his pain,
 Rejoices in the fatal blow—
 Then do not thou, my verse, complain!

Of this version I have only further to observe in general (leaving it to the reader, on comparison with the Spanish, to make the particular application), that it is loaded with epithets and images, many of which are unnecessary, and some of them quite foreign, to the sense of the original.

(c) In the friend's exclamation on Marcella's appearance upon the rock, at the foot of which they are standing, Smollett makes him say, "Art thou come to behold from the top of that *mountain*, like another Nero, the flames, &c." This may seem a trivial error; but when it is considered, that Marcella is within hearing of, and immediately answers, this address, it is sufficiently apparent how ludicrous a disproportion is here introduced into the midst of this interesting picture.

THE UNCONSCIOUS RIVALS.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

PERSONS.

ALBERT, about to be married to *Emily*.
EDWARD, his brother.
EMILY.

SCENE I. a *Shrubbery*.—EDWARD alone.

Aye—this is the day—this is the day which will set me at rest—not exactly in the pleasantest way in the world. The sun is bright; all looks gay and happy; out of spite, I believe. Good God! that I could get quit of this restless misery—this fever of the heart. Let them be married. Would to Heaven they were: the shock at least would still me—stun me: I am now—no matter how. Oh! that charming face—that air—that walk—those hands—and those bright eyes—and that laughing mind—how they haunt me. Now that I

could only fancy her ugly, dull, disagreeable ! Impossible. I am in a fever—my whole frame is so agitated, that I can neither walk, eat, drink, think, or sleep ; yet what am I to do ? The blow is struck, and the task yet remains to put on a show of merriment at the bridal, and hide, under a joyous mask, the bleeding of the heart within. How sickening is the splendour of every thing ! the sun, the flowers, the trees, all blaze and dazzle me. I am a fool. I shall fancy in a moment that they mocked me. Oh, those hateful bells too : they might at least have had the delicacy to spare me this. What am I raving about ? Little do they think, kind souls ! how this heart is swelling, till it almost seems too large for its prison. That is at least a consolation : yes, and a proud one too ; and it shall be my glory to cling to it,—never shall their happiness be marred with the knowledge of the pangs it has inflicted on me. A few hours more ; a few short hours, and the worst will be over. She who has been the idol of my heart, the constant companion of my thoughts by day, and the sylph that hovered nightly over my pillow, and seemed to bless me with a happiness too high to be realized, will be then—my sister. Sister ! what a word. Ah ! she comes. I cannot see her now. Her presence always throws me off my guard, and I may utter that which I should afterwards repent. I feel a tumult in my veins already ; but she has observed me, I see. To avoid her would look strange, and she might even suspect—Well, I must to the torture.

Enter EMILY.

Edward. Good morning, Emily ; you are come to see your little plantation here, I suppose.

Emily. I—I expected to have found your brother here.

Edward. Cold enough. Well, it is better it should be so. [*Aside.*] I have been admiring your flower-beds ; you have quite a fairy creation here. They are laid out, too, in such a manner, that the eye is quite charmed by the pleasing succession of the colours. Your taste, Emily, shows itself, even in the arrangement of flowers.

Emily. One of my carnations wants tying up, I perceive.

Edward. Let me do it.

Emily. No.

Edward. You seem unwilling that I should be of service to you in any thing, Miss Fordyce.

Emily. Now don't speak in so unkind a tone, and I will pull you the flower for a peace-offering : or stay—not that—here is a violet for you ; my favourite flower, you know.

Edward. And it well may be so ; for sweetness and gentleness are the characteristics of both. I will keep this gift as a sacred treasure, and—

Emily. You seem to think too highly of an insignificant flower, Mr. Stuart. I only meant—

Edward. Only meant what, Emily ?

Emily. To—to prevent your growing cross with me ; and I thought it was such a trifling thing.

Edward. And did you think a gift of yours could be trifling to me ? Besides, every time I look upon it, I shall think of the soft blue eyes of—my sister.

[*A pause. ALBERT entering slowly, and observing them.*]

Emily. [*with a sort of forced gaiety.*] You remind me this is my wedding-day. What favour have you got for me? and here comes Albert just in time to see it.

Edward. A favour! Oh, yes; will you wear this rose as my offering?

Emily. No, indeed; for it is beginning to fade. I am sure I won't have that.

Edward. Wither'd! then I will have it myself. It is wet with dew, too, and looks as if the poor flower had wept over the decay that is feeding upon its beauty. It is mine, and you shall have this white lily. May your life be as fair, and its lustre as unsullied. Do you not smile, Albert, at our folly?

Albert. I certainly admire your taste in selecting a half-withered rose.

Edward. [*confused.*] Ah, it is an emblem of the fleetingness of mortality, and I am half a philosopher, you know. I could extract a very grave lesson out of it; but Emily said she came down on purpose to meet you; so now you are come, I will make my best bow, and retire. I may want the same favour from you one of these days.

Albert. And we shall, no doubt, readily pay it; but at present I want to talk to Emily in the house, if she has no objection.

Emily. None whatever. Shall we walk up?

Albert. I have a word to say to Edward: I'll follow you, my love. [*Exit Emily.*] I wanted, Edward, to hear your grave lecture on the withered rose.

Edward. You are but a dull bridegroom, to think of any thing grave on your wedding-day.

Albert. Nevertheless, if the fancy suits me, methinks you might gratify it.

Edward. With all my heart; but I never lecture at sight. I will prepare you a very choice philosophical morcean, if you wish it; but I must have time to consider my subject, arrange my arguments, look for a few Greek or Hebrew quotations, and—

Albert. Edward, this trifling sits too ill upon you to come from the heart. Listen to me. We have lived together in infancy, in youth, and in manhood. Have I, during all this time, acted in any thing unworthy of a brother?

Edward. You never have. But why so serious?

Albert. Then, as my recompence, let me conjure you to answer the question I am about to ask, pointedly and truly. Did you at all figure your own heart, under the image of the half-withered rose?

Edward. What could have led you to suppose—

Albert. Do not prevaricate with me, for I cannot bear it. Look me in the face, Edward, and tell me truly and manfully—do you not love Emily?

Edward. Thus urged, I will not deny that I do; but I have struggled with my passion, and—

Albert. [*eagerly.*] With any success?

Edward. No; for it mocks all my endeavours. But do not go; hear me declare, that I have never given Emily the least reason to suppose—

Albert. No more ; it is as I suspected. Idiot that I was ! I deserve my punishment. Detain me not—I cannot speak to you. Another time—an hour hence. Oh ! Emily, Emily !

[*Rushes out, Edward following him.*]

SCENE II. EMILY at her Harp.

Sings.

Brightly the sunbeam enamelled the blue,
And lovely the passion-flower rose to the view :
The westering beam faintly gleamed on the glade,
And the passion-flower faded, and died in the shade.

Ellen's young heart was as gay and as light
As the tints of the flower when the day-beam was bright :
Ellen's young heart is as faded and wan
As the tints of the flower now the day-beam is gone.

The tears are lasting by sorrow shed,
As the dews that are nightly scattered ;
But the halo of joy is as brief as the fair
But fleeting gem that the sun paints there.

ALBERT, who has entered during the song, advances.

Albert. That is but a dull song for a bridal one, Emily. In tears, too, my love ! Surely I may ask the cause.

Emily. There is something in that air which always affects me : it is so simple, and yet so plaintive ; the words, too, are sad, and you know I am fond of mournful things.

Albert. The heart, it is said, takes its partialities from their similarity to its own feelings. Is Emily's heart then sad ?

Emily. What, on my wedding day ! Fie, Albert.

Albert. Wedding days are not always joyful days. When there is a worm gnawing at the heart, it is not a sprightly jest or two, or a few merry notes of a dancing tune, that can heal its pangs.

Emily. Why, what is the matter with the man ? He talks as gravely as the gentleman I expect to hear shortly read a part of the prayer-book, I declare, and looks as solemn too—and so pale. Surely, Albert, you are not ill ?

Albert. I am well in body, my Emily ; but I am afraid you will think my mind strangely disordered when I ask you if you love me ?

Emily. It is certainly rather late for such a question. What does all this mean ?

Albert. I will explain myself. You know the anxiety our fathers have always manifested for our union, and that from our childhood we have been destined for each other. For my own part, no fiat could have been more welcome. I have loved you, Emily, with all the devotion of a heart glowing with warm and fervid feelings. I have watched your excellencies from their earliest germ, and proudly hailed them as they budded and blossomed. Confident of my own love, I was perhaps too presumptuous when I thought I had succeeded in acquiring yours. I am about to deal very ingenuously with you, Emily. I remember when I offered you my heart and hand, you told me your

father's pleasure was always yours: I considered this a maidenly assent, and was satisfied; nor was it till within this fortnight that I have begun to be fearful I over-rate my merits, and mistook, for a predilection in my favour, what was but the compliance of a meek and gentle nature with the will of a stern and despotic father. Do not look uneasy, Emily: I would not unnecessarily wound your feelings, but I must proceed; and in doing so, believe me, I am not sparing my own. I loved you before I knew what the passion was—my heart has been so full of you, that it has scarce had room to admit a thought beside—and now the doubt whether I have not loved without return, and built upon a fairy fabric of happiness, upon a visionary foundation, is more horrible than the dearest certainty. During the last fortnight I have been endeavouring to read your very soul: I have only tormented myself with doubts, and I can bear the suspense no longer. Even the hated certainty that you loved Edward would not be so great a torture.

Emily. Loved Edward! I am sure I never gave you any cause to think so, Albert. I have consented to become your wife; to commit myself and my little all of happiness entirely to your care, and it is but an ungentle return for my confidence to begin to suspect me already: and of love, too, for one who never gave me reason to suppose that he thinks of me otherwise than as the wife of his brother. Really, Albert, this is not kind.

Albert. Forgive me, Emily. If I could at this moment lay my heart open before you, and you could see how it swells with agony almost to bursting, I know you would forgive me. But justice forbids me at this moment to think of feelings. Can you, Emily, can you raise your eyes to mine, and unfalteringly tell me you have never thought of Edward but as a brother—that your heart has never once whispered the wish, that it was to him you were going to plight your faith for ever. You cannot—the native ingenuousness of your mind disdains a subterfuge. Let me at least thank you for not trifling with an honest heart. In that look I read my fate. I am, indeed, the unhappy wretch I feared I was. [Exit.]

Emily. Stay, Albert, in pity—hear me but one word. He is gone; and what am I? A vile and guilty thing, who has ruined the peace of a heart that looked to her for its happiness. The fatal secret is revealed—the secret which I dared not confess, even to myself: I have given my heart unsolicited, and to one, it may be, that thinks not of me. I have done this, and repaid with ingratitude the honest affection of a man who merited my fondest love. Where shall I conceal my shame—or how again bear to look on either brother? Oh, my father, had you not so solemnly urged my marriage with Albert—had I not known your stern and unbending nature, I should have ventured to open my heart to you, and this might have been spared me. But now the scene is all dark and cheerless; and on whichever side I turn my eyes, I behold nothing but misery and shame. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *The Shrubby.* EDWARD.

The conflict is over: the struggle was severe, but virtue has triumphed. Yes, I will show them that principle and honour are not mere shadows, and that however deeply the heart may feel, it can yet

bend itself to the dictates of justice. I even seem to feel less acutely since I have shaken off the reproaches of my conscience. Albert! He comes most opportunely.

Enter ALBERT.

I can now look you in the face again, brother—wish me a good journey—I have decided on accompanying Arnheim to Germany, and must be off to-day.

Albert. You must not leave us, Edward.

Edward. And is it you that say so? Albert, I may be weak, but I am not a villain. I have staid here too long already.

Albert. Emily will persuade you to stay still.

Edward. Emily! Would to Heaven I had never seen her! I should have been saved many a bitter pang; but I am still master of myself. I shall set out directly, and without another look at the angel face which—Albert, you must present my adieus to her.

Albert. I must decline the office. Besides, it will be unnecessary. I have sent to desire Emily's presence; she will be here this instant, and, as I said, will persuade you not to go.

Edward. How coldly he speaks! But have I not deserved it? [*aside.*] Albert, even Emily could not persuade me to be a thing I should despise. But I have not vanquished my feelings without a struggle, and the sight of her now would unman me again. You must tell her I am gone, and invent some plausible reason for my departure. Let not her happiness with you be embittered by the knowledge that there exists one who would have died to purchase her love, but could not remain and see it given to another.

Albert. She is here.

Enter EMILY.

Emily, my love, I thank you for your ready acquiescence with my wishes. [*Takes her hand.*] Edward, come forward. You love each other. Be happy together. [*Joins their hands.*]

Emily. Albert!

Edward. What does this mean?

Albert. Briefly this. We have been rival pursuers of a rich prize, Edward, and you are the victor. Emily loves you. Do not blush, Emily, for my brother idolizes you, and is worthy your affection. The preparations for a marriage are arranged—it shall take place still; but you and I, Edward, will exchange situations—you shall be the bridegroom, and receive from my hand that which you were to have given to me.

Edward. This, Albert, is like yourself. But now hear me, though my confusion at so unlooked-for an occurrence will scarce suffer me to collect my thoughts. Though the thought of being loved by Emily makes this the sweetest moment of my life, I too can be magnanimous, and should detest myself if I could accept a happiness that I know will cost you so dear. At such a price I will not even accept a gift like this.

Emily. Nor would I. It may not seem proper that I should speak; my secret is discovered, and why should I blush at confessing it? But I have already too much abused your generosity, Albert; I will at least do so no farther.

Albert. I expected this, and have taken measures to render it useless. You know I was the other day offered by a friend, who was ignorant of my intended marriage, a commission in his regiment. A letter with my acceptance of it is now on the road to him. I have thus put it out of my power to recede—my honour is engaged—the regiment is on the point of embarking for India, and I must away at once.

Edward. This is unkind. To be so precipitate——

Albert. I knew I must force you to your happiness. Perhaps I did not dare trust myself to reflect. Enough! it is done! I must leave you in the morning, Edward, and it is perhaps the last request your brother will ever make, that he may leave you the husband of Emily. You still hesitate. Will you part with me in anger when we may never meet again?

Edward. If it must be so. But so cruel a generosity! and to lose such a brother, too, at the moment when I most learned to estimate his worth! *Albert*, you strive in vain to make me happy by such a sacrifice. Every moment I should think of the misery and——

Albert. No more of that. Your refusal would not make me happy; for Emily loves not me—but as brother. In the bustle of a camp I shall forget—no, not forget you, Emily—that can only be when—no matter when—but I shall know you are happy, that it is I who made you so; and I shall feel a pride in the reflection, that will surpass any gratification I could have felt in the possession of your hand, while your heart was given to another. We may never meet again; but wherever any destiny may carry me, my first and latest prayer shall be for you. In return, you will, perhaps you will, sometimes think kindly of him, who, though he might not have been so worthy of your affection as the husband of your choice, yet loved you as deeply, as devotedly, as *he* could.

F. K.

MAGAZINIANA.

UNDER this title, which is so miscellaneous both in its root and in its termination, we intend to comprise a great quantity of most various matter. Our old head of Table Talk we found too narrow a frame for its object. We could legitimately insert under it the more remarkable passages of the books of the month, and we were able to render it supplementary to many articles, by bringing in those extracts which were worthy of notice, but not to be conveniently introduced into the body of the number. With *Magaziniana* (it is to be wished that the word were shorter) at the top of the page we can write under it what we please. We have resolutely burnt, or privately answered, our correspondence for two years. It is impossible, however, any longer to withstand the clamour of the P. G.'s and X. Y.'s that assail us; and instead of opening a regular bureau, and engaging three clerks to carry on our correspondence, we prefer to open our account here—and by public notice once more try to content them. It frequently happens, moreover, that the letters of some of our friends contain points worth

attention, which we shall be able to produce in this place. In the case of articles which are not of a character to be inserted entire, but which, nevertheless, happen to possess some portion which ought not to be lost, we shall be able to reserve parts of such papers under this head from their natural consumers. We have frequently had observations of our own to communicate, or of accidental contributors, which by their shortness or by their insignificance perhaps, were not of a standard to fall in with the rank and file of our regular troops; we may place them here, and along with them editorial notices, apologies, or explanations, which constantly occur in the conduct of a monthly work of some extent, which is unlimited in the nature and variety of the subjects that come under its notice. All this may be done, and much more, after our new plan, without excluding our original scraps of the month; but on the contrary, by thus enlarging and varying the miscellany, more aptly hit the idea conveyed by the word **TABLE-TALK**. It is certain, by connecting it more immediately with the affairs of the Magazine, we render it less general—not so much any body's Table-Talk—but perhaps it may not be the less liked for being more completely *our* Table-Talk. We ought to add, before we proceed to arrange, or rather compile the multifarious heap of sweepings, scraps, slips, letters, bundles with red, green, blue tape or ribbon, which always jostle one another on the table of the printer of a Magazine, that the present month's collection of Miscellanea is scarcely to be regarded as a fair specimen; for the notion was born very late in the month, even at the twelfth hour, and then seriously impeded by fortuitous circumstances.

DR. PARR'S PIECE OF PLATE.—We feel obliged to Y. A. for the correction of an error in a late Number, but more especially for the additional information on the subject which accompanies it. We insert part of his letter.

In the anecdote relative to Dr. Parr, in the “Diary of a Constant Reader,” in your last Number, it was erroneously stated that Lord Chedworth had left considerable property to “Mr. Penrise, of Penzance.” The gentleman, whose name is thus incorrectly given, was the late Thomas Penrice, Esq. of Yarmouth, in Norfolk, of which place he was, I believe, a native, and where he certainly resided nearly the whole of his life. On coming to the property bequeathed to him by Lord Chedworth, he built a very elegant, I may say splendid, mansion at Yarmouth, and enriched it with a small, but exceedingly choice and valuable collection of paintings, among which is the celebrated Judgment of Paris, by Rubens, from the Orleans gallery.

With respect to the Doctor, as the writer in your journal merely mentions “the mottoes” for the piece of plate he spelt for, he was not perhaps aware that the following classical inscription, from the learned Doctor's own pen, was designed to be the inscription:

SAMUELI PARR, LL. D.
VIRO AB INGENIUM PERACRE ET PERELEGANS,
ERUDITIONEM MULTIPLICEM ET RECONDITAM,
SINGULAREM LIBERTATIS AMOREM,
ET MENTE SIMULATIONUM OMNINO NESCIEM
HOCCE SUMME SUE OBSERVANTIE
ET CONSTANTISSIMÆ ERGA EUM BENEVOLENTIÆ
MONIMENTUM,
JOHANNES BARO DE CHEDWORTH,
ANNO SACRO 1803.

DR. PARR and DR. PRIESTLEY.—Our late notices of Dr. Parr have drawn forth another letter respecting him from “A Follower of No

Sect." It contains Dr. Parr's character of Dr. Priestley. The inscription above, which shows such nice discrimination in analyzing his own faculties, must give an increased value to his numerous notices of those of other men.

Having observed in a recent number of the London Magazine, several extracts from a Collection of Aphorisms, &c. of the late Dr. Parr, published by Andrews in Bond-street, amongst which you have given a character of Dr. Warburton, I take the liberty of calling your attention to a tribute from the same hand, to the merits of a divine of another denomination—the persecuted Dr. Priestley. The passage which I give you, is from a letter addressed to the inhabitants of Birmingham, (or Elentheropolis, as the doctor calls it—or Brass-town, as it was wittily designated by Porson,) shortly after the riots there in 1790. I am the more desirous of submitting it to your notice, for this reason: that although Mr. Andrews's publication contains several passages from this very same letter, yet the one in question (from oversight no doubt) has been entirely omitted. It is as follows:—

"Let Dr. Priestley be confuted where he is mistaken: let him be exposed where he is superficial: let him be repressed where he is dogmatical: let him be rebuked where he is censorious. But let not his attainments be depreciated, because they are numerous almost without a parallel: let not his talents be ridiculed, because they are superlatively great: let not his morals be vilified, because they are correct without austerity, and exemplary without ostentation; because they present, even to common observers, the innocence of a hermit, and the simplicity of a patriarch; and because a philosophic eye will at once discover in them the deep-fixed root of virtuous principle, and the solid trunk of virtuous habit."

It is my humble opinion that justice should be done to a man's scientific attainments, and to his moral qualities, even though he have the deplorable misfortune of not "believing by Act of Parliament."

This passage was inserted in our article on Dr. Parr, in April 1824, No. IV. New Series, published immediately after his death, and entitled "Memorabilia of Dr. Parr." This paper, written by one well acquainted with the doctor, contains the only valuable appreciation of his qualities, moral and literary, that has yet appeared, although it is true that the press has been since inundated with Parriana.

The editor of the "Aphorisms" spoken of above, is a young man residing in a Cathedral town, who probably thought it heterodox to quote any praise of Dr. Priestley.

POKING THE FIRE.—A lady writes in great wrath, and at enormous length, against the tenets of the author of Matrimonial Tactics, in our last number. This writer complained grievously of ladies who encourage the inflammation of the heart by all possible means, and afterwards disdain to afford the necessary antiphlogistic remedies. Our correspondent retorts a similar charge, along with ten thousand other charges, direct and indirect. We shall just permit her to open her mouth for a sentence or two. [Thank God!—for what, we will not say: this must be considered a private ejaculation.]

Cælebs charges us with poking the fire; but says not one word of the way in which your sex go scattering sparks in all directions, on things flammable or inflammable, no matter which. As soon as they see it has caused the least glow of warmth, they begin to blow it, not with a clumsy wooden thing, with an iron nose, but with the softest words, fearful of using it roughly, lest it go out before they have done with it. If, with all this blowing, and a variety of poking, they manage to raise fire enough to scorch them, they immediately take to their heels, and leave the poor girl, either to be burnt to death, or to consume and dry away to an old maid, on whom they may bestow all sorts of titles. Sometimes they strew all kind of combustibles in our path, and themselves being on fire, they expect us to run into their arms, which are filled with things as inimical to our peace as gunpowder; yet we are immediately to fly to them,

apply the *match* to the *brain*, and be blown up for our readiness to comply. Would they do so for us? No, unless it was quite agreeable to them.

Colebs says, every woman has an offer in her life, so 'tis her own fault if she remain single. Thank you, sir, we know that; but would you accept any woman who would have you? &c. &c.

GENERAL COMPUTE.—A writer sends us a copy of verses, indited in a legal hand, (probably some future Blackstone at the desk, in Chancery-lane,) and entitled "London." One of the stanzas (there are ten) runs thus:—

Oh! the City's uproar, and the din
As it dies with the eve away,
Is more to the heart like its own deep sin
Giving up its mortal sway.

We must go on—

And the nakedness of the walls, their gloom
And their heavy and dusty brows,
Speak well for those who welcome their doom,
Where and however it flows.

For these verses the author desires to be paid at our "general compute," and then adds in a postscript, that if our publishers "Have a mind of publishing any poetry, you will let me know by post or otherwise, and I will forward some to judge by." Modest youth that he is, he does not think his "London," a decisive criterion. Now that we are on the subject of "general compute," we may record our utter astonishment at the scarcity of common sense and ordinary judgment. The stanzas, sonnets, odes, elegies, of which the above are a fair specimen, that are sent to periodicals for insertion, with a high value set upon them, (by the writers,) are innumerable. The easy impudence with which a demand is made for money in return for this trash, generally affords a lively contrast to the dulness and laboured insipidity of the *poetry* (save the mark!) These gentlemen's prose so much excels their verse, that we recommend them to confine themselves to the pedestrian measure. And oh! the uproar and confusion if these precious affairs are not duly returned by twopenny post to 3, Peter's-buildings, Paul's-court, Christopher-street, or some such *locale*. We are not only to be punished by scenting these contributions from afar, but we must break their seals, or pioneer through their wafers—read, mark, and inwardly—we like not to use the appropriate word. Then these precious compositions are to be docketed, bound up, (in lavender,) and placed in separate *loculis*, that they may be ready when called for; and if not ready, the riot among the population of X.Y.Z.'s is inconceivable. Dun follows dun—and expressions of the utmost surprise, impatience, indignation, are resorted to—and should, after all, the affair not be forthcoming—should we, in some moment of dyspepsia, have tossed it into the fire—should a favourite kitten have been treated with it in the shape of a ball—should some frosty-fingered housemaid have rammed it between the teeth of some inexorable stove—should an illiterate cook, unmindful of repeated injunctions never to defile her fowl with the effluvium of ink, have used the morsel of inspiration in the process of singeing, or in that of basting—then the parting maledictions bestowed on us in the last twopenny, surpass even the copiousness of curse which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of old Lear. Or, what is

worse, a bill—yes, actually a bill of goods, sold and delivered—is sent us; the article, of course, charged at the author's own notion of *trade* price. We have not the slightest doubt that, before this, counsel's opinion has actually been taken as to the feasibility of recovery in the case. "To swear to the truth of a song," is nothing, compared with bringing an action for the value of a sonnet.

We must not let these observations go without honestly saying, that we are treated by some sonneteers in a mild and amiable way. Many of them avowedly consider their productions as trifling—some talk of the "fire"—and several allow that the chance of acceptance is very small. But all have one weakness—they want their sonnets back again.

THE AGE OF ALLITERATION.—Before we puzzled our brains for a title to supersede our old Table Talk, it would have been well for us to have read the following short and lively article, which we have just picked out of a considerable bundle, that had hitherto escaped our notice. There is one thing to be said of correspondents, that, while they attack you, they generously furnish you with the means of defence. The hogsheads of sugar at New Orleans, of which Mr. Gleig speaks, were a poor defence—the human bodies packed in sacks and sand, of which Lord Cochrane made breastworks on the French coast, did not render him and his men more secure than an editor, snugly ensconced behind bales of contributions. But to our small article:

THE AGE OF ALLITERATION.

"What is there in a name?" Everything. A rose (according to the hacknied quotation) by any other name, would smell as sweet; but a book, by any other than a taking title, would not sell as well. Now a taking title is generally an alliterative title, and an alliterative title is generally a successful title.

Certainly never was the press so prolific, or the public so pestered with publications as at the present period. The literary advertisements lately have taken up the pages of the papers, and swelled the size of magazines to an alarming extent. The demand is great, and no matter about the quality of the supply, so long as the quantity is forthcoming. Therefore, to afford fuel for this ravening flame, to pander to the palled palate of the public, schoolboys have raked together the ramblings of their meagre muse; old men have drawn their "Journals," "Tours," "Thoughts," "Reminiscences," and "Recollections" from the drawers in which they long ago saw them quietly immured; threadbare subjects have been dressed in new suits, while fresh ones are dived for in the vasty deep, or sought for even at the poles. Hungry resurrection men of literature drag subjects from their peaceful graves, and expose them, naked and unsightly, to the gaze of the multitude, thus sacrificing the secrets of the tomb to the unhallowed appetite of vulgar curiosity. While players, play-writers, and Margraves, in the general struggle for gain, shame, or fame, whichever it be, are, according to the old joke, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

But, authors, whatever you do, take care of your titles; I tell you look to your *good name*. It is all nonsense Juliet's saying a name did not signify; and somebody else has said (Pope, perhaps), that the "sound should be an echo to the sense." We have nothing to do with sense, sound is everything. Now there are two ways of making a good sounding or taking title, either by antithesis or alliteration. By the first I mean such as *Sayings and Doings*, *Highways and Byeways*, *Smiles and Tears*, &c. But this, though successful in its way, must yield the palm to the more popular and prevalent adoption of alliteration. Authors usually try to tickle the ear in the title-page, for the public now, like Sir Piercie Shafton of old, is all for euphony, for euphony even in the outset.

The excellence and extensive sale of those admirable novels, "*Pride and Prejudice*," and "*Sense and Sensibility*" have led others to invent similar sounding titles, and then graft stories upon them, with the hope of equal success, if not in excellence, at least in circulation. Hence the *Miser Married*, *Facts and Fancies*, *Traits and Trials*, *Fallen Fortunes*, *The Brownie of Bodsbeck*, *Redmond the Rebel*, *The Mysterious Monk*, *Husband*

Hunting, *Alice Allan*, *A Peep at the Pilgrims*, *Tales of a Traveller*, ditto of *Fault and Feeling*. These two last, to be sure, are the only ones I have ever read; but then, I take it, with such attractive alliterative titles, all the others are equally good, very likely better. Then there are *Gaieties and Gravities*, confessedly taken from the *Memorabilia* of the *New Monthly*; and *Passion and Principle* is the best of Hook's stories. The author of *Wine and Walnuts* has outdone his own alliterative self, and brought out *Rare Doings at the Restoration*. There is a dear Mrs. Wilmot Wells, whose card I saw at the libraries of some of the watering-places near London, and whose advertisement I have seen in some of the papers, which runs thus—*Tales, Mirthful, Mournful, and Marvellous, by Mrs. Wilmot Wells*. But what shall we say in admiration of another advertisement, now to be seen, among others, sewed up in the magazines—"Rhyming Reminiscences, in Comical Couplets, supposed to have been uttered by Witty Wags, interspersed with quips, quidnuncs, and quotations; by Geoffry Grin." Oh, nothing like alliteration, from *Memoirs of Moses Mendelssohn*, in the days of Lavater, down to *Memoirs of Monkeys*, in our own days; nothing so fascinating, nothing so feasible, nothing so saleable, nothing so available, as alliteration. If Smollett had not written *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*, the world probably would have lost Mr. Pierce Egan's *Peregrine Proteus*, or the *Life of an Actor*. That puts me in mind of plays, and I will only just observe there is the *Mysterious Mother*, by Horace Walpole; the *Midnight Marriage*, by somebody else. The *Fop's Fortune* and *Fortune's Fool* have both been fortunate; *Love Laughs at Locksmiths* is a favourite farce, and *Timour the Tartar* a magnificent melodrame.

To go from Novels to Travels, and from "Plays" to "Tours," there is little doubt we owe several of our best tours and travels to the thoughts which an alliterative title has suggested. What should we know of Denmark, had it not been for the euphony of the double D in *Denmark Delineated*? What but alliteration suggested the *Wanderings of Waterton*? *Mexican Memoirs* owe their origin to the same love of harmonious diction; and the rolling R's have happily brought to light the "*Relics of Rome*."

The Coke-upon-Littleton constructors of our grave law books, even, have adopted the same plan; for *Tomlyn on Terms*, and *Weatherby on Wills*, are books which are considered of consequence in all caustical collections; and within these few months, the reduplication of the R's has given rise to *Reasons for the Repeal of Rates*.

Those who are interested in the incipient buddings of the infant mind, and wish to implant in their children a love of literature and a thirst for improvement, would do well to instil instruction through the ear, and insinuate a love of knowledge by the sound. They should, therefore, select for their children such works as *Minor Morals*, by Charlotte Smith; *Alicia and her Aunt*, by Mrs. Holland; *Fairy Favours*, the *Little Liricon*, and the *Life of Little Louisa*, by some other friends of alliteration.

But I have said enough in favour of my favourite predilection. As for all the old-fashioned tribe of "*Horæ*," "*Literæ*," "*Nugæ*," "*Noctes*," they are quite shelved; nobody buys them; nobody asks who wrote them. They are "*Hours*" which put you out of patience, "*Trifles*" which tire, and "*Nights*" of nothingness. All the "*Anas*," too, are disregarded, and every thing, in short, gives way before the present passion of the public for alliterative appellatives. But let us take a higher view of alliteration, and, looking beyond the mere names and titles of books, learn to admire its advantages, when applied to the improvement of our country and morals; and for this purpose we have only to regard the Irish bar in Erin's emerald isle, and the popular preachers in the patrician chapels of our own metropolis. In the one case damages have been doubled on the base seducer; in the other, sinners have been saved by the same fascinating euphony. When the powerful pencil of a Phillips has painted, in glowing colours, the happy home of smiling innocence, and told how man, the lawless libertine, has marred the budding beauties of that fairy form, what jury has not joined to render right and justice to an injured and insulted parent. When the polite metropolitan preacher describes, in polished periods, the harmony of heaven, and through a golden vista, gives us glimpses of that elysium; when he tells us of a perfect paradise, "pure as the prayer which childhood wafts above," who can restrain the tear of ecstasy; who does not, after chapel, step into the carriage, and drive (at the proper hour) to the Park, a wiser and a better being.

If such be the happy effect of sound upon the senses, "*omnis dibemus*," as boys say by way of peroration to their Latin themes, or in their English ones, "We ought all, therefore, with one accord, preachers and poets, teachers and tourists, novelists and newspapers, to promote the welfare of our fellow-creatures by always and everywhere using the utmost of our abilities to aid the universal adoption of the admirable art of ALLITERATION."

TOR HILL.—We sent for this book, in the sincere hope of finding it clever, that we might make the *amende* for a critique of Brambletye House, which some thought harsh, though we never heard any one say it was unjust. We had not got far in Tor Hill, when we gave up all thoughts of reviewing—we should have made the matter worse; and moreover, it is precisely one of those books about which you resolve never to speak a word. It is so absolutely mediocre in every point, so respectably dull, so critically situated between the “too bad for a blessing, and too good for a curse,” that we should have been at a loss what to say. The author has not invention or fertility enough to write a good novel; and his taste is too cultivated by society and education to write a very absurd one. The *prestige* of a name is truly wonderful. We are credibly informed, that this is a work devoured all over the country; and that at the circulating libraries, names are frequently put down, for the advantages of rotation, some thirty or forty deep.

MR. M'CULLOCH, THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST—is at present lying under a grievous charge of having sold his wares several times over—sometimes even to the same person, and sometimes to others. A pamphlet has been published in Edinburgh, tracing the goods, and proving their identity with the bloodhound sagacity of Bow-street. It is written in the spirit of the “Hue and Cry.” It was said some time ago, in Blackwood's Magazine, the *officina* of the present pamphlet, that Mr. M'Culloch had but one subject, but he was king of it. It now appears, that by dressing up his one subject in a variety of costume—sometimes enduing him with a reviewer's wig; and sometimes casting off that solemn covering for a slight cap of newspaper—sometimes giving him an aldermanic strut, and calling him Jacob; at others a lighter step, and a higher heel, and giving him the name of Whitmore, or Scotsman, he has contrived to make a single subject pass for a large population. This is altogether a very curious affair. Is the fault in the organ of causality, or that of acquisitiveness? Is Mr. M'Culloch's brain of that material, that when once a road of thought has been hewn through it, the road remains for ever. Our theory is, that the courses of thought in the minds of Political Economists, are, at once to save expense and future trouble, laid down as rail roads. It will necessarily follow, that when any particular question is to be discussed, or any point arrived at, the vocabulary vehicle is impelled, by the power of volition, along the iron trams, and rattles away until it appears at the object of destination. If this be correct, we must not be astonished at the identity of Mr. M'Culloch's articles in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia; his Principles of Political Economy, his Essay on Wages, in the Scotsman, and the different numbers of the Edinburgh Review. Mr. Mordecai Mullion, the writer of the pamphlet, does not seem to perceive that this, which he calls repetition, is strictly consistent with the best founded principles of economy. “It is desirable that an article should be written in the Edinburgh Review on the Corn Laws. It is further desirable that I should write it. I have already written one on the same subject in a former number of the Edinburgh. Are my views changed? No. Have I acquired any additional information? No. Can I write in a better style than I did? No. It is clear that the former article has

not been read, or another at this time would not be required. Why, therefore, should I not repeat it? To write another—to attempt to vary the style—to change the illustrations, would be a waste of labour—the course of reasoning I cannot alter for the better. Resolved—Give me the scissors, and a file of the Scotsman, with the Edinburgh Review for October 1824.”

DUELS.—In a late number of the Observer, is a long and elaborate account of the most celebrated duels that have taken place between Englishmen. We are surprised that the writer should have omitted the one between Lord Bruce and Sir Edward Sackville, which was so remarkable for the chivalrousness of the preliminary steps, and the ferocity and brutality of the struggle. The letters of citation are given in the Guardian, as also a very curious letter from Sir Edward Sackville, the survivor, containing a minute account of the affair. This is an extract from Sackville's account:—

Accordingly we embarked for Antwerp. And by reason, my lord, as I conceive, because he could not handsomely, without danger or discovery, had not paired the sword I sent him to Paris; bringing one of the same length, but twice as broad; my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed; it being, you know, the challenger's privilege to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the sword, which was performed by Sir John Heidon, it pleased the Lord Bruce to choose my own, and then, past expectation, he told him, that he found himself so far behind him, as a little of my blood would not serve his turn; and therefore he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words) “that so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to stand by, and see him do that which he must, to satisfy himself, and his honour.” Hereupon Sir John Heidon replied, that such intentions were bloody and butcherly, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The lord, for answer, only reiterated his former resolutions; whereupon, Sir John leaving him the sword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations. The which not for matter, but manner, so moved me, as though to my remembrance, I had not of a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action (seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon a full stomach much more dangerous than otherwise) I requested my second to certify him, I would presently decide the difference, and therefore he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed. Together we rode, but one before the other some twelve score, about two English miles: and then, passion having so weak an enemy to assail, as my direction, easily became victor, and using his power, made me obedient to his commands. I being verily mad with anger, the Lord Bruce should thirst after my life with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far, and needlessly, to give him leave to regain his lost reputation; I bade him alight, which with all willingness he quickly granted, and there is a meadow ankle deep in water at the least, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other; having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them besides, as they respected our favours, or their own safeties, not to stir, but to suffer us to execute our pleasures: we being fully resolved (God forgive us!) to dispatch each other by what means we could, I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short, and in drawing back my arm I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my own short shooting; but in revenge I prest in to him, though I then missed him also, and then receiving a wound in my right pap, which past level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In which struggling my hand, having but an ordinary glove on it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest; which hung by a skin, and to sight, yet remaineth as before, and I am put in hope one day to recover the use of it again. But at last, breathless, yet keeping our holds, there past on both sides propositions of quitting each others sword. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live; and who should quit first was the question; which, on neither part, either would

perform, and restriving again afresh, with a kick and a wrench together, I freed my long captivated weapon. Which incontinently levying at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded if he would ask his life, or yield his sword; both which, though in that eminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, began to make me faint, and he courageously persisted not to accord to either of my propositions, remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart, but with his avoiding mist my aim, yet past through the body, and drawing through my sword repast it through again through another place; when he cried "Oh! I am slain!" seconding his speech with all the force he had, to cast me. But being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back; when being upon him, I redemanded if he would request his life, but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholding for it; bravely replying "he scorned it." Which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down, till at length his surgeon, afar off, cried out, "he would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped." Whereupon I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of; and so being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhumane to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms after I had remained a while for want of blood, I lost my sight, and withal, as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me, when I escaped a great danger. For my lord's surgeon, when no body dreamt of it, came full length at me with his lord's sword; and had not mine, with my sword, interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands: although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, "Rascal! hold thy hand." So may I prosper as I have dealt sincerely with you in this relation.

This affair took place near Bergen-op-Zoom, in 1613.

PHRENOLOGY.—A long and laboured article appeared in the last number of the Edinburgh Review against the Phrenologists. From the note of preparation with which this paper was issued into the world, and from its weight of metal, and the size of its *bore*, it was clearly expected that it would prove a great organ of destructiveness, and blow the unwary cerebellum people out of the water. It was publicly attributed to Mr. Jeffrey, but we had too high an opinion of his talents to believe that he could be the author of so much inconsistency and feebleness. The Review had however scarcely been out a week, when, as we expected, the apostle of the new lights appeared with a pamphlet called a "Letter to Francis Jeffrey, Esq. in Answer to his Criticisms on Phrenology, contained in No. LXXXVIII of the Edinburgh Review, from George Combe." This letter assures us, on authority which seems convincing, that Mr. Jeffrey is the author of the paper. We were therefore mistaken in the fact, and in our appreciation of the critic's powers. Mr. Combe shows that the most pains-taking strokes of the Reviewer are aimed at non-existencies—shadows and visions flitting about his own brain—mere fog and vapour, exhaling from a mass of ignorance of the true state of the science, if science it may be called. The pretensions of the Edinburgh Review to be a fair discussion of the claims of Phrenology, may be tried by the single fact, that almost all its arguments turn upon the ridiculous improbability of the tenets of his antagonists. If this ridicule were pointed and light, we might laugh while we disapproved; but it is dull—dull—dull. The phrenologists appeal to experiment and observation—the appeal is the only philosophical one—but there is something more to be said. Are your experi-

ments made with fairness? Are your observations carried on with impartiality? Are you not so anxious to find facts correspond with your theory, that you give them a twist in the desired direction? Do you not take the testimony of men who are destitute of all the qualities necessary to make their testimony worth the attention of a moment? Why do you put the organ of pride at the top of the head? Give an answer to this question, and let all the grounds be stated on which you rely. Tell us who are the proud men you have handled, and the reasons you had for thinking that they possessed an inordinate share of pride. We heard Dr. Spurzheim's lectures—he told us every thing but what we wanted to hear—the observations and experiments on which the present mapification of the cranium has been adopted.

O'KEEFFE'S RECOLLECTIONS.—The mania for disinterring old adventures from dusty and forgotten drawers has been mentioned above. Old Mr. Cradock, good simple soul, the other day published his memoirs, and encouraged by having given away a whole impression, delighted with the public for having taken them off his hands, he has eruted an old journal of a Trip to Paris from his bundles of papers. This is printed, and it is needless to say that it a mere piece of inanity. The Recollections of O'Keeffe is the most singular of these resurrections. It is the gabble of an old man, set upon talking of himself without either order of time or matter, and desired to talk every thing he knew about himself or others, whether worth telling or not: that was not *his* concern. Old Mr. O'Keeffe has long been blind; and we can conceive him with a bottle of wine before him, and an emissary of Mr. Colburn's at his side, with a portion of paper, and ink, and pens. Now, sir, talk—where were you born? Aye, that will do; now go on. Do you recollect any thing else about that? Who was there? What do you know of him? and so on. I did that—he goes on: I knew her, or him, or them—apropos to nothing. Two thick volumes are thus filled with matter, that, five-and-twenty years ago, a man would scarcely have ventured to tittle-tattle with a party of old friends about him. But there is use in it; and so that we are not called upon to buy them, we are glad that people can be found thus to write, and thus to print, and thus to publish. O'Keeffe's old stories of himself and his friends are not without their portion of instruction.—We will give a specimen of O'Keeffe's manner—a favourable one—for we will not fill our space with the mere gabble.

James Solas Dodd wrote and recited a "Lecture on Hearts;" but, the public remembering G. A. Stevens's "Lecture on Heads," it gave little entertainment. He was a most wonderful character; had been all over the world; at Constantinople had the pleasure of being imprisoned for a spy. His learning and general knowledge were great; and though he had but small wit himself, delighted to find it in another. He turned actor, but was indifferent at that trade. He was a lively smart little man, with a cheerful laughing face. It was Solas Dodd who established the Buck Lodge, the first ever in Ireland. The title certainly conveyed ideas of levity; but our Buck Lodge was an institution really honourable and moral; so much so, that a good character was the only means of admission. Macklin took great delight in it; he was one of our members; we held it at Philip Glenville's in Anglesey-street. William Lewis was one, and having an intimate acquaintance, R—— S——, he wished to initiate him, but to pass over the formalities of being proposed, balloted for, and introduced; so took his friend up into the lodge-room—nobody was there—he opened the great

minute-book, wrote upon a leaf of it, "A Lodge of Emergency," and entered R— S— a member: then swore him on the sword, according to the regular oath, put the bugle-horn about his neck, got up a bottle of wine, made him take three glasses according to the Buck toasts; and away they both went. The next lodge-night, when it was opened with all ceremonials, the minutes of the transaction were found upon the book, and astonished every body. Lewis brought his friend up to the lodge-door: the questions were put, which he regularly answered; but a member stood up in the room, made a formal complaint to the "NOBLE GRAND," and a motion that Brother Lewis should be expelled for his audacity. The question was put and carried nem. con. Lewis attempted exculpation and apology without effect; he was rusticated from our Buck Lodge for that season, and R— S— was never admitted a member of this our Royal Hibernian Lodge.

Another of Lewis's whim-whams: he had a chaise and horse at a livery-stable in Temple-lane: the keeper sending in his bill, Lewis thought his charge too high, and refused to pay it, and the man refused to deliver up his chaise and horse. We happened to be alone together, over our bottle: Lewis took a sheet of paper, and wrote upon it, "The Lord Chancellor commands Pat Looney to deliver up to Mr. William Thomas Lewis his horse and chaise: Pat Looney, fail not to do this at your peril." He sent over this paper by his servant Bob to the stable-keeper, who returned a verbal answer—that he, Pat Looney, would lay that very paper before the Lord Chancellor immediately, and try what he would say. On hearing this message Lewis looked rather foolish, but laughed, and yet seemed frightened, so I told him to send the money to the wrangling fellow; he did so; the chaise came, and we took a ride round the Circular-road. In our way we stopped at Dr. Pocock's great house, went in, and saw his antiquities and foreign curiosities; this house was afterwards the Magdalen, established by the pious and humane Lady Arabella Denny.

I was acquainted with two brothers in Dublin College, James and Edward D—; they both took holy orders; their sister Mary was a most beautiful creature, very fair, blue eyes, and flaxen ringlets, a celebrated belle: I saw her dance at the Castle one 4th of June (the late King's Birth-day); her dress white, her lovely person adorned with white rose-buds, &c. &c. &c.

REVOLT OF THE BEES.—A book has been sent to us under this title, of which, to use a vulgar expression, we have not been able to make head or tail. This is symptomatic of "co-operation:" before the next month is over we shall try to comprehend it. For we think highly of the intentions, but lowly of the talents of the co-operators.

JAMES'S NAVAL HISTORY.—It gives us great pleasure to find that this able and fearless work has arrived at a second edition. We propose in our next Number to give a detailed examination of its merits.

THE POTATOE.—Dr. Paris ought to be a great favourite with the Irish—he has given such an amiable account of the potatoe in his most instructive work, the *Pharmacologia*.

The history of the potatoe is perhaps not less extraordinary, and is strikingly illustrative of the omnipotent influence of authority; the introduction of this valuable plant received, for more than two centuries, an unexampled opposition from vulgar prejudice, which all the philosophy of the age was unable to dissipate, until Louis the XVth wore a bunch of the flowers of the potatoe in the midst of his court, on a day of festivity; the people then for the first time obsequiously acknowledged its utility, and began to express their astonishment at the apathy which had so long prevailed with regard to its general cultivation; that which authority thus established, time and experience have fully ratified, and scientific research has extended the numerous resources which this plant is so wonderfully calculated to furnish; thus, its stalk, considered as a textile plant, produces in Austria a cottony flax—in Sweden, sugar is extracted from its root—by combustion its different parts yield a very considerable quantity of potass, —its apples, when ripe, ferment and yield vinegar by exposure, or spirit by distillation—its tubercles made into a pulp, are a substitute for soap in bleaching,—cooked by steam, the potatoe is the most wholesome and nutritious, and at the same time, the most economical of all vegetable aliments,—by different manipulations it furnishes two

kinds of flour, a gruel, and a parenchyma, which in times of scarcity may be made into bread, or applied to increase the bulk of bread made from grain,—to the invalid it furnishes both aliment and medicine: its starch is not in the least inferior to the Indian arrow root; and Dr. Latham has lately shown, that an extract may be prepared from its leaves and flowers, which possesses valuable properties as an anodyne remedy.

TALMA.—We have been so well pleased with the discrimination and the intelligence, and the original information we have found in an article, on this distinguished actor, in a publication called the *Opera Glass*, that we have resolved, in spite of its length, to give it additional circulation by placing it here.

TALMA.

It is a fact, that those accustomed to the drama of this country were seldom much struck at first by Talma. Some, whom we ourselves have known, have openly declared that they thought him overrated; and others, who have been a little afraid of committing their reputation for good taste, have passed him by in silence; but we have never known an instance in which opportunities of studying him did not change this indifference into enthusiasm. There is no great difficulty in explaining this. The English performers, especially the tragedians, generally think only of making what they call "points;" they throw all their power into some few explosions, and fancy that any further effort would be thrown away. But the acting of Talma was even. He had his moments of surpassing brilliance, too; but they were so thoroughly interwoven with the character, that they were only remembered with it, and would have been marred in being detached. The beauty of the fragment was nothing in comparison with the beauty of its proportion to the form; and so admirably did each particular harmonize, that there was nothing sufficiently beyond the rest in any one to detain observation, because the whole was perfect. You could always perceive in Talma, when he came upon the stage, that he was in the middle of his character. He did not then begin it. Every look and tone "denoted a foregone conclusion." It was not the mannerist settling his part into his own peculiar style, and that style never varying, whatever might be the part. The tone, the look, the air, were different as he appeared as different heroes. He endeavoured scrupulously to possess himself of their personal appearance and habits. But in adopting these, he in some degree qualified them. We heard him argue once upon the hump and unequal legs of Richard. He then expressed at large his decided conviction, that there was absolute bad taste in carrying the imitation of ignoble peculiarities into anything like caricature. He would temper the picture to the beau ideal. He might give a hint of Richard's deformity, if he acted him on the French stage, but no more. In Sylla however, where there was nothing repulsive in a close copy, he was scrupulously exact. He thinned his hair; and heightened his brow by a band of flesh coloured leather. As Napoleon had been aimed at in the character, and Talma himself introduced into the play as Roscius, he was encouraged in this accuracy by its bringing him nearer to the look of the Emperor. We have heard him say, that the deep, abrupt, and decided tones in which he spoke through Sylla, were adopted from the manner of its prototype.

We will select one instance from a multitude of recollections, in order, to give a notion, if possible, of his mode of study to our readers. As most of them will best understand us by comparing him with some one they know, we cite a parallel passage of Orestes, by Macready and Talma.

Orestes, as a pretext for seeing Hermione, gets himself sent by the other courts of Greece to that of Pyrrhus, to induce him to give up Astyanax, whom he protects for the sake of the boy's mother. Orestes appears as an ambassador, and speaks, though firmly, the language of persuasion. In discussing the question he becomes warmed into something bordering on a threat, and says to Pyrrhus,

"The father draws their vengeance on the son—

The father, who so soft in Grecian blood

Has drenched his sword—the father, whom the Greeks

May seek e'en here: "

and then, suddenly recollecting himself, he adds, "Prevent them, Sir, in time;" or, as it is better expressed in the original, "Sire, prevenez les!"

Macready raised his voice in the first three lines and a half to the highest pitch, then abruptly pausing and changing to his lowest note, with a fierce look and still fiercer nod, finished the sentence. Talma, on the contrary, in the spirit of one sent to prevail by remonstrance, and reluctant to appeal to arms, changed his manner when he checked his impetuosity, and with a look seemed to supplicate the prince, in consideration of the ruin he would draw upon himself, to yield—a look of respect and interest more than defiance, he pursued, “Sire, prevenez les!” Had Orestes attempted to provoke the haughty and irascible Pyrrhus, it would at once have betrayed his secret desire for the mission to be unsuccessful. It would, besides, have been untrue to the purpose he was sent upon; and his sense of duty would not permit him, ere he was wrought up to madness, to bury his embassy in his love. Besides, a dogged threat to a king in his own court would have been coarse; and Orestes was neither that nor a braggadocio. This trifling instance will show how keenly the one looked into all the subtler and more delicate shades and bearings of the character he personated, while the other was satisfied with mere stage effect, too superficial in its conception to bear the slightest scrutiny. There was another point in Talma’s performance of this character so exquisite, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of naming it. When Hermione, through jealousy, wishing to make Orestes the instrument of her revenge on the slight of Pyrrhus, encourages him to expect her love, if he will destroy the prince, whom, she says, she now hates; Orestes promises to accomplish her will that very night; on which Hermoine, in her impatience, betrays her real motive, by exclaiming,

———“But now,
This very hour, he weds Adromache!”

In the French play (there is nothing said in the English) Talma exclaimed, on hearing this, “Eh, bien, Madame!” with an accent which so thoroughly expressed the sudden revulsion of his excited hopes—the surprise, the agony, the despair, which had been flung back upon him by that one remark—that it told the story of the character, and made the whole house shiver. Never did we hear applause so tremendous as on one occasion when those words were spoken by Talma. No other actor ever made them noticed.

Talma’s face was by no means remarkable when not in action. But when excited it was amazing. He once told us “he had been twenty years educating his face.” On a particular occasion we saw him give ample evidence of its power. There was a play attempted at the Français, upon the subject of King John. Hubert was given to Talma. The play was in the course of turbulent damnation, when Talma rushed in from the murder of Arthur. He sunk into a chair, his elbows on a table, and his hands covering his face. The uproar was what our friend Dominie Sampson would call “prodigious,” till Talma withdrew his hands, and displayed a countenance of such ghastly horror that the tumult changed instantly into shouts of “Bravo, Talma!” which continued till he left the stage, when the damnation recommenced. He could “wet his face with tears” whenever he liked, but they sprang from feeling more than art. In passages of his last, Charles VI., he did this with great effect. His voice was deep and full, but a little inclined to what the French call “la voix volée,” which can only be rendered in English, and that not distinctly, by the phrase “a muffled voice.” It was sweet, strong, and flexible. He had nothing of the “respirative drag, as if to catch breath,” with which the old “Dramatic Censor” taxes Garrick, and which most of our English performers have; Macready for example, to a most distressing degree. Talma used to say it was as much an actor’s duty to learn to manage his breath as his words; and certainly he did it in perfection. His person was much under the standard of the hero. It had, from our first knowledge of him, a little of the aldermanic tendency. It must have been not unlike that of Garrick, which is represented as “in many respects, particularly about the hips, formed like a plump woman.” Some of his action was very like what Macklin describes of Garrick. Like him, Talma “hung forward, and stood almost on one foot, with no part of the other on the ground than the toe of it.” He had the same way, Macklin says, Garrick had, of, as he coarsely terms it, “pawing” the characters he acted with; but this he had in common with the French school. He was much given to patting the breast of the person to whom he spoke; and he had the convulsive shake of the hand peculiar to the actors of his country. We once mentioned this last to him. “Yes,” observed he, “it is wrong: it ought to be corrected.”

Talma used to regret that the prejudices of the French obstructed the improvements he wished to make in their style of declamation. To this day he is censured for

having broken the monotony of their verse by running the lines into one another, and thus evading the rhyme. His delivery was more elaborate than ours—perhaps the difference in the nature of their drama requires it should be so—for they have more to do with words than we have. Hence Talma acted words. We heard him recite Hamlet's "Soliloquy on Death," in English. He coloured every syllable with his voice; and gave—

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,"

with a different but finely characteristic expression to every phrase. We once heard him, in the phrase when Othello describes Desdemona.—

"Whereof by parcels she had somewhat heard;
But—not intently."

express the "not intently" in a manner perfectly inimitable; but conveying a fulness of meaning of which we never, had we not heard it, could have dreamed it were susceptible.

We have heard Talma observe, that he never acted a part without obtaining, in the course of the performance, some new notion about it, which he never forgot, but could always add to the next. But though we have been much with him, we never saw him study. On mentioning this to him, he replied, with a smile, "My dear, I am studying now." He had the faculty of instantly flinging himself into his part. He would stand talking at the side scenes of the theatre in English, and upon matters which interested him, and suddenly break off on hearing his cue, and spring into Nero or Hamlet.

The letter written by him in English, of which we last week gave a fac simile, explains in some degree his theory in acting. Lest it should be mislaid, we repeat it here—"I could not point out the principles which ought to guide you in the study of declamation better than did Shakspeare himself. In a few lines he has laid down the bias and true standard of our art; therefore I refer you to what Hamlet says (act 3, scene 2,) respecting the means of personating the various characters which are exhibited by human life. It will unfold to your view my own principles, and evince, at the same time, my veneration for the great man."

We have another English letter of his before us. It contains passages still more remarkable, which we have underscored. It was written to a young gentleman who had been counselled to take lessons from D'Egville, we believe, in stage department, because D'Egville had given lessons to John Kemble.

"You know how I live, perpetually engaged some way or other—always busy, without doing any thing, and continually pestered with idle visitors; so that hardly any time is left to me for my private affairs. * * * * *. As you are absent from London, I don't forward you the letters to ———. I suppose you will apprise me of your return there; then I will send them to you, written in the manner you desire. If you take any lessons from the latter, it ought to be upon the stage, and not in a room, that you may give a full scope to your steps and to your motions; but, my dear friend, the first rule is to be deeply impressed, *Impregnated with the character and the situation of your personage, let your imagination be exalted, your nerves be agitated—the rest will follow—your arms and legs will properly do their business. The graces of a dancer are not requisite in tragedy. Choose rather to have a noble elegance in your gait, and something historical in your demeanour.—Dixi.*"

It is scarcely fair to judge of Talma's power in composition from these specimens. He himself says, in a postscript to one letter, "make allowances for my Frenchification." But they are by no means ordinary letters for a foreigner. They infinitely surpass Garrick's French letters to Le Kain, and Voltaire's English ones when in London. In French he wrote delightfully, and particularly letters. Madame de Stael told him, to our certain knowledge, that he was "the best letter writer, for a man, she had ever known; that she had always supposed epistolary talent the exclusive distinction of her own sex, till he had proved to her the contrary." That she was convinced he had even higher powers in the same way, we have her written testimony. In a letter to him, which we have read dated Lyons, July 5, 1810, she says, "You must write and become the sovereign of thought, as you are of sentiment; you require only the will, and possess the power." His only published work is, an Introduction to the Memoirs of Le Kain, in which he makes some excellent observations on the art of

acting. He mentioned to us a few months since, that he had material in his mind and memoranda, for extending this sketch into a work of 500 octavo pages. It is deeply to be regretted that he died without fulfilling his design. All that he did he gave us; and we intend, when we can, to lay it before our readers in a translation.

In private life, the habits of Talma were altogether domestic. He was never so happy as when he had the day to himself, disencumbered of visitors, by whom he was sometimes sadly persecuted. We have heard him say, with a momentary impatience, when one after another gossiping idler has been announced, "Il y a des jours maudits"—"There are days with a curse set upon them." But he instantly gave way, mastered his impatience, and gave himself up freely whereon he could be useful. His easiness of disposition made some consider him as weak. But he was too well aware of the strength of his own character to waste it upon ordinary occasions, and he never put it forth but when he could do so to some purpose. He saw too far to let trifles operate upon him as they do on ordinary minds; and would even sometimes allow persons to imagine they were controlling him, merely not to deny their vanity a gratification which he well knew could do him no harm. His pervading characteristic was a spirit of benevolence, and he did not care for his own indulgence when, by resigning it, he could give pleasure to others.

A disposition of this sort, however, is very apt to become its own victim. So it was with Talma: and we fear through some of the ties he formed, he got to be less his own master than a more stirring and positive person would have been. When we first knew him, he had but recently formed the liason which was in existence when he died. It was but once interrupted, but by a strong appeal to his feelings presently renewed. In its early stages he still saw his wife, and was on very friendly terms with her. She lived in the same house, in a flat (as the Edinburgh folks would call it) under him, and he almost always took her opinion on matters of moment. After a lapse of years they ceased to meet, and other interests excluded her from his presence when he was dying. Madame Talma had celebrity on the stage when Talma himself was scarcely known. She was highly celebrated in a French play written upon the subject, afterwards made a play of at Covent-garden, and called *Richelieu*; she performed a character similar to the *Madame Dorival* of that play; and the effect she produced was quite equal to some of the fine personations of Miss O'Neil. Her infidelity happened at a time when conjugal ties were laughed at in France, and Talma perhaps did not care much for an irregularity very national, and of which he himself is likely enough to have given the example. Madame Talma left the stage in 1811, having been received at the *Theatre Français* in 1786—a career of twenty-five years. In 1814, Talma always called his vice-wife by her own name; in 1826 he called her "my wife" and "Madame Talma," which shows the progress she must have made with him in the interim. It was said she was about to be a mother, not by him, when the connexion began. She had afterwards two children, both boys, who were acknowledged by Talma. He was very fond of them. There was some bustle in the beginning of this year at a school where they were, on account of the Archbishop of Paris refusing to bestow a prize they had earned at a public examination, because they were Talma's children. The third child to whom we have alluded, is a fine and lady-like girl, and was with her mother beneath the roof of Talma. The boys are exceedingly clever and genteel children. Talma has, besides, a daughter married, also the fruit of some unwedded love: she must now be near forty.

A knowledge of his disposition, of course, must have made him a subject of considerable family intrigue among those who were afraid of new intimacies interposing between him and them. He allowed the battles to go on quietly, heard every thing every body had to say, and pursued his own course, without quarrelling with any one for not thinking it the right one.

Of late years, his mind was entirely absorbed in a passion for building. He had a beautiful country seat near at Brunoi, about sixteen miles from Paris; and for some time this was his hobby. Every season he made some alteration in it; one wing would be removed, and while a new one was erecting, the one which remained would come down. We were once praising some part of his country house. "When did you see it?" "It is two years since." "Oh, then, nothing remains of what you praise. It is never two years the same." Here he had extensive grounds, and suites of apartments for numerous visitors. He used to pass all the time he could spare from business here, and for many years only kept an apartment in Paris, whither he went twice, or sometimes oftener, a week, to perform.

Within the last five years he took a piece of ground at the back of the Rue St. Lazare, in La Rue de la Tour des Dames. Mademoiselle Mars, Mademoiselle Duchesnois, Horace Vernet, and some others, clubbed with him to make a very little town of their own there, which they called La Nouvelle Athènes. Nearly all the houses of the street are occupied by distinguished artists. They are generally built upon the models of their occupant. That of Talma was his passion. He had furnished and arranged it beautifully. His classical taste was to be seen in every part of it. He had fitted up a room splendidly, after antique models, and called it his Roman room. The bed in the chamber where we last saw him was draped à l'antique. He was stretched out in great pain, but pleasant and full of chat. He said his disease was inflammation of the stomach and bowels. The bulk of the conversation fell upon the idea of an English theatre in Paris. He was of opinion it never could succeed to an extent sufficient to pay that first-rate talent, without which it would not only fail, but encourage disrespectful notions of English dramatic genius. This unceremonious mode of reception he used with all his friends. Indeed, to dress or use any sort of etiquette perplexed him. He never was so happy as when undisturbed by strangers and in his dressing-gown. He would sit so, when he could, all day; but business often hurried him out about twelve, and he usually rose early. He never dined when he acted; but took something light at an early hour. After he had been playing, his dressing-room was the resort of the beaux esprits. We have seen ladies as well as gentlemen there, while he was disrobing, which he would do and talk the while, and was then always in his pleasantest moods. When told he had acted well, he would often say, and with perfect naïvete and no touch of vanity, "You think so?—Yes. You are right." We once introduced a party to his room after a remarkably fine performance of Sylla. A lady who had been unusually intent upon the acting, gazing at him and drawing in her breath, unconsciously exclaimed, "Eh bien, Monsieur! Vous voilà donc abdiqué!" "So, Sir, you then have abdicated!" He said it was the highest compliment he could receive.

His income, though, we think we heard him say, about 5,000*l.* (country engagements included), was inadequate to support the numerous claims upon it. His building mania was a very impoverishing one; and we fear he did not die rich. When seized with his last illness, he was perplexed with pecuniary engagements, which he found it difficult to fulfil at the moment; and the consciousness could not have diminished a disease of that nature. When his wife attempted to see him on his death-bed, her anxiety may not have been reduced by a wish to set him easy on that score: her companion had bequeathed her his whole fortune. Madame Talma, however, not disconcerted in her plans by the denial of an interview (not, we are persuaded, on the part of Talma himself), immediately gave public notice of her resolution to provide for his children.

TALES OF TRAVELLERS.—Men not merely illiterate and unscientific, but apparently devoid of the use of reason, and the faculty of observation, have accidentally beheld in their rapid journeys some few of those animals called apes. They have mingled in their accounts the credulity of the natives of those countries where they are indigenous with their own fantasies and falsehoods. Thus we have descriptions of men with long tails, covered with yellowish hair, navigating the ocean in boats, and bartering parrots in exchange for iron. Others have discovered long-armed men, covered also with hair, traversing the country by night, robbing without discrimination, and speaking a hissing language peculiar to themselves and unintelligible to us. Bontius, a grave physician, gives us a laboured description of a female ape, and adorns the object of his admiration with all the modesty and virtue of the sex. If these animals do not speak, it is only through discretion, and from a well-grounded fear of being forced to labour, should they be foolish enough to display the full extent of their capacity. Gassendi assures us that the ape called Barris is a miracle of judgment—that when he is once drest, he walks upright ever after, and that he learns to play on the flute and guitar with the utmost facility. Maupertuis would prefer a few hours conversation with the men with tails to the intercourse of the most brilliant wits of Europe. Even Linnæus presents us with a homotroglodytes who shares with us in all the boasted privileges of humanity, and will one day wrest from our monopolizing hands the empire of the world.—*Griffith's Translation of Cuvier's Animal Kingdom.*

[Dec.]

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &c.**

CANALS.		Amt. paid.	Per share.	INSURANCE OFFICES.		Amt. paid.	Per share.
Ashton	100	150		Albion	500	50	55
Birmingham	17 10	260		Alliance	100	10	10
Coventry	100	1050		Ditto Marine	100	5	5
Ellesmere and Chester	133	100		Atlas	50	5	8 10
Grand Junction	100	300		Globe	100	10	148
Huddersfield	57	18		Guardian	100	10	18 5
Kennet and Avon	40	24 10		Hope	50	5	4 15
Lancaster	47	38		Imperial	500	50	90
Leeds and Liverpool	100	380		Ditto Life	100	10	10
Oxford	100	650		London	25	12 10	20
Regent's	40	35		Protector	20	2	1 5
Rochdale	85	85		Rock	20	2	3
Stafford and Worcester	140	800		Royal Exchange	100	250	
Trent and Mersey	100	1850					
Warwick and Birmingham	100	240					
Worcester ditto	78	43					
DOCKS.				MINES.			
Commercial	100	70		Anglo-Mexican	100	75	40
East India	100	81		Ditto Chili	100	8	2
London	100	85		Bolanos	400	225	335
St. Catherine's	100	40		Brazilian	100	20	39
West India	100	200		Castello	100	5	2
				Chilian	100	7 10	3
				Columbian	100	15	8 10
				Mexican	100	18	10
				Real Del Monte	400	400	510
				United Mexican	40	25	16
WATER WORKS.				MISCELLANEOUS.			
East London	100	121		Australian Agricultural Comp.	100	6	16
Grand Junction	50	74		British Iron Ditto	100	35	9 10
Kent	100	29		Canada Ditto, Ditto	100	10	10
South London	100	91		Columbian Ditto	100	5	2
West Middlesex	60	66		General Steam Navigation	100	13	8 10
				Irish Provincial Bank	100	20	18
				Rio de la Plata Comp.	100	10	5
				Van Diemen's Land Ditto	100	2 10	2
GAS COMPANIES.							
City of London	100	90	170				
Ditto, New	100	50	90				
Phoenix	50	30	26				
Imperial	50	48	45				
United General	50	18	10				
Westminster	50	50	58				

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THE FOLLOWING WORKS ARE ANNOUNCED FOR THE
PRESENT MONTH.

The First Part of a Series of One Hundred and Ten Engravings, in line, from Drawings, by Baron Taylor, of Views in Spain, Portugal, and on the Coast of Africa, from Tangiers to Tetuan, will appear in December, and be continued regularly every two months. Besides a letter-press description to accompany each plate, the Tour in the order of the Author's journey, commencing at the Pyrenees, will be inserted in the last two numbers. It may be anticipated, that countries presenting such rich scenery, and abounding with monuments of Greeks, Romans, Moors, and Arabs, will furnish to the engraver the finest opportunity for the display of his talent: and when the names of G. Cooke, Goodall, Le Reux, John Pye, Robert Wallis, and others are announced as having already engraved upwards of fifty subjects, the public may look with confidence for the completion of a work of art, highly worthy of patronage. It is not a little flattering to the English artist, that although the drawings are from the pencil of a French nobleman, and the proprietors are French gentlemen, they have confided the whole to engravers in England. The size of the work is arranged, so as to class with Captain Batty's works of Scenery in Hanover, Saxony, and on the Rhine.

The friends of Anti-Slavery will be happy to hear that a work is in the press, by the author of "Consistency;" "Perseverance," &c., entitled, "The System; a Tale in the West Indies."

Original Tales for Infant Minds; designed as a Companion to Original Poems.

Le Petite Tyro, or Juvenile Guide to the Piano-forte, containing the First Principles of Music, arranged on an entire new plan, blending theory with practice. Composed, selected, and designed by a Member of the Royal Society of Musicians.

Mr. William Carey has nearly ready for publication, "Some Memoirs of the Progress and Patronage of the Fine Arts in England and Ireland, in the Reign of George II., George III., and his present Majesty, with Anecdotes of Lord de Tabley, and other Patrons of the British School, including Critical Observations on the Style of many eminent Painters and Sculptors."

A Guide to the Study of History, by Isaac Taylor, Jun., author of "Elements of Thought, or First Lessons in the Knowledge of the Mind."

Selections from the works of Bishop Hopkins, in one volume, by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, editor of Selections from the works of Leighton and Owen.

The Child's Scripture Examiner and Assistant, Part IV., or Questions on the Gospel according to the Acts, with practical and explanatory Observations suited to the capacities of Children, by J. G. Fuller.

A new Edition (materially improved, and with additions) of Albert's Elements of Useful Knowledge.

The Female Missionary Advocate: a poem.

The Chronicles of London Bridge, which have been so long in preparation, are now announced to be published in the course of next month. This work will comprise a complete History of that ancient edifice, from its earliest mention in the English Annals, down to the commencement of the new Structure in 1825; of the laying the first stone of which, the only circumstantial and accurate account will be subjoined; and its illustrations will consist of Fifty-five highly finished Engravings on Wood, by the first artists.

A new Novel, by a Lady of high Rank in the fashionable World, is in the press, entitled, "Almacks," in which the secrets of that mysterious Aristocracy, whose powerful influence has been so universally felt, will be fully laid open in Sketches, which will be immediately recognised as taken from the Life.

The author of "The English in Italy," who still resides abroad, has transmitted to the press a new work, entitled "Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life;" in which his powerful delineations take a wider range than in his former work, commencing with some singularly romantic adventures, with which he chose to connect himself in Switzerland. It may be expected in about a fortnight.

Truckleborough Hall. 3 vols. post 8vo.

A Plain Statement, by a Member of Parliament to his Constituents. By Lord Nugent. 8vo.

Personal Narrative of a Journey from India to England, by the Hon. George Keppel. With plates.

A second edition of a Tour through the Island of Jamaica, by Cynric R. Williams.

A Sequel to the Novel of "Truth" is in the Press.

Mr. John Carne, Author of "Letters from the East," has a new book of Travels in the Press.

The Author of Waverley's Life of Napoleon will not, it is said, be published before February.

The forthcoming Volumes of Autobiography will contain the chivalrous Lives of Lord Herbert of Cherburg, and Prince Eugene of Savoy; and Kotzebue's Account of his varied and interesting History.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

A Second series of Tales by the O'Hara Family; comprising the Nowlans, and Peter of the Castle. Three Vols. Post 8vo. Price 31s. 6d.

Bayle's Historical and Critical Dictionary Abridged. Vol. 3, small 8vo. Price 8s.

The Tor Hill. By the Author of Brambletye House. 3 Vols. post 8vo. Price 30s.

Hypocrisy, a Satire; and other Poems. By John Mortimer. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

Almack's, a Novel. 3 Vols. Post 8vo.

Recollections of the Life of John O'Keeffe. 2 Vols. 8vo.

A Second Edition of Captain Hea's Rough Notes, taken in the Andes, &c.

- The Heart; with Odes and other Poems. By Percy Rolfe. Foolscap, 8vo.
 Part. I of a Dictionary of Anatomy and Physiology. By Henry William Dewhurst, Surgeon. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
 Rosaline Woodbridge, a Novel. 3 Vols., Crown 8vo.
 Letter from Lord John Russell to Viscount Althorp, on reviving the former's Resolutions against Bribery, 8vo.
 A Letter to James Humphreys, Esq. on his Proposal to Repeal the Laws of Real Property, and substitute a new Code. By Edward B. Sugden, Esq. 8vo.
 Lectures on Astronomy; illustrated by the Astronomicon, or a Series of Moveable Diagrams. By W. H. Prior.
 A Letter to the Protestants of England, on the Unjust Surcharge to which their Estates are made liable, by the Law intending to Relieve Roman Catholics of the Double Land Tax. By William Blount, Esq. 8vo.
 Autobiography, Vol. 6; containing the Journal of George Whitefield, and the Life of James Ferguson. 18mo., 3s. 6d. with Portraits.
 Autobiography, Vol. 7; containing the Lives of Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Clarke. 18mo., 3s. 6d.

PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(From October 24, to December 24, 1826.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.	204½	201½	202
3 per Cent. Consols.	84½	81½	83½
3 per Cent. Reduced	83½	80½	82½
3½ per Cent. Reduced.	89½	87½	88
New 4 per Cents.	99½	97½	98
Long Annuities, expire 1860	19½	19½	19½
India Stock, 10½ per Cent.	250	245	249
India Bonds, 4 per Cent.	42s. pm.	36s. pm.	38s. pm.
Exchequer Bills, 2d. per day	26s. pm.	19s. pm.	19s. pm.
FOREIGN FUNDS.			
Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent.	93	91	92
Brazil ditto, ditto	67	64½	66
Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent. ..	64	62	64
Chilian ditto, ditto	40	36½	39
Columbian ditto 1822, ditto	42	36½	40½
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto	43½	38	42
Danish ditto, 3 per Cent.	63½	58½	62½
French Rentes, 5 per Cent.	100½	99	100½
Ditto ditto, 3 per Cent.	72½	68½	72
Greek Bonds, 5 per Cent.	20	13½	18½
Mexican ditto	57½	51½	57
Ditto ditto, 6 per Cent.	68½	62½	68
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent.	35½	30	35
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent.	82	75	80
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto	95½	94	95½
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto	97	95½	97
Russian ditto, ditto.	88	84½	87½
Spanish ditto, ditto	13½	11	13½

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